Oct. 16, 1978

THE NEW YORKER

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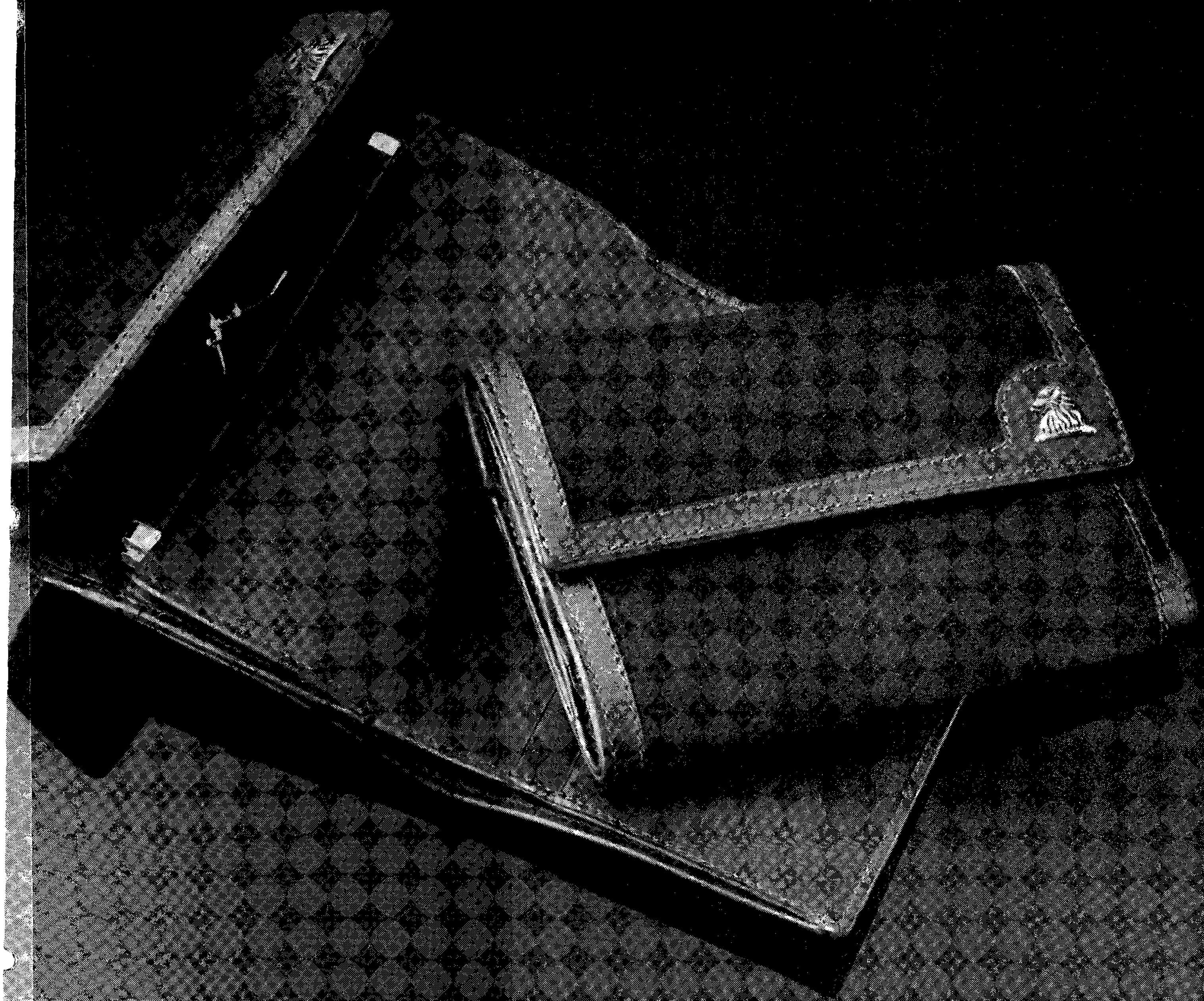

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THE THEATRE

(In the absence of our usual morning newspapers, you can get ticket and other last-minute information by calling 869-3010.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'—A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

AMERICAN DANCE MACHINE—The title of the show is the name of a refreshing young company, whose purpose is to reproduce, as accurately as possible, the best dances from the best musicals in Broadway history. Under the direction of Lee Theodore, the accomplishment matches the enterprise. (7/3/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Oct. 11, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE CRUCIFER OF BLOOD—A very skillful parody of Arthur Conan Doyle by a new young playwright, Paul Giovanni. Sherlock Holmes is splendidly embodied by Paxton Whitehead, and John Wulp's settings are sensational. (10/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DA—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DANCIN'—An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Oct. 15, at 7:30.)

DEATHTRAP—A stunning cast, headed by John Wood, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough to make a wonderful evening in the theatre. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

EUBIE!—A revue filled with marvellous singing and dancing by a large assortment of gifted young people, all working in the happy shadow of the composer of the music, Eubie Blake, who is ninety-five and merry as a grig. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

FAMILY BUSINESS—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER—Henry Fonda, Jane Alexander, and Larry Gates head the large cast of a comedy by Robert E. Lee and Jerome Lawrence. The question asked is, "What happens when the President appoints the first woman Justice to the United States Supreme Court?" The answer is complex and highly amusing. A limited run, so make haste to get your tickets. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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THE GRINDING MACHINE—A play by Annalita Marsili Alexander. Opens Thursday, Oct. 12, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 5. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE INSPECTOR GENERAL—Gogol's extremely funny play doesn't need tampering with, but the tamperings in this production are so pleasing that one has to forgive them. Theodore Bikel, Max Wright, Bob Balaban, and Helen Burns head the cast. (10/2/78) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ON GOLDEN POND—Ernest Thompson's witty, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles, and by a number of other good actors in supporting ones. Craig Anderson is the admirable di-

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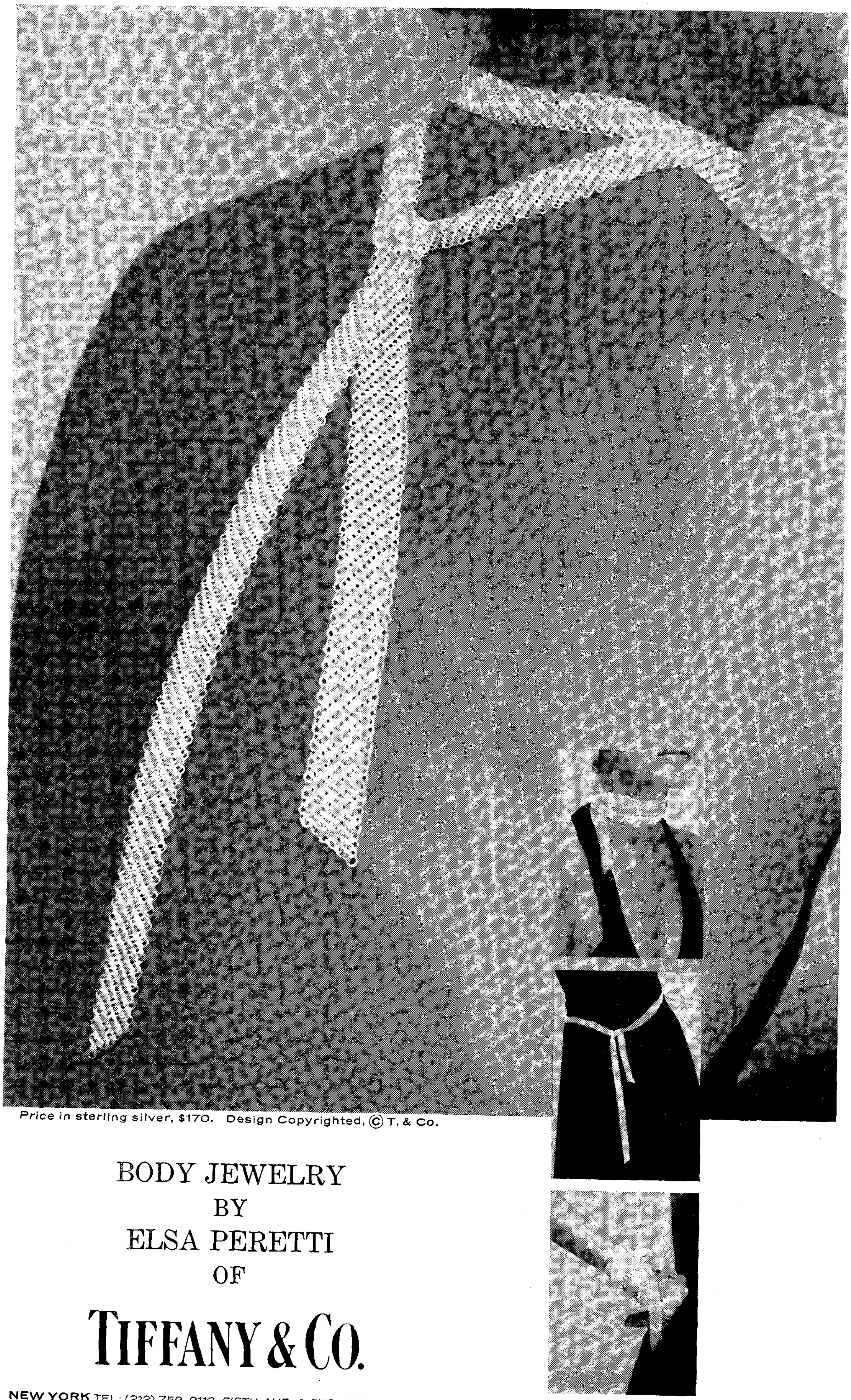
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LIV, No. 35, October 16, 1978. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1978 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $24.00; two years, $40.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, $28.00. Other foreign, $32.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rector. (9/25/78) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 22.)

On the Twentieth Century—A curiously musty musical version of the old Hecht-MacArthur comedy. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, music by Cy Coleman. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Pins and Needles—A revival of Harold Rome's 1937 musical revue. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

P. S. Your Cat Is Dead!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Three Charles Ludlam productions. **CORN:** Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8. . . . **BLUEBEARD:** Thursdays and Fridays at 8. . . . **CAMILLE:** Saturdays and Sundays at 8. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137.)

Runaways—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Secrets—A play by Drew Denbaum, based on two short stories by Brendan Gill. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 228-0900. Nightly at 8. Closes Sunday, Oct. 15.)

Tribute—A comedy by Bernard Slade upon an unlikely subject—the attempt of a dying man to establish an affectionate relationship with a priggish son. Jack Lemmon, in the leading role, gives an extraordinary performance. (6/26/78) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CHAPTER TWO:** Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Thursday, Oct. 12, at 2 and 8; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 2 and 8; Sundays at 3; Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 16-17, at 8; and Wednesday, Oct. 18, at 2 and 8.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DRACULA:** The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Raúl Juliá heads a competent cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,672 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE GIN GAME:** An often hilarious comedy about the misery of life in an old people's home. Sounds implausible, but D. L. Coburn performs the feat with ease. The cast consists of Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I LOVE MY WIFE:** A mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. Cy Coleman wrote the score. With Tom and Dick Smothers. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE KING AND I:** Yul Brynner is incandescent in this admirable revival of the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Oct. 18, at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a six-week season that will run through Sunday, Nov. 26—Wednesday evening, Oct 18: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "Pas de Deux," "Wedding Bouquet," and "Trinity." ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 19: "Les Patineurs," "Brouillards," "Pas de Deux," and "Trinity.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 20: "As Time Goes By," "Chopin Preludes," "Pas de Deux," and "N. Y. Export, Op. Jazz.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 21: "Brouillards," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," "Wedding Bouquet," and "Trinity." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30.)

Dance Umbrella—Opening performances of a four-week season by eight contemporary dance companies which will end Sunday, Nov. 12. **FRED BENJAMIN DANCE COMPANY:** Friday and Saturday evenings, Oct. 13-14, and Sunday matinée and evening, Oct. 15. . . . **CLIFF KEUTER DANCE COMPANY:** Tuesday evening, Oct. 17; Thursday evening, Oct. 19; Saturday evening, Oct. 21; and Sunday matinée, Oct. 22. . . . **ROSALIND NEWMAN AND DANCERS:** Wednesday evening, Oct. 18; Friday evening, Oct. 20; Saturday matinée, Oct. 21; and Sunday evening, Oct. 22. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Dinizulu and His African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers—In a program of adaptations of traditional African dances. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Oct. 13, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Several notches above your simple, basic SoHo jazz loft in its amenities and in the consistent quality of the musicians who perform here. Alto saxophonist **CHARLES TYLER** leads his group through Saturday, Oct. 14; on Tuesday, Oct. 17, singer Jay Clayton will bring in her quartet. Mondays belong to pianist **JAKI BYARD** and his eighteen-piece band, the Apollo Stompers, which makes up for any shortcomings in the sound system with sheer blow power. While the walls shake, Byard leaps up from his elevated piano and runs around yelling at his musicians, goading them on. (Byard's years in the classroom, at Boston's New England Conservatory, seem to have taught him a good deal about showmanship.) Music from ten. Closed Sundays.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—On SoHo's main drag. Maggie Soboil, a singer and comedienne from South Africa, appears here through Saturday, Oct. 14. On Tuesday, Oct. 17, a scaled-down version of "Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!," a charming revue from a couple of seasons ago, will be presented in these quarters. Shows are at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—The music corner here is in the sidewalk picture window, so you can check out the musicians on your way in. **ROLAND HANNA**, a powerhouse pianist, is playing show tunes and jazz standards, bebop and stride on his own, without bass accompaniment, and even though he gets a bit flowery sometimes his fire power is undiminished. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 18-21, will be claimed by guitarist **JOE BECK** and his trio. Music from nine-thirty until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's a partial lineup: on Wednesday, Oct. 11, Tim Curry will be onstage; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 13-14, electric keyboardist Les McCann will perform disco-peace-funk-love-soul music opposite tenor saxophonist Eddie Harris; and on Monday, Oct. 16, rock guitarist **CARLOS SANTANA** will perform with his band. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A narrow ground-floor town-house

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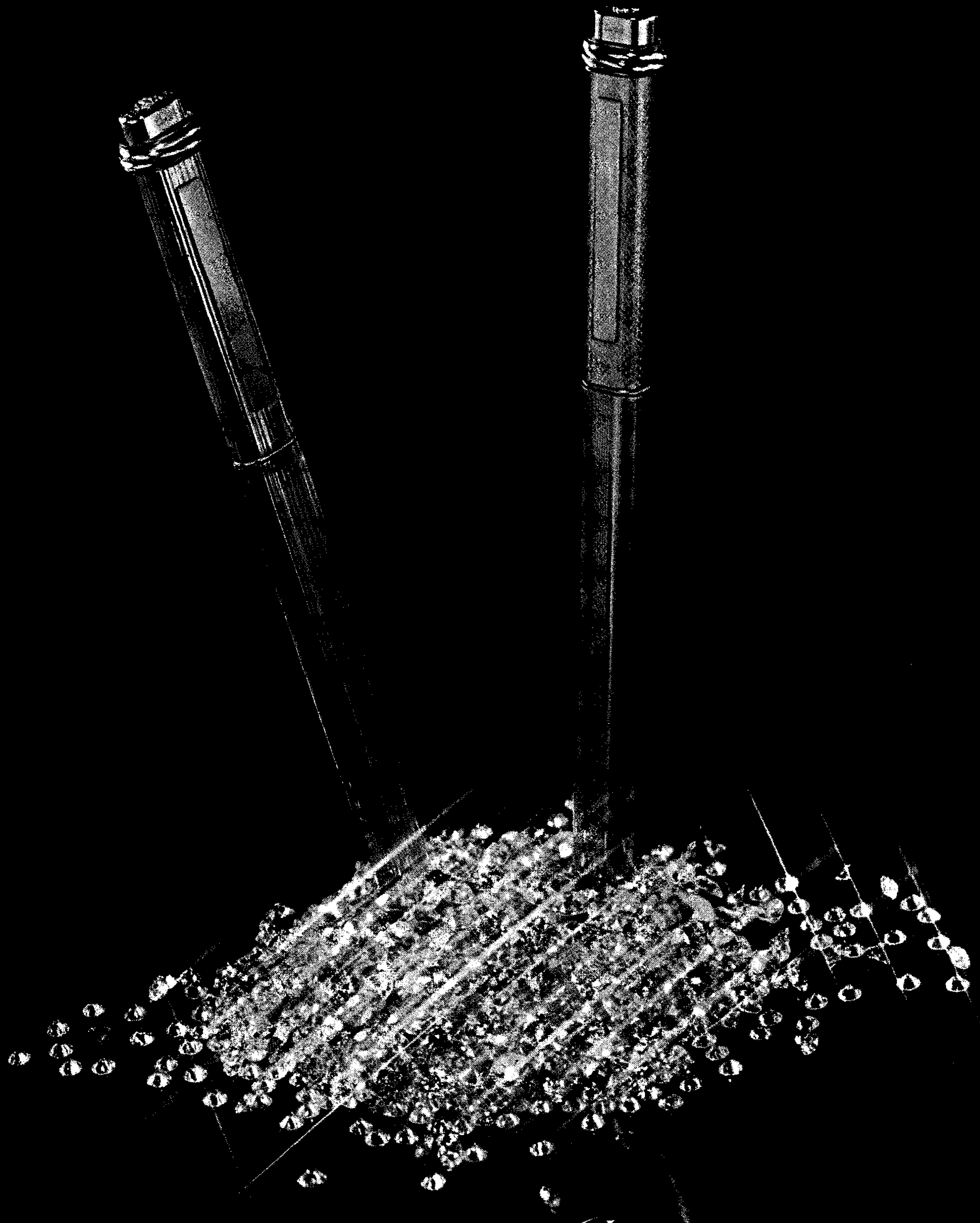

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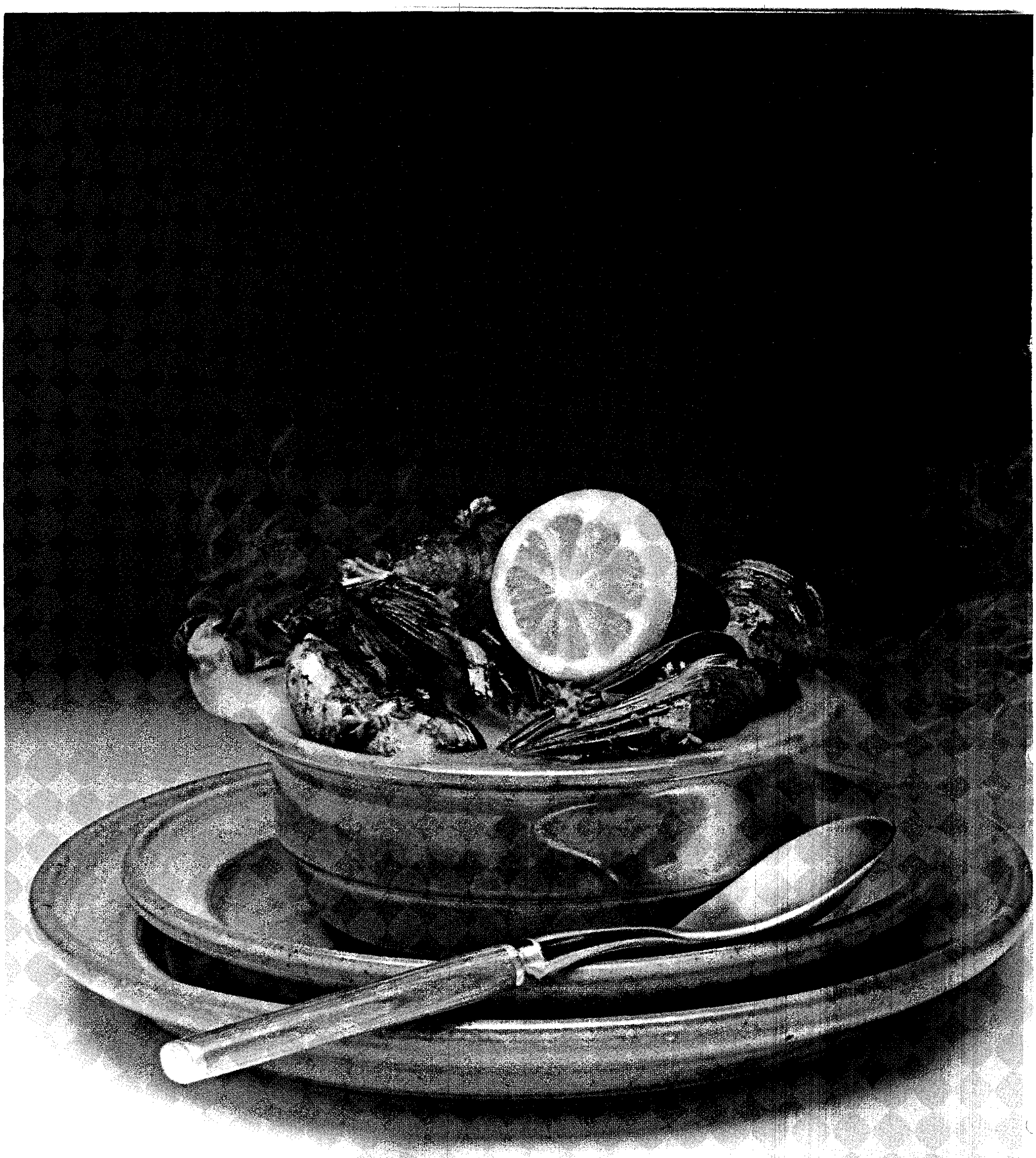

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bar with a concert-hall-sized clientele. The music is nearly always fine, but sometimes it's hard to get close enough to hear it. **JOANNE BRACKEEN** is at the keyboard through Saturday, Oct. 14; on Monday, Oct. 16, **TOMMY FLANAGAN**, will relieve her. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—A taste of Rio, but without the crowds one would encounter on Copacabana and Ipanema beaches or at Carnival, and there is no rainy season. One can listen while sitting on light-gray couches or dance to live Brazilian jazz performed by a trio and a vocalist (after eleven). Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnival music. The club is open Tuesdays through Sundays from eight to four. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who can play some of the hottest chord solos on his full-bodied seven-string guitar, heads up a dance trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** has moved his court, which includes his aides bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **GENE GAMMAGE**, back into the Café Carlyle. On Friday, Oct. 13, while Mr. Short is away, singer **HELEN HUMES** will fill in. Sets begin at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL**, a strong bebop pianist, works in the Bemelmans Bar Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The audiences look preppier and preppier every week, but onstage affectedly sinister young musicians—dark glasses, torn T-shirts, leather jackets, and smirking expressions—continue to pound out punk rock, which is for the most part mid-sixties (and in some cases mid-fifties) rock that has come around again on the guitar. Nightly from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—The legendary blues singer **ALBERTA HUNTER**, who is in her eighties and still going strong, isn't merely good for someone in her eighties; she's good, period. Pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis assist her. Miss Hunter, who still writes blues songs, recently wrote the score for a Robert Altman movie. Sundays, **ROSE MURPHY** sings her thirty-and-more-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi," with support from bassist Morris Edwards. Music Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen; and Sundays from eight to one. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—The white tiled floors echo the conversation in this sprawling place, which features New Orleans-style food and Bourbon Street-tourist music. Clarence Hutchenrider plays clarinet and leads a trio Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. Dining. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer and pianist, is back on Third Avenue. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, Red Balaban (who owns the place), and Ed Polcer are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, Oct. 17, a whole front line—cornettist Lee Lorenz, trombonist Dick Rath, and saxophonist Sam Margolis—will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, Oct. 15, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** will lead a quintet from eight-thirty. The music begins weeknights after nine-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** works Wednesdays through Sundays with admirable sidemen, guitarist **JOE PUMA** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, and a conscientious vocalist, Alicia Sherman. Their hours are ten to three; on Sunday, Oct. 15, Miss Sherman will show up at seven with Joe Puma. Mondays, from ten to three, **AL HAIG, MORRIS EDWARDS**, and **AL GAFA** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations; on Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Weeknights from seven to ten are given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and Edwards.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** enjoy a relaxed, trusting partnership. They play just about everything—jazz, classical, and rock. Bertoncini's classical forays stand out, because they are moving and look effortless; Moore's solos and backup work remain as astounding as ever. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. On Monday, Oct. 16, **CAROL SLOANE**, whose singing style comes right out of Ella, will move in with a trio. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

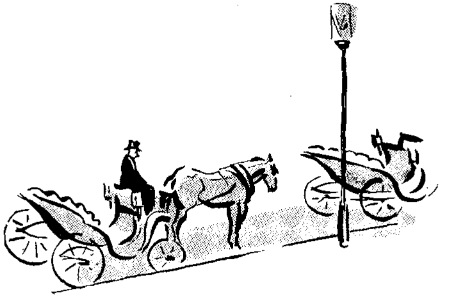
Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, the resident legend, performs with assistance from drummer Eddie Locke, pianist Johnny Morris, bassist Ted Sturgis, trombonist Bobby Pratt, and clarinettist Joe Muranyi. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—It's not Fifty-second Street, and it's not the Hickory House, but it *is* **BILLY TAYLOR** at the piano. He and his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN**, work in the dining room, but one can practically look over their shoulders from the partitioned-off bar. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Excellent non-anemic Tex-Mex chili, and music by Texans and non-Texans and country-rock, blues, and folkie performers. The current schedule includes **NRBQ**, on Thursday, Oct. 12; on Sunday, Oct. 15, Kinky Friedman; and on Thursday, Oct. 19, Eric Andersen. Music weeknights, from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

Les Mareyeurs, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (628-3333)—**RONNY WHYTE**, a straight-arrow baritone and a good pianist, works in the bar of this restaurant Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Baritone **EARL COLEMAN**, who sounds a great deal like Eckstine and Prysock on ballads, and like no one else on the very few blues tunes he manages to come up with, finishes his current stint on Saturday, Oct. 14. His backup men are pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN**, who has for years done wonderful things playing behind Ella, drummer **JACKIE WILLIAMS**, and bassist **JACK SIX**. On Tuesday, Oct. 17, singer **SYLVIA SYMS** will move in to sing songs that Fred Astaire used to sing, and it would be hard to imagine a better choice than the relaxed, understated Miss Syms for that task. Sets begin at nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight. Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dining. Closed Sundays.



Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Just a little neighborhood place where one can run across the likes of Chico Hamilton, Art Blakey, Lew Soloff, Cornell Dupree, or Bernard Purdie—and their respective groups—on the bandstand at one time or another. Music from ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—In a city chock-full of cabarets, this club stands out as the best of the last of the sixties Village coffeehouses. The intimacy and the fine sight lines to the stage—and even the brick walls—haven't changed, but the club now has a liquor license, and brings in non-folkie performers now and then. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! The **SY OLIVER** orchestra soars Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Don't be put off by the blue-plastic-tufted walls in the foyer—it's still a nice place. Various performers are scheduled through Sunday, Oct. 15, and on Tuesday, Oct. 17, singer Barbara Cook will arrive for three weeks. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Mondays are usually showcase nights. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—What do successful studio musicians do with their profits? Randy and Mike Brecker, who are brothers and who are sought after for their trumpet and saxophone skills, respectively, opened this pleasant club (along with a third partner) recently, and so far they've managed to round up a lot of worthwhile music. **RANDY BRECKER** will be playing in his own club through Sunday, Oct. 15, with a quintet that features guitarist **JACK WILKINS**. On Wednesday, Oct. 18, pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.**, will bring in a quintet that will feature two tenor saxophonists. Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Pianist Anthony Davis heads up a quintet through Saturday, Oct. 14; Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 17-21, **ARTHUR BLYTHE**, a talented young alto saxophonist who seems equally at home in avant-garde and rhythm-and-blues settings, will be on hand with a trio. And on Sundays and Mondays, a young singer named Roberta Baum does more than justice to beboppers' favorites such as "Whisper Not" and "Speak Low," with help from the best—pianist **KENNY BARRON**, drummer **BEN RILEY**, and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**. Music from about ten. Dining.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Seventy-second Street may not be Laurel Canyon Boulevard, but this showcase club features a *lot* of West Coast-influenced rock bands every night except Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Pianist **RANDY WESTON**, whose playing has been influenced by the music of Ellington, Monk, and North Africa, leads a trio through Sunday, Oct. 15; tenor saxophonist **ILLINOIS JACQUET** will arrive with a quintet on Tuesday, Oct. 17. Mondays are now owned by tenor saxophonist and arranger **FRANK FOSTER** and his twelve-piece organization. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Outside: dark, lonely streets and hundreds of parked semis. Inside: a cheerful bar and reputable soul-food restaurant with anachronistic sawdust on the floor. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is usually here Mondays through Wednesdays; Sadik Hakim is here Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—This Columbia-student habitat also lures in famous swing musicians. Trumpeter Franc Williams leads his quartet through Sunday, Oct. 15; on Monday,

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Oct. 16, clarinettist **RUSSELL PROCOPE'S** quartet will perform Ellington compositions; and Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 18-20, violinist Charles Wizen and guitarist Mike Peters will co-pilot a quintet modelled on Django Reinhardt's gypsy-swing Quintet du Hot Club de France—a thirties group that comprised three guitars, bass, and violin (Stéphane Grappelli). Music from nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

DIANA ROSS—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Final performance Wednesday, Oct. 11, at 8.

JETHRO TULL and **URIAH HEEP**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Oct. 11, at 8.

BY IRA . . . BY GEORGE—A benefit concert of songs and music by the Gershwins, celebrating the eightieth anniversary of the birth of George. Among the participants will be Lauren Bacall, Eubie Blake, Cab Calloway, Betty Comden and Adolph Green, Barbara Cook, Anita Ellis, Joel Grey, Kitty Carlisle Hart, Lorin Hollander, Phyllis Newman, Ginger Rogers, Bobby Short, and Sylvia Syms. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

HARRY CHAPIN—With the American Symphony Orchestra. (Radio City Music Hall. Friday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

MARK MURPHY—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 13, at 8.

SERGIO MENDES AND BRASIL '88 and **FREDDIE HUBBARD**—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Oct. 13, at 8:30 and midnight.

DEWEY REDMAN and **DON PULLEN**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday, Oct. 13, at 9:30 and midnight.

BARRY HARRIS—With Slide Hampton, Tommy Turrentine, Harold Vick, and Lonnie Hillyer. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturday, Oct. 14, at 7 and 9:45. For information about tickets, call 397-6881.)

JEAN-LUC PONTY and **THE MARK ALMOND BAND**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Oct. 14, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

FRANK SINATRA—Radio City Music Hall. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 14-15, and Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 17-19, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 20-21, at 7:30 and 11; and Sunday, Oct. 22, at 8.

CHIEFTAINS—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 14, at 8.

HAMIET BLUIETT and **DON PULLEN**—Public Theatre. Saturday, Oct. 14, at 9:30 and midnight.

KEITH JARRETT—Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Sunday, Oct. 15, at 8.

BROTHERS JOHNSON—Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8.

GATO BARBIERI and **THE PAT METHENY GROUP**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, Oct. 20, at 8.

JERRY LEE LEWIS, BO DIDDLEY, and **BILL MEDLEY**—With Johnny Maestro and others. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

KENNY LOGGINS and **PLAYER**—Palladium. Friday, Oct. 20, at 8.

LEROY JENKINS TRIO (WITH ANTHONY DAVIS AND ANDREW CYRILLE) and **AIR**—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 20-21, at 9:30 and midnight.

HEART and **WALTER EGAN**—Palladium. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 21-22, at 8.

RON CARTER, SONNY ROLLINS, AND MCCOY TYNER—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ROBERT BEAUCHAMP—Large paintings in sizzling colors by this uninhibited draftsman, some of whose charcoal drawings are also on exhibition. Through Oct. 31. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

PAUL BRACH—Western landscapes, each with a string of wild horses racing along in the distance. Through Oct. 31. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER (1898-1976)—Forty sculptures from the seventies. Through Nov. 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

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OTTO DIX (1891-1969)—Vivid drawings and watercolors that reflect the social climate in Germany during the First World War and in the twenties. Curiously, this is the first one-man show in New York by this well-known artist. Through Dec. 16. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

NATALIE EDGAR—Abstract oil paintings. Through Oct. 25. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

JOHN GRILLO—Abstract paintings from the sixties. Through Oct. 26. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

PHILIP GUSTON—Drawings from the last three decades by an artist whose career has taken many stylistic (abstract, figurative, minimal) turns. Through Nov. 4. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

TOM HARDY—Abstract welded-metal sculptures, plus etchings and aquatints. Through Oct. 28. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

CARL HOLTY (1900-73)—Abstract paintings from the forties. Through Nov. 4. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

VITALY KOMAR AND ALEXANDER MELAMID—Joint works by two artists whose previous collaborations satirized Soviet society (they emigrated from Russia to Israel in 1977). Portraits of Carter, Begin, and Sadat are included in the current show. Through Nov. 11. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

GASTON LACHAISE (1882-1935) **AND ELIE NADELMAN** (1882-1946)—Drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

LOUIS LE BROCQUY—Forty-five rudimentary portraits in a series called "Studies Toward an Image of James Joyce." Through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

AGNES MARTIN—Patterned drawings from the sixties. Through Nov. 8. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

GARI MELCHERS (1860-1932)—Traditionalist oils of another generation (portraits full of character, sunlit interiors, New York Harbor) in a show that is also brightened by a number of small, seemingly offhand watercolors. Through Oct. 28. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

PHILIP MULLEN / ROGER MÜHL—What appear to be rectangles of a multicolored heavy-ribbed fabric are really the result of successive silk screenings laid out in a grid pattern on canvas. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. / Landscapes executed in the South of France, plus still-lifes. Through Nov. 4. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

KENNETH NORTON—Landscapes, a few marines, and a number of flower paintings in which each petal of the white cosmos is achieved with one flourish of the palette knife. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

LEE SAVAGE—Drawings of figures and interiors. Through Oct. 28. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ANTON VAN DALEN—Large paintings done in pale colors and with meticulous care, in which doves, other birds, and three-dimensional geometric forms are arranged in grid patterns—a remarkable shift from his recent (1976) depictions of lower East Side savagery. Through Nov. 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

ALBERT YORK—Small, plain paintings (of people, animals, and landscapes), whose very plainness probably contributes to the strange aura that they emanate. Through Oct. 28. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

JACK ZAJAC—Bronze and marble sculptures. Through Nov. 4. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MEXICAN COSTUMES—A loan show of fifty-five costumes, including some whose designs and weaving techniques predate the Spanish Conquest. Through Oct. 22. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA**, in a new location at 21 E. 67th St.: A benefit loan show of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century paintings, including seldom seen but excellent examples of the work of such artists as Glackens, Henri, Hassam, Cassatt, and Hopper, not to mention European stars like Picasso, Matisse, and Braque. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. . . . **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Europeans who worked in this century and the last, including Chagall, Monet, Bonnard, Miró. Through Oct. 27. (Open Mondays.) . . . **LA BOETIE**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Works by precursors and practitioners of German Expressionism, including Paula Modersohn-Becker, Max Pechstein, and Wassily Kandinsky. Through Nov. 30. . . . **GOETHE HOUSE**, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St.: Etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts by sixteen German Expressionists, including Beckmann, Kirchner, and Nolde. Through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, 11 to 7; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **GUREWITSCH**, 55 E. 74th St.: Three artists—William Scharf has twelve abstract paintings on paper, Stella Waitzkin constructs books from glass and resin substances, and Francine Halvorsen has large graphite-and-ink drawings. Through Oct. 28. (Opens at 1.) . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by artists who were exhibited at Alfred Stieglitz's 291 gallery. They include Matisse, Nadelman, Cézanne, Demuth, Steichen. Through Nov. 2. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings by Bissier, Hartung, Reinhoud, and others associated with this gallery. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: One of Rouault's beefy judges and a splendid small gouache of a woman's head by Picasso are among the items of special interest in this group show of Modern Masters. Through Nov. 4.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

JUDITH BERNSTEIN—Charcoal drawings of stove bolts, done in huge, Oldenburgian proportions. Through Oct. 28. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

LOUISE BOURGEOIS—A two-gallery exhibit of recent works by a leading sculptor. At the Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St., a huge piece, entitled "Confrontation," consisting of fifty-one wooden triangular shapes assembled (like chairs) around what might be taken for a banquet table laden with loaves and bowls. At the Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St., the triangles, much smaller, are painted red and blue and assembled into dream castles rising from a forlorn dwelling with a single bare room. Both shows run through Saturday, Oct. 21.

CHARLES BURCHFIELD (1893-1967)—Landscapes dating from 1915 to 1925. Through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Battaglia, 11 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JACK BUSH (1909-1977) / **CORA KELLEY WARD**—Color-field paintings not previously exhibited. Through Oct. 25. / Black-and-white photographs that this abstract painter took of art-world figures (Henry Geldzahler, Thomas Hess, Leo Castelli) in the sixties. Through Oct. 28. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

FEDERICO CASTELLON (1914-71)—Drawings. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Graphics. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.) Both shows through Saturday, Oct. 21.

GIORGIO CAVALLON—New Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Nov. 4. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM CLUTZ—This artist, who has a fondness for New York scenes, simplifies them almost to the point of abstraction but always manages to catch the glare of sunlight reflected from automobile windshields, shop windows, and so on. The works are in oil on paper or canvas, and pastels. Through Nov. 1. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

MARTHA DIAMOND—Abstract paintings, most of them of simple shapes representing monuments or towers, done on aluminum in thick oil strokes against equally thick, contrasting backgrounds. Through Oct. 28. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

STEPHEN EDLICH—Large abstract collages made up of simple forms arranged with absolute authority. In some of the works, a strip of

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printed music adds a grace note. Through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Lawrence Fane—Sculptures based on rock formations and done in wood, welded steel, or cast bronze, plus pencil drawings of the kinds of rocks that inspired them. Through Oct. 28. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ira Joel Haber—Boxes that contain houses set in harsh environments of boulders and scrubby trees. Also works on paper. Through Nov. 4. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

Grace Hartigan—New paintings based on Biblical and mythological themes, and a huge one recollecting Lascaux, all done in the fresh colors and free-form sort of drawing that are characteristic of her work. Through Nov. 7. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

Anne Healy—Sail-like triangles of bronze screening, nearly nine and a half feet tall, plus models and photographs of other sculptural pieces, projected and realized. Through Oct. 28. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)... ¶ One large sculpture, two models, and twelve photographs. Through Nov. 1. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Tom Holland—Painted-aluminum assemblages. Through Nov. 4. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Robert Hudson—Primary colors applied to primed canvas, and works on paper by a San Francisco artist previously known here for his three-dimensional constructions made of sticks and cowboy paraphernalia. Through Nov. 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Susan Kaprov—The mediums are *really* mixed in this artist's abstract compositions; colored Xerox prints, oils, pencil, encaustic. Through Friday, Oct. 20. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ed Kerns—Paint-and-fabric-covered canvases marked by incisions. Through Nov. 4. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

George Kuehn—Steel sculptures. Through Nov. 2. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

David Ligare—A series of paintings and drawings, some of them the size of a wall, in which a piece of white drapery is being wafted along over a deep-blue sea. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Brice Marden—Large canvases divided up into large vertical panels of color. Through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Joan Miró and Henri Matisse (1869-1954)—Colorful aquatints by the former, and lithograph drawings of nudes by the latter. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Kenzo Okada—Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 28. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Dennis Oppenheim—Scale models for some of this artist's antic projects (among them a quicksand pit, a quicksilver bin encased in a tower, a trench full of acid with a rope ladder strung over it), plus photographs of contemplated works and of completed works, among them three two-thousand-foot "vectors" painted by spray trucks on a dry lake bed in the California desert. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Multiples-Goodman, 38 E. 57th St.)

I. Rice Pereira (1905-71)—Late works by the geometric abstractionist. Through Nov. 11. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Martha Ryther—Engaging paintings done in reverse on glass by the eighty-two-year-old widow of Morris Kantor—her first show in New York in nearly forty years. Through Oct. 28. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Millard Sheets—Paintings, many of Tahiti. Through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Joseph Solman—Subway riders are the subjects of a series of gouaches painted on sheets of the *Morning Telegraph* (the train was headed for the race track). Through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 12:30.)

Elizabeth Voelker—Collages involving paper and fabric and antique printed matter, plus paintings of broad, colorful stripes done in oil on paper. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **AARON BERMAN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works in a variety of styles and mediums by Walkowitz, Goings, Chryssa, and others. Through Nov. 15.... **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by a number of Europeans, among them Giacometti, Picasso, and Dubuffet. Through Oct. 28. (Open Mondays.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Ballet studies of the thirties and forties by four artists: Paul Cadmus, Emlen Etting, Waldo Pierce, and Paul Meltsner. Through Oct. 28.... **NOBÉ**, 250 W. 57th St.: Abstract works on paper by Deborah Salt, Ned Smyth, Susan Smith, and others. Through Oct. 28. ... **ALEX ROSENBERG**, a new gallery at 20 W. 57th St.: A show entitled "Woman: from Nostalgia to Now" offers works by Lindner, Rivers, Segal, Balthus, Pascin, Avery, and other big names. Through Nov. 4. (Open Mondays.)... **WASHBURN**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and photographs (by Peggy Bacon, Charles Demuth, Paul Strand, and others) that were exhibited in Alfred Stieglitz's Intimate Gallery between 1926 and 1929. Through Oct. 28.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Jeffrey Brosk / Phoebe Helman—A full-scale wooden model of a projected steel-and-concrete piece, twelve feet high and sixty-six feet long, entitled "Ebbets Field." Through Nov. 4. / Large wooden sculptures with a Gothic quality. Through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

Hilo Chen—Photo-Realist paintings of women in bathtubs. Through Oct. 28. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Arturo Rivera Delgado—Paintings of female nudes, some of them on the erotic side, by a Mexican-born artist whose finished works have a kind of gritty varnish overlay. Through Sunday, Oct. 15. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

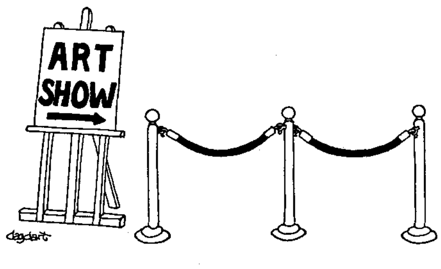
Constance Dodge—Three-dimensional assemblages that incorporate family photographs and found objects. Through Thursday, Oct. 19. (Eno, 101 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Claire Falkenstein—Large kitelike constructions made of bamboo, copper rods, and linen, all skillfully trussed up together. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)... ¶ Graphics. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) Both shows through Thursday, Oct. 19.

Valerie Jaudon—Large new paintings of intricate arabesque patterns; in the largest and newest work, the concentric circular theme gives way to three Gothic-looking lancet arches in the heart of the design. Through Oct. 25. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Donald Judd—Seventeen handsomely carpentered plywood boxes, hung on the wall at eye level so that the variations in their interior design can be appreciated. Also, half a dozen etchings of the plans for the boxes. Through Oct. 28. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Richard Long—Four circles laid out on the floor like rugs; the largest, sixteen feet across, is made of pieces of New Jersey bluestone, and the others, variously, of red slate, charred fragments from an old Hudson River pier, and sixty-eight pieces of driftwood scavenged from the River Avon. Through Oct. 28. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)



Elizabeth Murray—Abstract oils. Through Nov. 4. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Don Nice—Two realist triptychs, one representing the animals of the peaceable kingdom and the *other their wilder fellow-creatures.* Through Wednesday, Oct. 18. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Ed Paschke—Realist paintings of costumed and masked figures by a Chicago-based artist. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Joanna Pousette-Dart—The discrete rectangular forms that in the past made up this artist's large abstract paintings have been succeeded by softer-looking curtains of color. Through Oct. 28. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Grace Bakst Wapner—Wall sculptures combining velvet, satin, and plaster. Through Saturday, Oct. 21. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Eight New Artists—Works by nine young artists selected from the hundreds of unknowns whose efforts have been screened by this downtown facility. Among the exhibitors are Ann Turnley, who implants cutout designs in the pulp from which she makes paper; Milo Reice, who illustrates classics ("Chaucer's First Date" is the title of one piece); and Paul Caranicas, who makes fine perspective drawings of abandoned Coast Artillery emplacements. Through Nov. 4. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At **SOHO 20**, 99 Spring St.: Eight women artists—paintings, prints, and sculptures. Through Nov. 1. (Opens at noon.)... **WESTBROADWAY**, 431 West Broadway: Paintings by Beatrice Riese, Robert Feldgus, and Howard Goldstein, and kinetic sculptures by Dickson Carroll. Through Saturday, Oct. 14.

OTHER GALLERIES

Claire Moore—Graphite-on-paper compositions that incorporate various words. Through Nov. 4. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Giovanni Battista Piranesi (1720-78)—Etchings. Through Nov. 25. (Spaced, 165 W. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

Raquel Rabinovich—A large sculpture of smoke-gray tempered glass. Through Tuesday, Oct. 17. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Frank Stella—Forty working drawings, three models, and three paintings from the series "Targowica" (1973). Through Oct. 31. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Decorative Designs of Frank Lloyd Wright—Furniture, wallpaper, dinnerware, stained glass, architectural ornaments and drawings, book and graphic designs covering a seventy-year period by the prodigious architect. Also, thirty-five objects designed by his peers. Through Nov. 4. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Group Show—Artists from out of town, among them Tom Hatch, of San Francisco, who plays carefully calculated tricks with mirrors and toy furniture; Janis Provisor, also of San Francisco, who paints enigmatic symbols in thick paint against a contrasting background; and Dan Rizzie, of Dallas, who uses simple cutout forms, acrylics, and graphite in his collages. Through Nov. 11. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

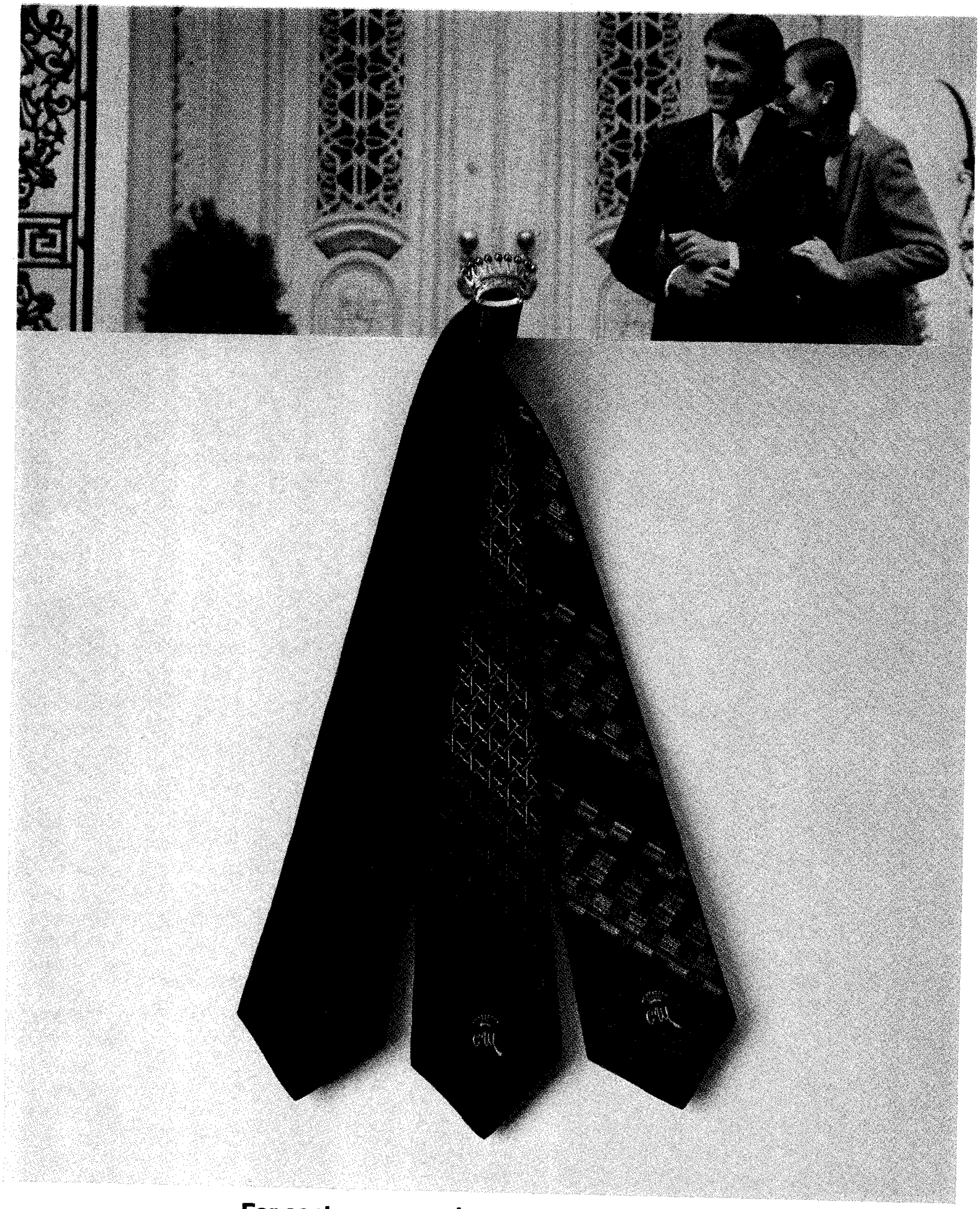
PHOTOGRAPHY

Richard Avedon—The Metropolitan Museum is showing his high-fashion photographs from the last three decades. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

John Baldessari—Each photograph by this Conceptualist is a frame from a film as seen on a television set. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Lewis Baltz—Nevada landscapes. Through Oct. 28. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Marie Cosindas / Ray Metzker—Still-lifes and portraits by a photographer (one-time paint-



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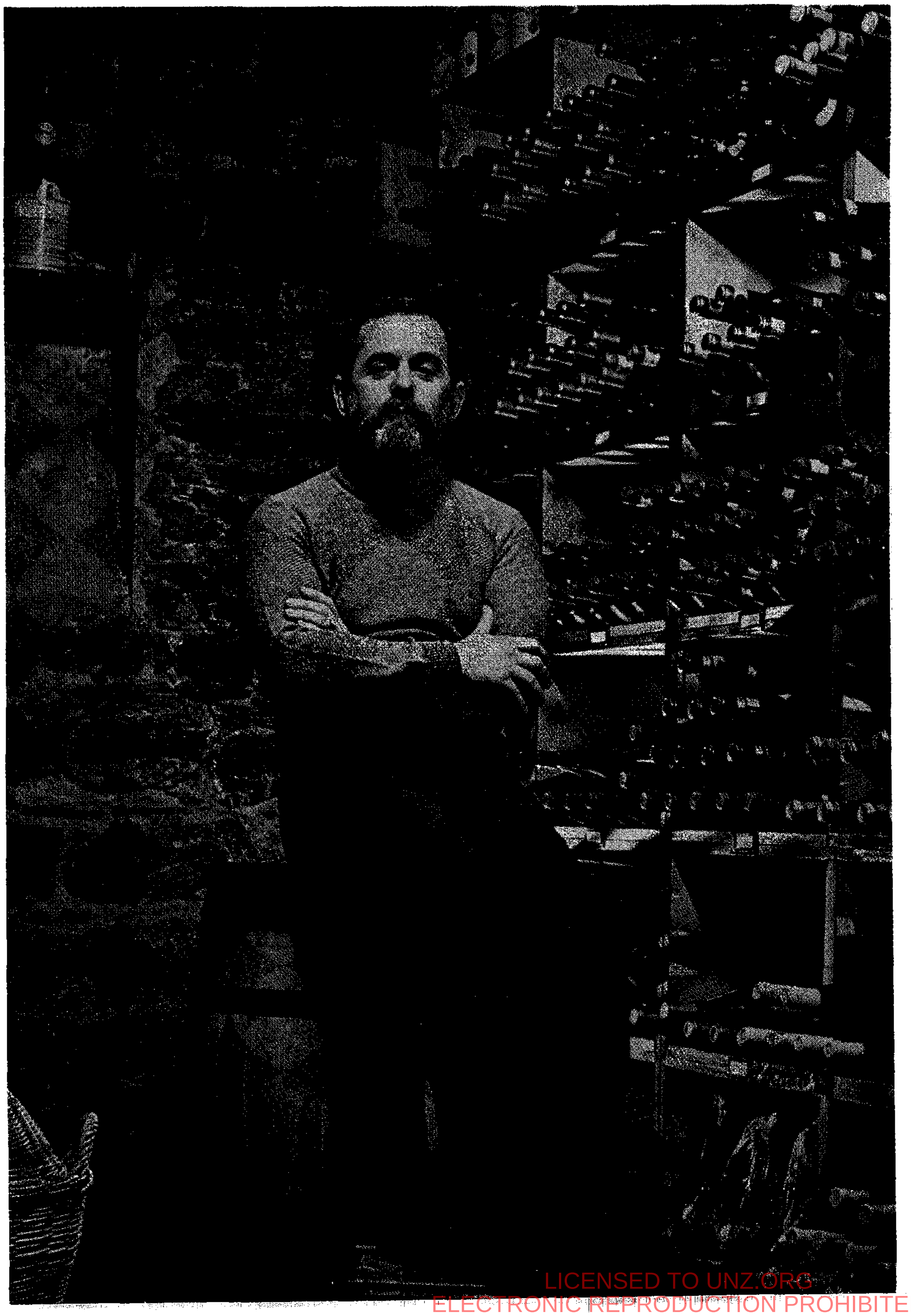

ROBERT JOFFREY
Choreographer, Oenophile

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er) whose manipulations of Polaroid-film emulsions achieve the soft look of oils. / Black-and-white abstractions. Through Oct. 29. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

Jan Dibbets and Douglas Huebler—Black-and-white prints. Through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Florence Henri—Prints from the twenties and thirties by a photographer who was at one time associated with the Bauhaus. Through Nov. 11. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Janine Kelman—Avant-garde portraiture; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Russell Lee—More than a hundred and fifty prints by a photographer best known for his works done for the Farm Security Administration. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Wright Morris—Midwestern scenes of the thirties, forties, and fifties. Through Nov. 4. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Art Sinsabaugh—Forty sharp-focus landscapes (they were made with an outsize view camera) of the Midwest and the East are on view at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

C. E. Watkins (1829-1916)—Twenty-five large plate photographs of the Yosemite Valley and Oregon. Through Oct. 28. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Todd Watts—Allegorical photographs, most of them diptychs or triptychs, which show sombre figures in interiors. Through Oct. 26. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Dudley Witney—This Canadian photographer is showing pictures he made of American and Canadian resorts for the book "Summer Places," written by Brendan Gill. Through Oct. 27. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St. Open Mondays.)

Albert Kahn Collection—Photographs of Tonkin in the years 1915-16, made by a French officer for a financier named Albert Kahn, whose numerous projects in the early part of this century included establishment of "a sort of photographic inventory of the surface of the globe." Through Oct. 30. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The reconstructed Temple of Dendur, in a setting recalling its original home on the Nile, is receiving its devotees in the Sackler Wing, at the north end of the museum. For the moment, extra exhibition hours—Thursday evenings, from 5 to 8:45—have been tacked onto the museum's regular schedule. . . . ¶ A show of engravings by Abraham Bosse which record the social customs of seventeenth-century Paris. Through Oct. 29. . . . **Photography:** Richard Avedon's fashion prints. Through Nov. 5. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Drawings, paintings, sculptures, photographs, and graphics produced by Russian artists in the years between 1912 and 1930. Starts Thursday, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ A small show of paintings and sculptures recently acquired by the museum. Through Nov. 26. . . . **Photography:** Art Sinsabaugh's landscapes and cityscapes. Through Oct. 31. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of the French artist and writer Henri Michaux. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions on view include fourteen works by Julius Bissier and three works by Agnes Martin. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through Sunday, Oct. 15.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Claes Oldenburg has built two large structures, named the Mouse Museum and Ray Gun Wing, whose interior and exterior shapes are suggested by their titles. Visitors walk inside the darkened structures to view lighted cases filled with the artist's drawings and objects. Through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ An exhibit of early Abstract Expressionist paintings (covering the years 1935 to 1949), by Baziotes, de Kooning, Krasner, Stamos, and others. Through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ A small display of additions to the museum's collections includes a ceramic sculpture by Robert Arneson and a drawing by Dorothea Rockburne. Through Nov. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of sculptures from the last ten years which reflect a link with architecture. Some of the sculptors are Alice Aycock, Rafael Ferrer, Michael Hurson, and George Grant. Through Oct. 25. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A comprehensive show of the arts of ancient Nubia and the Sudan dates from the fourth millennium to the twelfth century A.D. The wide range of objects includes gold jewelry, stone sculptures, ceramics, and a fresco. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Fifty-four Haitian artists (most of them self-taught) are represented in an exhibition of paintings and sculptures whose themes are taken from indigenous culture and history. Through Nov. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of anthropological artifacts from Papua New Guinea features a hut with a conical thatched roof and a double-hulled canoe with a banana-leaf sail. Through Sunday, Oct. 15. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of classical Indian sculptures from the Gupta period, fourth to seventh centuries A.D., contains sandstone images of Buddha (Gupta-period sculptors established Buddha's "human" appearance), and Hindu temple sculptures. Through Dec. 3. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The second annual exhibit of postcard designs (both the original designs and the cards printed from them) contains the efforts of Robert MacMillan, Edward Koren, Martha Graham, Betye Saar, and others. Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ The cynosure of a display of "Ornament in the Twentieth Century" is the vividly colored Rolls-Royce once owned by the Beatles. Not to be overlooked, however, is the welded-metal hippopotamus bathtub designed by François-Xavier Lalanne. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ French and Italian neoclassical drawings and prints, selected for their depictions of interior decoration and architecture. In addition, related objects and textiles from the period. Through Nov. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

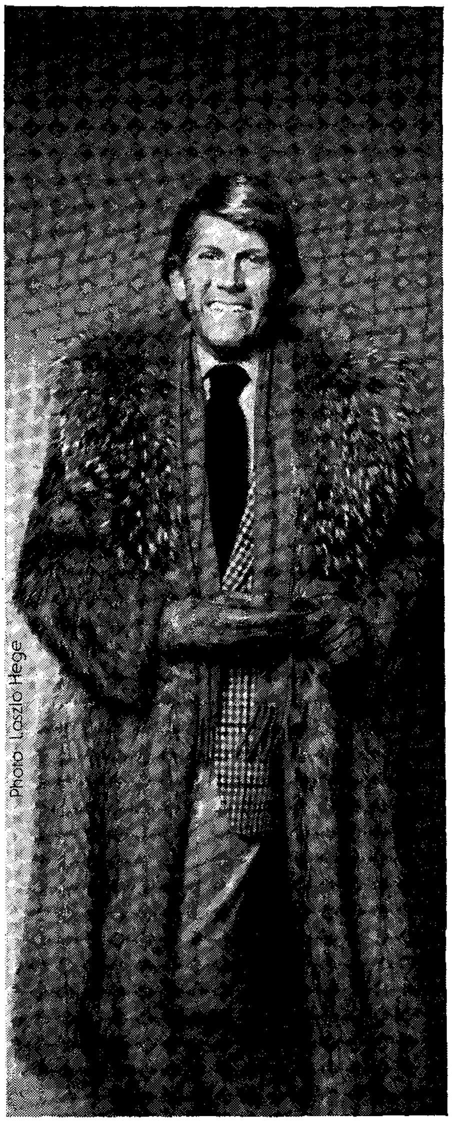
Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than ninety drawings (in pen, chalk, pencil, and wash) by Giovanni Battista Piranesi. Through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ French medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts. Through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ About forty autograph letters, generally romantic in content, composed by Voltaire, Haydn, Elizabeth I, and others. Through Dec. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Paintings and drawings by Zero Mostel, together with memorabilia from the late actor's career. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—An exhibit of Richard Mayhew's semi-abstract landscape paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 11: "La Traviata," with Eugenia Moldoveanu, Carlo Bergonzi, and Ingvar Wixell; conducted by James Conlon.... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 12: "Rigoletto," with Judith Blegen, Isola Jones, Cornell MacNeil, Neil Shicoff, and Kurt Moll; Giuseppe Patanè.... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 13: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens, Arleen Augér, James King, Kurt Moll, Siegmund Nimsgern, and Bernd Weikl; Karl Böhm.... ¶ Saturday *matinée*, Oct. 14: "Werther," with Elena Obraztsova, Placido Domingo, Betsy Norden, and Dominic Cossa; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 14: "Tannhäuser," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Dunja Vejzovic, Jess Thomas, Bernd Weikl, and Kurt Moll; James Levine.... ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 16: "Rigoletto," with Judith Blegen, Isola Jones, Cornell MacNeil, Neil Shicoff, and Kurt Moll; Giuseppe Patanè.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 17: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens, Arleen Augér, James King, Kurt Moll, Siegmund Nimsgern, and John Cheek; Karl Böhm.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 18: "Werther," with Elena Obraztsova, Placido Domingo, Betsy Norden, and Dominic Cossa; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 19: "La Traviata," with Eugenia Moldoveanu, Carlo Bergonzi, and Ingvar Wixell; James Conlon.... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 20: "Rigoletto," with Judith Blegen, Isola Jones, Cornell MacNeil, Neil Shicoff, and Kurt Moll; Giuseppe Patanè.... ¶ Saturday *matinée*, Oct. 21: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens, Roberta Peters, James King, Kurt Moll, Siegmund Nimsgern, and John Cheek; Karl Böhm.... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 21: "Werther," with Elena Obraztsova, Placido Domingo, Betsy Norden, and Dominic Cossa; Julius Rudel. (Evenings at 8; on Wednesday, Oct. 11, at 8:30. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 11, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Faye Robinson, Judith Dickison, Gerald Grahame, Thomas Jamerson, and Ara Berberian; conducted by Julius Rudel.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 12, at 8: "The Turk in Italy" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Henry Price, Vernon Hartman, Donald Gramm, and James Billings; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Friday, Oct. 13, at 8: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Glenys Fowles, Alan Titus, Michael Devlin, and Ara Berberian; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 14, at 2: "The Merry Widow," with Johanna Meier, Diana Soviero, Bruce Reed, and Howard Hensel; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 14, at 8: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Martha Thigpen, Luis Lima, Pablo Elvira, Richard T. Gill, and Vernon Hartman; John Mauceri.... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 15, at 1: "Le Coq d'Or" *(in English), with Gianna Rolandi,* Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Maria Spacagna, William Wildermann, and Abram Morales; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 15, at 7: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Martha Sheil, Gwenlynn Little, Kathleen Hegierski, Spiro Malas, Vernon Hartman, and Richard McKee; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 17, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Gianna Rolandi, Eunice Hill, Luis Lima, Richard Fredricks, and Richard T. Gill; Judith Somogi.... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Carmen," with Ann Howard, Gwenlynn Little, Jacque Trussel, and William Chapman; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Sharon Daniels, Luis Lima, Pablo Elvira, Spiro Malas, and Vernon Hartman; John Mauceri.... ¶ Friday, Oct. 20, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Faye Robinson, Judith Dickison, Gerald Grahame, Thomas Jamerson, and Richard T. Gill; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 21, at 2: "La Fanciulla del West," with Marilyn Zschau, Jacque Trussel, and Charles Long; Sergiu Comissiona.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Gianna Rolandi, Eunice Hill, Luis Lima, Richard Fredricks, and Richard T. Gill; Judith Somogi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Zubin Mehta conducting on Thursday, Oct. 12, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 13, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 14, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Oct. 17, at 7:30 (all with Isaac Stern, violin).... ¶ Michael Gielen conducting Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 19-21, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Oct. 24, at 7:30 (all with Pinchas Zukerman, violin).

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting the opening performances of the season here, with Maurice André, trumpet. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 18-19, at 8.)

Pittsburgh Symphony—André Previn conducting, with Nathaniel Rosen, cello. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Friday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, Oct. 15, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

"Juditha Triumphans"—Renato Fasano conducting the Virtuosi di Roma in a performance of Vivaldi's sacred opera in concert form, with soloists and chorus from the Piccolo Teatro Musicale of Rome. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Oct. 15, at 3.)

Eastman Wind Ensemble—Donald Hunsberger conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Ensemble Nipponia (Nihon Ongaku Shudan)—Minoru Miki conducting a program of classical and modern Japanese music played on traditional Japanese instruments. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Misha Dichter, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 22, at 2.)

RECITALS

Sylvia Rosenberg—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The first in a series of concerts presenting the Haydn cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

Greenwood Consort—A program entitled "When the World Was Flat," music from the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Friday, Oct. 13, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano, in a program of Sephardic songs, with assisting artists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

New York Philomusica—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

Early Music at the Cathedral—The second in a series of seven concerts, this one performed by Calliope: A Renaissance Band. (Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. Sunday, Oct. 15, at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Oxana Yablonskaya—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 15, at 3.)

Serge Lancy—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Seymour Wakschal—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Raymond Dudley—Fortepiano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

American String Quartet—With Samuel Rhodes, viola. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Tuesday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

Hilda Harris—Mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

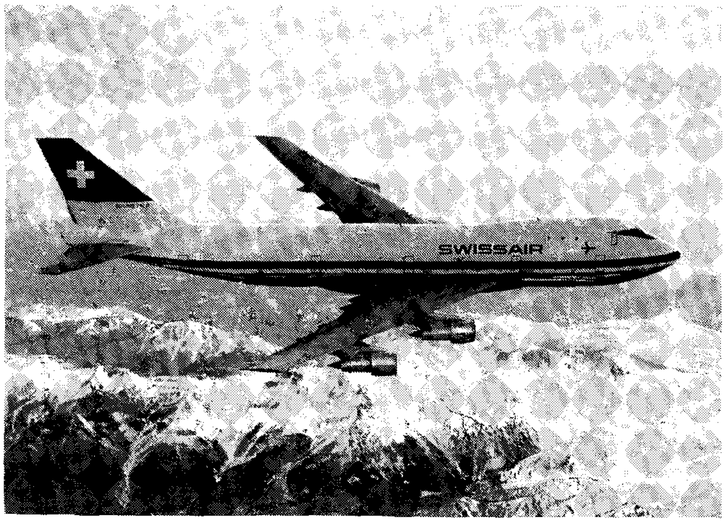
Raymond Lewenthal—Piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, Oct. 18, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Julian Bream and John Williams—Classical guitarists. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Raphael Trio—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program entitled "Music of the Crusades." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth

Why demanding travelers fly to Switzerland when they don't have to.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Julián Autrey—Violin. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Oct. 20, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Music from Aston Magna—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

Toronto Consort—A program of Elizabethan music, entitled "Long Live Fair Oriana." (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Friday, Oct. 20, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Robert Davidovici—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 2:30.)

Roman Romanov—Baritone, in a program of Russian gypsy songs. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 3.)

André Bernard and Réjean Poirier—Trumpet and organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

André Laplante—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Chamber music. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

MISCELLANY

Retrospective Concert of the Music of Robert Kurka—Gerard Schwarz conducting the Orchestra da Camera, with Matthew Raimondi, violin. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, Oct. 12, at 8. For tickets, call 864-6765.)

Takemitsu Concert—Peter Serkin, piano, and Tashi in a program of chamber music by Toru Takemitsu. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Music of Hugo Wolf—A program of his works, performed by the Kohon String Quartet; Berenice Bramson, soprano; and Eugene Seaman, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—World Series—Yankees vs. Los Angeles. The second game will be played in Los Angeles Wednesday, Oct. 11, at 8:30; the third, fourth, and, if necessary, fifth games at Yankee Stadium Friday, Oct. 13, at 8:30; Saturday, Oct. 14, at 3:30; and Sunday, Oct. 15, at 4:30; and the final two, if required, in Los Angeles Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 17-18, at 8:30. All times listed are Eastern Daylight, for benefit of radio and TV participants. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores; call 999-1313.

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Houston, Friday, Oct. 13, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Seattle, Tuesday, Oct. 17, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. Los Angeles, Saturday, Oct. 14, at 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Friday, Oct. 20, at 8. (For information about tickets, call 201 935-8888.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 14: Army vs. Holy Cross, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Yale, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Coast Guard, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Stony Brook, at Mt. St. Michael Field, at 1. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Duke, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Connecticut, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 21: Cornell vs. Brown, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Dayton, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Villanova, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 15: Giants vs. Tampa Bay Buccaneers, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Baltimore.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Thursday, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Colorado Rockies, Sunday, Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Wednesday, Oct. 18. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Tuesday, Oct. 17, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At BELMONT: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 23. The Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 14; the Jamaica Handicap, Sunday, Oct. 15; the Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct. 20; and the Vosburgh Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 21. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.). . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 30. The Queen Charlotte Handicap, Thursday, Oct. 12, and the Young America, Thursday, Oct. 19. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, Oct. 20. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30, from Saturday, Oct. 21, through Saturday, Dec. 30. The Selima, Saturday, Oct. 21.

Skating—Middle Atlantic Figure Skating Championships—Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 19-21, at 7 A.M.: School figures. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 21, at 1:15 and 6:15: Free skating. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 22, at 8:15: Dance competitions and Ladies' Pairs. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 22, at 11 and 1:40: Free skating. (Sky Rink, 450 W. 33rd St. Tickets at the box office only, and only on the days of the events.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Monday, Dec. 11.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

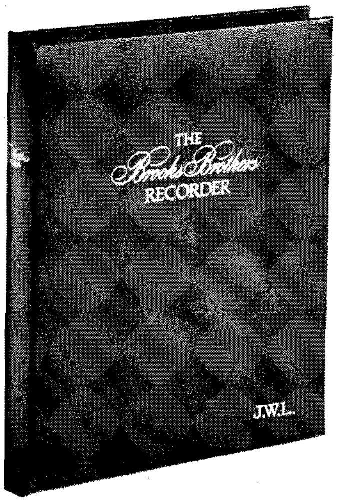
Poetry Readings—Czeslaw Milosz reading from his own works. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Oct. 17, at 7:30. Tickets at the museum on the night of the reading.)

Discussions—"Conversations About Architecture," the first of four programs, this one involving Philip Johnson, Peter Eisenman, and Robert A. M. Stern. (Architectural League of New York, 41 E. 65th St. Monday, Oct. 16, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

National Arts and Antiques Festival—A benefit exhibition, combining handicrafts from around the world with a wide range of traditional antiques. Among the displays will be a collection of daguerreotypes from the Photographic Historical Society of New York, some African tribal sculptures, and French figural bottles of soldiers and sailors. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, Oct. 14, through Sunday, Oct. 22. Weekdays, 1 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday and Friday, Oct. 12-13, at 10:15 and 2: Continental and English silver and *objets de vertu*, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 13, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century paintings by such artists as Alfred Stevens, Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier, and Paul Gustave Doré; from various collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 14, at 10:15 and 2: Oriental rugs, from many owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 18-19, at 2: Jewelry, from the estate of Montgomery Scott Harkins and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 14. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, Oct. 13, at 10:30: African art, from the Mayo-Johnson Collection. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 13, at 2: Tribal art, from the Mayo-Johnson Collection. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 14, at 10:30 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from several owners.

Election Registration Dates—The registration dates for the Nov. 7 elections are Thursday, Oct. 12, and Saturday, Oct. 14, from 1 P.M. to 9 P.M.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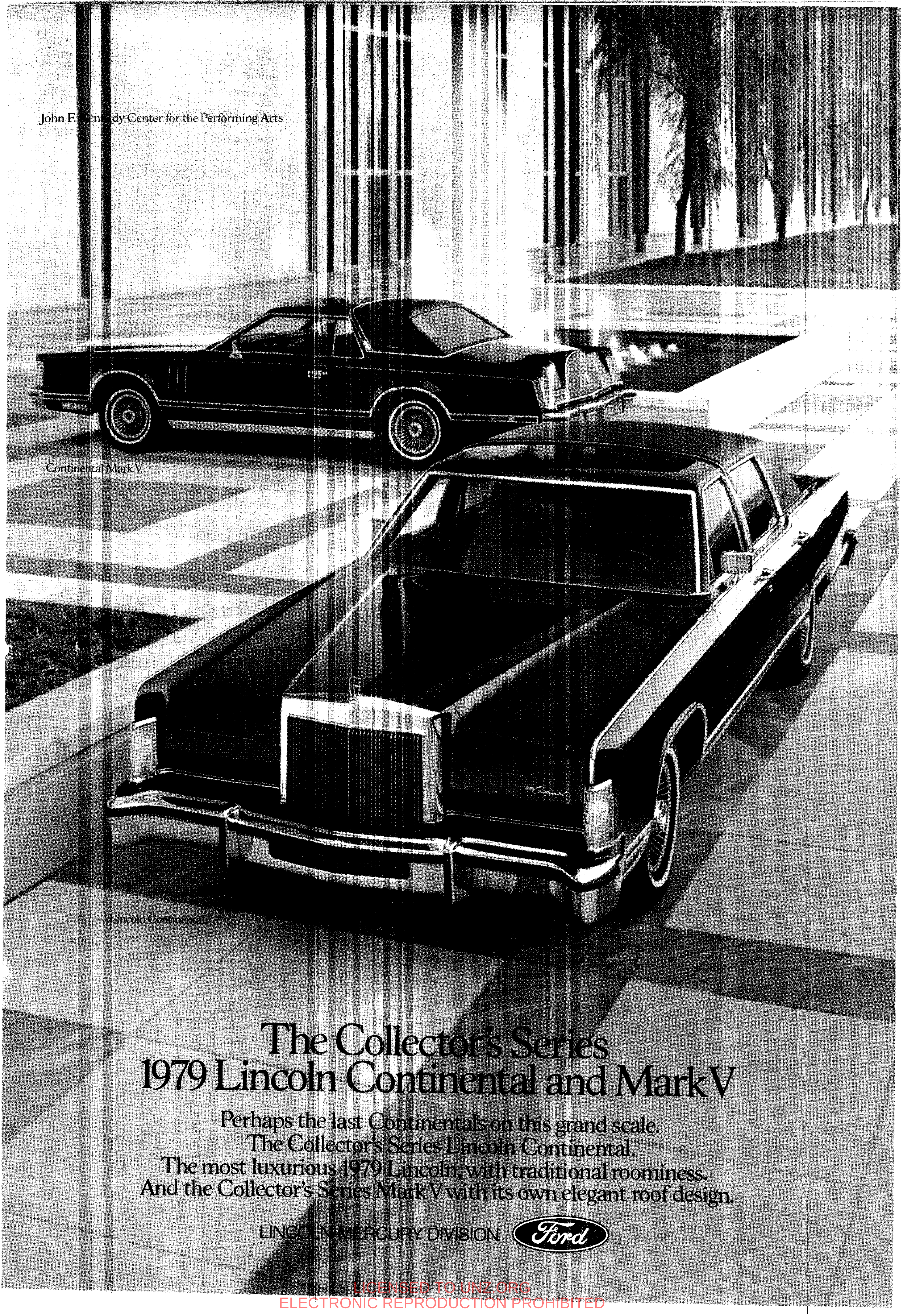

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Beefeater is literally all heart. Because a Beefeater stillman, like a master jewel-cutter, will preserve only the choice, flawless "heart," thus assuring you of an unblemished jewel of a gin, a gin of brilliance and clarity.

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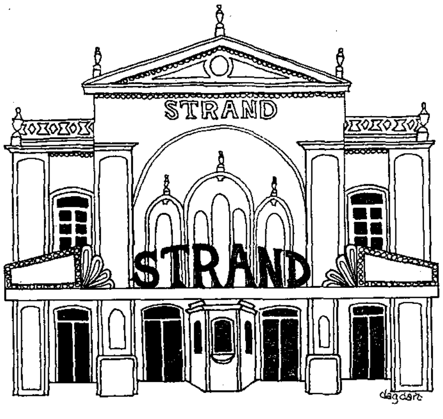
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19		

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 22. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 15: "Night Moves."
Oct. 16: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 17: "Céline and Julie Go Boating."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Girl Friends."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Oct. 12: "Revenge of the Pink Panther" and "And Now for Something Completely Different."
Oct. 13-17: "Pretty Baby" and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar."
From Oct. 18: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Grease."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Up in Smoke."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?"

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Death on the Nile."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Girl Friends."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"A Wedding."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Somebody Killed Her Husband."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Autumn Sonata."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Goin' South."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Foul Play."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Days of Heaven."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Bloodbrothers."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Midnight Express."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Midnight Express."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Big Fix."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"No Time for Breakfast."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Death on the Nile."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Oct. 12: "Revenge of the Pink Panther."
From Oct. 13: "Pretty Baby."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Interiors."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?"

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Up in Smoke."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Foul Play."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Big Fix."
Theatre 2: "Somebody Killed Her Husband."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Heaven Can Wait."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Interiors."
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 17: "Interiors." From Oct. 18 (tentative): "Women."
Theatre 3: "Viva Italia!"
Theatre 4: "Interiors."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Oct. 12: "Lin Tse-hsu" ("The Opium War").
From Oct. 13: "The Black Pearl."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Boys from Brazil."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Interiors."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (586-4448)
Through Oct. 17: "Eyes of Laura Mars."
From Oct. 18: "An Unmarried Woman."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Bread and Chocolate."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Violette."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"A Wedding."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"A Wedding."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Perceval."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Girl Friends."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Grease."
Theatre 2: "Foul Play."
Theatre 3: "National Lampoon's Animal House."
Theatre 4: "Heaven Can Wait."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"Interiors."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct 12: "Revenge of the Pink Panther" and "Telefon."
From Oct. 13: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" and "A Boy and His Dog."

TIMES SQUARE

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Bloodbrothers." (†) No evening performances on Thursday, Oct. 19.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"National Lampoon's Animal House." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Heaven Can Wait." (†)
Theatre 3: "Saturday Night Fever."
Theatre 4: "Grease." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Foul Play." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?" (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Death on the Nile." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Midnight Express." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Death Force," "Spook Who Sat by the Door," and "Forced to Fight."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Somebody Killed Her Husband." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Up in Smoke." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Big Fix." (†)

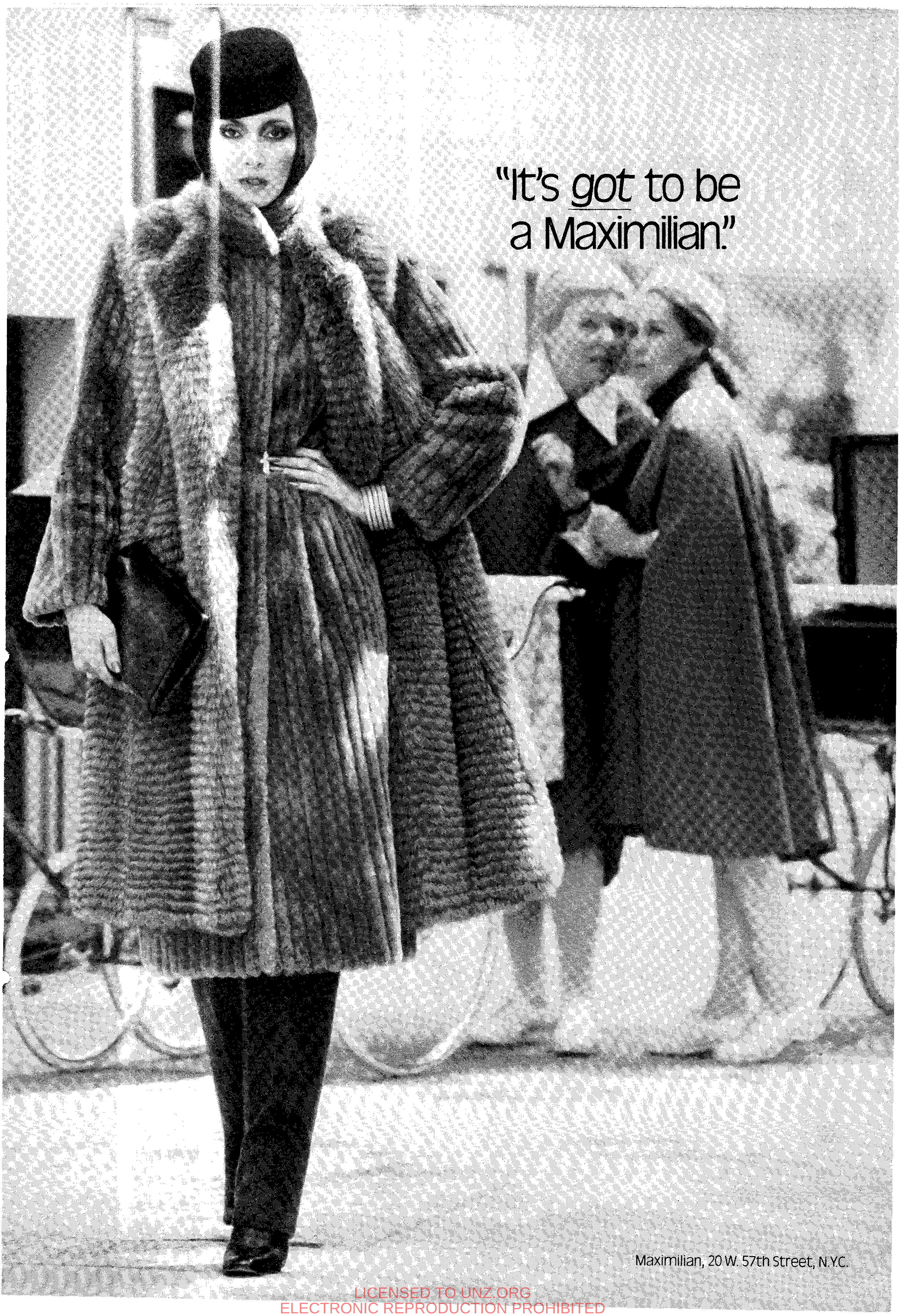
Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through Oct. 12: "Who'll Stop the Rain."
From Oct. 13: "Count Dracula and His Vampire Bride."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Oct. 11: "Fata Morgana" (1971) and "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970), both films in German, directed by Werner Herzog.
Oct. 12: "The Battle of Chile" (1978), a documentary, directed by Patricio Guzmán.
Oct. 13-14: "West Side Story" (†); and "American Graffiti" (1973), directed by George Lucas, with Richard Dreyfuss and Ronny Howard.
Oct. 15: "A Woman of Paris" (1923), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Edna Purviance, Adolphe Menjou, and Carl Miller; and "Angel." (†)
Oct. 16: "Morocco" (†); and "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (1953), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica.
Oct. 17: "Red Beard" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
Oct. 18: "A Woman's Decision" (†) and "Red Desert." (†)
Oct. 19: "The Principal Enemy" (1974) and "Courage of the People" (1971), both films in Spanish, directed by Jorge Sanjines.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Oct. 11: "Orpheus" (1949), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, Marie Déa, François Périer, and Edouard Dermithe; and "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair.
Oct. 12: "Islands in the Stream" (1977), directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, with George C. Scott, Claire Bloom, Julius Harris, and David Hemmings; and "To Have and Have Not" (1944), directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan.
Oct. 13: "Persona" (1967), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "3 Women" (1977), directed by Robert Altman, with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule.
Oct. 14: "Mahler" (1976), directed by Ken Russell, with Robert Powell; and "The Music Lovers." (†)
Oct. 15: "Moonlight Sonata" (1937), directed by Lothar Mendes, with Paderewski, Charles Farrell, and Marie Tempest; and "Arthur Rubinstein—Love of Life" (1969), a documentary, directed by François Reichenbach and S. G. Patris.
Oct. 16: "Love Me Tonight" (†) and "At Long Last Love." (†)
Oct. 17: "Baby Doll" (†) and "The Rose Tattoo." (†)
Oct. 18: "Salome" (†); and "Valentino" (1977), directed by Ken Russell, with Rudolf Nureyev.
Oct. 19: "O Lucky Man!" (†) and "The Bed Sitting Room." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 12: "Bang the Drum Slowly" (1973), directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty and Robert De Niro; and "This Sporting Life" (1963), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Richard Harris and Rachel Roberts.
Oct. 13-14: "The Last Waltz" (1978), directed by Martin Scorsese, the final concert of the rock group The Band; and "Allegro Non Troppo" (1977), in Italian, an animated film, directed by Bruno Bozzetto.
Oct. 15-16: "Oliver Twist" (1948), directed by David Lean, with Alec Guinness, Robert Newton, Kay Walsh, John Howard Davies, and Anthony Newley; and "Great Expectations." (†)
Oct. 17: "F.I.S.T." (1978), directed by Norman Jewison, with Sylvester Stallone and Rod Steiger; and "Union Maids." (†)
Oct. 18-19: "Sensations" (1975) and "The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Naughty Victorians" (1975), both X-rated films.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Oct. 11: "Young Törless" (1968), in German, directed by Volker Schlöndorff; and "The Wild Duck" (1977), in German, directed by Hans W. Geissendorfer, with Jean Seberg, Peter Kern, and Bruno Ganz.

Oct. 12-14: "Ali: Fear Eats the Soul" (1974), in German, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Brigitte Mira; and "The Fire Within" (1963), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Maurice Ronet.

Oct. 15-16: "The Lovers" (†) and "The Middle of the World." (†)

Oct. 17-18: "A Free Woman" (†) and "Two or Three Things I Know About Her." (†)

From Oct. 19: "Lancelot of the Lake" (†) and "Princess Yang Kwei Fei." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Oct. 14: "Good News" (1947), directed by Charles Walters, with June Allyson, Peter Lawford, Mel Tormé, and Joan McCracken; and "Gigi" (1958), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Louis Jourdan.

Oct. 15-16: "A Tale of Two Cities" (1935), directed by Jack Conway, with Ronald Colman and Elizabeth Allan; and "Random Harvest." (†)

Oct. 17-18: "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1953), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Lana Turner, Kirk Douglas, Dick Powell, and Gloria Grahame; and "Alex in Wonderland." (†)

From Oct. 19: "Strike Up the Band" (†) and "In the Good Old Summer Time." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Oct. 12: "Tonight for Sure" (1963), directed by Francis Ford Coppola; and "Dementia #13" (1963), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with William Campbell and Luana Anders.

Oct. 13-14: "Nights of Cabiria" (1957), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina; and "I Vitelloni" (1953), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Alberto Sordi and Franco Fabrizi.

Oct. 15-16: "The Royal Ballet." (†)

Oct. 17: "No Way Out" (1950), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Richard Widmark, Linda Darnell, and Sidney Poitier; and "Moonfleet" (1955), directed by Fritz Lang, with Stewart Granger, George Sanders, Joan Greenwood, Viveca Lindfors, and Jon Whiteley.

Oct. 18-19: "Algiers" (1938), directed by John Cromwell, with Hedy Lamarr, Charles Boyer, Sigrid Gurie, and Joseph Calleia; and "Gunga Din" (1939), directed by George Stevens, with Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Victor McLaglen, Eduardo Ciannelli, and Sam Jaffe.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 11: "Red Dust" (1932), directed by Victor Fleming, with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Mary Astor; and "China Seas" (1935), directed by Tay Garnett, with Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Rosalind Russell, Wallace Beery, and Lewis Stone.

Oct. 12: "Cabin in the Cotton" (1932), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Bette Davis, Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Jordan, and Henry B. Walthall; and "Three on a Match" (1933), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Joan Blondell, Bette Davis, Ann Dvorak, Warren Williams, and Lyle Talbot.

Oct. 13-14: "The Band Wagon" (1953), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Nanette Fabray, Jack Buchanan, and Oscar Levant; and "Royal Wedding." (†)

Oct. 15: "The Awful Truth" (1937), directed by Leo McCarey, with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "Theodora Goes Wild" (1936), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with Irene Dunne, Melvyn Douglas, Thomas Mitchell, and Spring Byington.

Oct. 16: "The Big Pond" (†); and "Fast and Loose" (1930), directed by Fred Newmeyer, with Carole Lombard, Miriam Hopkins, Frank Morgan, and Ilka Chase.

Oct. 17: "The Man Who Broke the Bank in Monte Carlo" (1935), directed by Stephen Roberts, with Joan Bennett, Ronald Colman, Colin Clive, Nigel Bruce, and Montagu Love; and "House of Rothschild" (1934), directed by Alfred L. Werker, with George Arliss, Boris Karloff, Loretta Young, and Robert Young.

Oct. 18: "Naughty Marietta" (1935), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Elsa Lanchester, and Frank Morgan; and "Maytime" (1937), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and John Barrymore.

Oct. 19: "Broadway Melody of 1936" (†) and "Broadway Melody of 1938" (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 12 at 2:30: "Come le Foglie" (1934), in Italian, directed by Mario Camerini, with Nino Besozzi and Isa Miranda; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 6: "La Tavola dei Poveri" (1932), in Italian, directed by Alessandro Blasetti, with Raffaele Viviani; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 8:30 (tentative): "What Rogues Men Are" (1932), in Italian, directed by Mario Camerini, with Vittorio De Sica; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 2:30: "La Tavola dei Poveri.". . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 6: "The Baroness and the Butler" (1938), directed by Walter Lang, with William Powell and Annabella. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at noon: "The Corsican Brothers" (1941), directed by Gregory Ratoff, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Ruth Warrick. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 2:30 (tentative): "What Rogues Men Are.". . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 5: "Acciaio" (1933), in Italian, directed by Walter Ruttmann, with Isa Pola and Piero Pastore; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at noon: "The Corsican Brothers.". . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 2:30: "Seconda B." (1934), in Italian, directed by Goffredo Alessandrini, with Sergio Tofano; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 5: "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (1953), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at noon: "Football As It Is Played Today" (1962), directed by Joseph L. Anderson; "Frank Film" (1973), directed by Frank and Caroline Mouris; and "Woody Allen: An American Comedy" (1977), directed by Harold Mantell. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 5: "Acciaio.". . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 6: "The Camera: Je" (1977), in English and French, directed by Babette Mangolte; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at noon: "Football As It Is Played Today," "Frank Film," and "Woody Allen: An American Comedy.". . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 2:30: "The Lower Depths" (1936), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 6: "CIA Case Officer" (1978), directed by Saul Landau; and "Pomeroy File" (1976), produced by CBS News. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 2:30: "Atarashiki Tsuchi" (1936), in Japanese and German, directed by Arnold Fanck and Mansaku Itami, with Setsuko Hara and Sessue Hayakawa; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 6: "Saiyuki: Tessen Koshu" (1941), in Japanese, directed by Nagamasa Kawakita, an animated film; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 8:30: "Anatahan" (1953), directed by Josef von Sternberg. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Oct. 15: "The Abandoned Shabono" (1978) and "The Singing Mute" (1978), both films directed by Juan Downey. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 17: "Showboat 1988—The Remake" (1978), directed by Richard Schmidt. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"Controlling Interest: The World of the Multinational Corporation" (1978), produced by California Newsreel; "Bottle Babies" (1975), directed by Peter Krieg; and "CIA Case Officer" (1978), directed by Saul Landau. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alex in Wonderland (1970)—Paul Mazursky's affectionate, ambivalent account of a movie director (Donald Sutherland) searching for a subject is so loose that one's attention sometimes wanders. But this picture captures for the first time on the screen the palmy-hip look of the Hollywood of the sixties, where the swingers adopted a prophetic-saintly style. The satire of Hollywood is both loving and exact; in the best sequence, Alex goes to lunch with a manic producer, played by Mazursky himself. With Ellen Burstyn and, as themselves, Jeanne Moreau and Federico Fellini. (Regency; Oct. 17-18.)

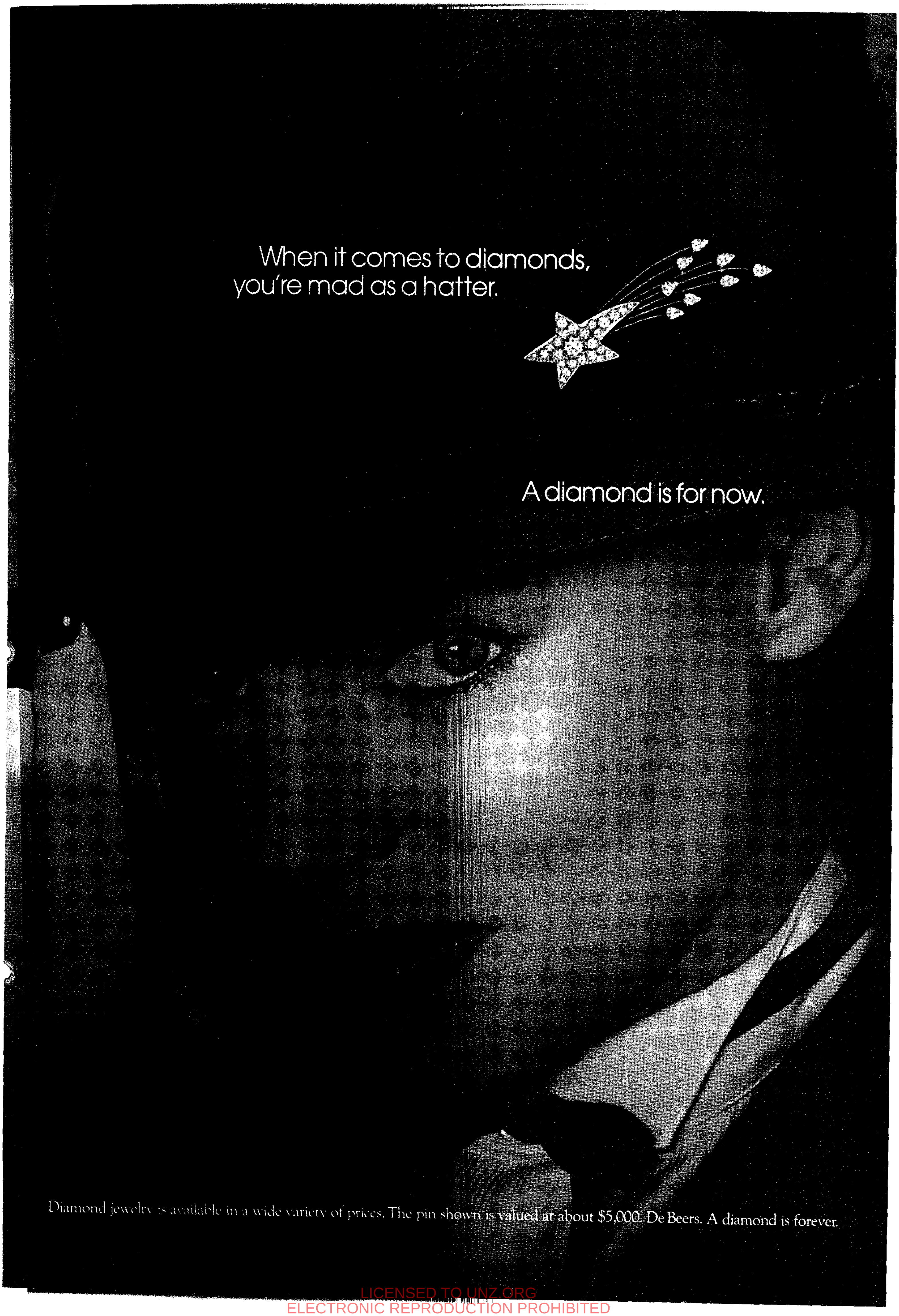
And Now for Something Completely Different (1972)—Selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus." (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 12.)

Angel (1937)—The only Marlene Dietrich movie directed by Ernst Lubitsch (though the year before he had produced "Desire"). One might expect them to bring out the scintillating best in each other, but the picture is lifeless. It's too prettily contrived, and the craftsmanship is right on the surface. Dietrich is the lonely foreign wife of an eminent, harassed English diplomat (Herbert Marshall); she skips off for a day to Paris and visits a house of assignation (euphemistically called a salon) presided over by Laura Hope Crews. There she meets Melvyn Douglas (another government official), and he falls passionately in love with her. Naturally, he turns up back at her London home. This is one of Dietrich's stiffest, most impassive performances; the role doesn't give her anything to do but look blankly frightened that her husband will discover her guilty secret. Boredom must have set in for her, because when she has to express emotional turmoil she rattles off her lines without conviction. For want of action and comedy, the movie keeps cutting to what's going on among the fleet of servants, which includes Ernest Cossart and also Edward Everett Horton, who playacts as if to an audience of deranged three-year-olds. (Couldn't Lubitsch, with his "Continental" style, see how tiresomely out of key Horton was here and in other Lubitsch pictures?) This movie isn't essentially different from the best of Lubitsch, but it's attenuated. This is the sort of cultivated triangular love affair in which all three have a turn at the piano, and Marshall and Douglas have the kind of affable man-of-the-world conversations that were a feature of "polished" thirties comedies—their acting is a matter of lifted eyebrows and the smallest shifts of inflection. With Herbert Mundin, Ivan Lebedeff, Dennie Moore, and Herbert Evans. The screenplay is by Samson Raphaelson, from a play by Melchior Lengyel. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 15.)

At Long Last Love (1975)—Peter Bogdanovich's stillborn musical comedy—a relentlessly vapid pastiche of thirties Art Deco romantic-mixup movies. With Burt Reynolds as a bored millionaire playboy, Cybill Shepherd as a spoiled heiress, Eileen Brennan as a comic Irish maid, John Hillerman as an unflappable valet, Duilio Del Prete as a debonair gambler, and sixteen Cole Porter songs. Performed as they are here, they sound smug, though Madeline Kahn, as a Broadway songstress nudging her thighs together while she sings "Find Me a Primitive Man," is fairly funny. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 16.)

Autumn Sonata—With Ingrid Bergman, Liv Ullmann, and Lena Nyman; directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Baronet.)

Baby Doll (1956)—Tennessee Williams' droll and engrossing carnal comedy, set lowdown in Mississippi. The infantile erotic heroine (Carroll Baker) sucks her thumb and sleeps in a crib. Her middle-aged husband (Karl Malden) has agreed not to consummate the marriage until she is twenty; meanwhile her husband's enemy, a sharp Sicilian (Eli Wallach), lays expert hands on her. (His performance is also expert.) With Mildred Dunnock and a number of residents of Benoit, Mississippi, whom the director, Elia Kazan, employed as extras. There are some wobbly moments toward the end, but it's an entertaining picture. When it came out, it was condemned by the Catholic Legion of Decency,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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and *Time* said that it was "just possibly the dirtiest American-made motion picture that has ever been legally exhibited." It's not quite all that. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 17.)

The Bed Sitting Room (1969)—The ghastly kind of far-out humor that makes you feel as if you've got a pain in your side when you haven't even laughed. Richard Lester directed this apocalyptic after-the-bomb farce. With Michael Hordern, Rita Tushingham, and Ralph Richardson—until he mutates into a bed-sitting room. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 19.)

The Big Fix—With Richard Dreyfuss, Susan Anspach, and Bonnie Bedelia; directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan. (Beekman, R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

The Big Pond (1930)—The pond is the Atlantic, and in this musical starring Maurice Chevalier he's a Frenchman whose intentions are often misunderstood in the United States, particularly by George Barbier, the rich, chewing-gum-manufacturer father of the girl Chevalier loves (Claudette Colbert). Preston Sturges did the rewrite job on the 1928 Broadway play, but the script isn't memorable. What is remembered chiefly are the charming songs that Chevalier introduced, especially "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me" and "Livin' in the Sunlight, Lovin' in the Moonlight." Hobart Henley directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 16.)

The Black Pearl—With Gilbert Roland and Carl Anderson, directed by Saul Swimmer. (Guild; starting Oct. 13.)

Bloodbrothers—Trying for something crude, powerful, volatile, the director, Robert Mulligan, has made a film that opens like an ABC Movie of the Week. It has Sears, Roebuck imagery—you order it from the catalogue. The story is of a brawling Italian Catholic family living in Co-op City, in the Bronx, and the actors—Richard Gere as the sensitive, imaginative nineteen-year-old, Tony Lo Bianco as his father, and Paul Sorvino as his uncle—pour on the Mediterranean sensuality and act at their highest pitch. The father and uncle, who are electricians on construction jobs, are frustrated, boozing, skirt-chasing, braggart hardhats; the boy is trying to save himself. This is an ethnic variant of all those the-summer-the-adolescent-became-a-man pictures, done in a messagey, exploitation manner, like that of "Looking for Mr. Goodbar." People laugh with hysterical heartiness in this movie, or they've learned their lessons and say things like "Life can hurt. It's made me feel close to all those doin' the hurtin' dance." Gere's performance is all mannerisms, Lo Bianco is reaching so frenziedly for large-scale emotions that he seems three feet off the ground, and Sorvino appears to equate hardhat with wide-eyed simpleton. The only actor who gets inside his role is Kenneth McMillan in the minor part of Banion, the crippled barkeeper. From Richard Price's novel, adapted by Walter Newman. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/2/78.) (Cinema II. . . . ¶ Criterion. No evening performances on Thursday, Oct. 19.)

A Boy and His Dog (1976)—Sci-fi fantasy, with Don Johnson and Jason Robards, based on a Harlan Ellison short novel and directed by L. Q. Jones. (Olympia; starting Oct. 13.)

The Boys from Brazil—Franklin J. Schaffner's large-scale version of Ira Levin's novel about Nazi experiments in cloning is too logy and literal-minded for suspense, and when an actor like Gregory Peck plays a sadistic Nazi geneticist and speaks in an arch-villain's sibilant German accent, you can't keep from laughing. Peck, in his jungle hideaway, staring into the future as he walks unconcernedly among the mutants he has created, just doesn't have it in him to inspire primitive terror; his effects are all on the surface, and he looks particularly bad because he's playing opposite Laurence Olivier, who is the aged hero, a famous Nazi-hunter (a fictional counterpart of Simon Wiesenthal). Olivier does a flirtatious impersonation of aged, hammy Jewish actors, such as the late Albert Basserman and Felix Bressart, with their querulous, whiny voices and their fussiness—their way of seeming almost helpless yet resourceful, sagacious, and totally *good*. He takes off on this cloying humanistic style just enough to be very funny, and then, in the key sequences, he rises above his Viennese singsongy charm and demonstrates that the harmless-old-bore act of the aged can be a way of saving oneself for the things that count. He's the only reason to see this movie. It starts from the dumb idea that Hitler's closest associates—whom he dragged down with him—would want him cloned. Nazism here is comic-book mythology, a consumer product. With James Mason, Rosemary Harris, Bruno Ganz, Uta Hagen, and Lilli Palmer. (10/9/78) (Ziegfeld.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

Broadway Melody of 1936 (1935)—An M-G-M musical with Eleanor Powell (a dynamo, all right, but she manages to be wholesome even in glittering top hat and tails), Robert Taylor, Jack Benny, Frances Langford, Una Merkel, and June Knight. A good score by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown includes "I Gotta Feelin' You're Foolin'," "You Are My Lucky Star," and "Broadway Rhythm." Roy Del Ruth directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 19.)

Broadway Melody of 1938 (1937)—Eleanor Powell and Robert Taylor, who had appeared in "Broadway Melody of 1936" (see above), here appear with Judy Garland (in bobby socks, singing the memorable love letter "Dear Mr. Gable") and with Buddy Ebsen, George Murphy, Sophie Tucker, and Robert Benchley. The script is something dim about backstage troubles before the opening of a giant musical. The score, once again, is by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown (but not as good), and directed, once again, by Roy Del Ruth for M-G-M. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 19.)

Céline and Julie Go Boating—With Juliet Berto and Dominique Labourier, directed by Jacques Rivette. In French. (Little Theatre; starting Oct. 17.)

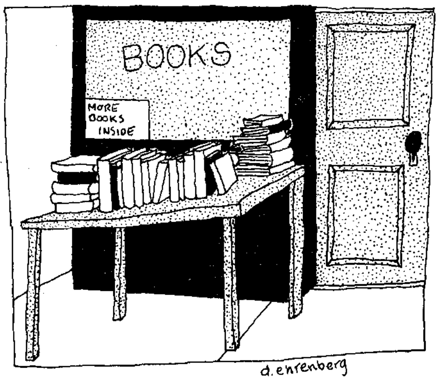
Close Encounters of the Third Kind—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. It sends you out in a state of blissful satisfaction. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (Olympia; starting Oct. 13.)

Days of Heaven—An eloquent and important film about Americanness and the pangs of exile. Terrence Malick wrote and directed the picture, set in Texas in 1916. There is little or no sense of our being in a country about to enter a world war; we are in an entirely cut-off land of wheat fields that are more brightly lit than the characters' lives. (9/18/78) (Cinema I.)

Death on the Nile—The Agatha Christie story, with Peter Ustinov, directed by John Guillermin. (34th St. East, Loews Tower East, and Loews State 1.)

Eyes of Laura Mars—A thriller about a killer, set in New York, eyeballs being the theme. One gets the point—and guesses the murderer—very early on. Faye Dunaway, who has a genuine sweetness and a genuine acting talent, plays a fashion photographer. But the film, directed by Irvin Kershner, is nothing if not trite. (8/14/78) (Playboy; through Oct. 17.)

Foul Play—With Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase, directed by Colin Higgins. (D. W. Griffith, 86th St. East, Loews 83rd Quad, and Forum.)



A Free Woman (1974)—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff, who made "Young Törless." This film was written in collaboration with his wife and leading actress, Margarethe von Trotta. The character has just gone through the special torture of inquisition by divorce lawyers, and eventually—mistakenly—says yes to an old friend who wants to marry her, mostly because she wants not to jeopardize the custody of her young son, whom the courts feel to be in better hands with her ex-husband while she is a career woman leading a life on her own. Some of the script is like a play by a funny, tenderhearted Ibsen, and it is filled with irony, for this woman is hardly "free." In German. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 17-18.)

Girl Friends—Directed by Claudia Weill, from a screenplay by Vicki Polon. About a friendship between a Jewish photographer (Melanie Mayron) and a blond Gentile (Anita Skinner) who gets married, precipitating jealousy. The subject is interesting, but the way the picture is made is rather importunate. (8/21/78) (Art, Eastside Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Goin' South—With Jack Nicholson and Mary Steenburgen, directed by Nicholson. (Coronet.)

Grease—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Gramercy, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy.)

Great Expectations (1946)—David Lean directed this handsome British production from J. Arthur Rank; it takes us back to that period in English letters when heroes had nice manners, a story had sweep and flourish, and all the stray subplots were gathered up and "rhymed." The rather creamy look (like an expensive gift edition of a classic) is not particularly appropriate to Dickens' style, but the film has a strong style of its own that is very different from Lean's earlier work. He seems finally to have let go—to have pulled out all the stops. The film is emotional, exciting, full of action; sequences are planned in terms of heightened dramatic contrasts and sudden, scary tensions. This hyperbolic style rushes us past the awkward bits of staging and the slight dissatisfaction we may feel about the boy Pip (Anthony Wager) turning into John Mills, who plays his role very tentatively—almost as if he were trying out for it. Jean Simmons is Estella, and then Valerie Hobson takes over the part, though it's inconceivable that one could grow into the other, and something seems to be lost, despite Hobson's dignity and beauty. The rest of the cast, though, is close to miraculous: Alec Guinness is Herbert Pocket; Finlay Currie is Magwitch; Martita Hunt is Miss Havisham; Bernard Miles is Joe Gargery; Freda Jackson is Mrs. Gargery; Ivor Barnard is Wemmick; Torin Thatcher is Bentley Drummle; Eileen Erskine is Biddy; O. B. Clarence is The Aged Parent; and Francis L. Sullivan (who had played the same role in the 1934 Hollywood version) is that most alarming upholder of the law Jaggers. The producer, Ronald Neame, collaborated with Lean on the adaptation. Guy Green took the Academy Award for best black-and-white cinematography; John Bryan and Wilfred Shingleton also won for black-and-white art direction and set decorations. (Cinema Village; Oct. 15-16.)

Heaven Can Wait—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by the tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Warren Beatty. (7/10/78) (Greenwich, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy.)

Interiors—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who has written and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen

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Stapleton, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt. (8/7/78) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Quad Cinema, Festival, and New Yorker.)

In the Good Old Summer Time (1949)—Judy Garland and Van Johnson in Technicolor and a mood of determined funniness; a remake of "The Shop Around the Corner," which had James Stewart and Margaret Sullavan, and not up to it. Judy Garland is Van Johnson's pen pal, and they spend a lot of time joke-bickering before they realize they are in love. (Regency; starting Oct. 19.)

Lancelot of the Lake (1975)—Robert Bresson's dazzlingly severe and beautiful version of the legend of Lancelot, King Arthur, Guinevere, and Arthur's slimy enemy, Mordred. These are the knights after the early enthusiasm over the quest for the Grail has been dampened. The chevaliers quarrel, the Round Table is ringed with chairs that belong to the now dead, and the film ends in a pile of armor in which one remaining figure faintly stirs: we are seeing the fading of chivalry in a heap of scrap metal that amounts to the detritus of a shrivelled code. Yet Bresson's austere art entirely counteracts any feeling of bleakness. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 19.)

Lin Tse-hsu ("The Opium War")—An alert and beautiful film from China, about the Opium War of 1839-42 between the British and the Chinese. Pictorially, with its long perspectives down vistas of heads bowing to the Emperor in Peking, it reminds one of the aesthetic innovations of the Italian Renaissance; intellectually, it is of great gaiety, poise, and interest, with piercing attention paid to the old. In Mandarin. (9/11/78) (Guild; through Oct. 12.)

Looking for Mr. Goodbar—Diane Keaton as Theresa Dunn, the teacher who cruises singles bars and is murdered by a man she picks up. Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel by Judith Rossner and directed, has laid a windy jeremiad about our permissive society on top of fractured film syntax. With Tuesday Weld, Alan Feinstein, Richard Gere, and Richard Kiley. (10/24/77) (St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 13-17.)

Love Me Tonight (1932)—Cut-rate Ziegfeld, directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with an expert Rodgers and Hart score. In this one, Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald could be called good only in the most perversely camp way. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 16.)

The Lovers (1959)—The romantic sex film that made Jeanne Moreau infamously famous. As a modern-day Emma Bovary, she makes love very elegantly in water—maybe because the director, Louis Malle, was once Jacques-Yves Cousteau's assistant. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 15-16.)

The Middle of the World (1975)—One of the best, most innovative films about the nature of passionate love to come out of Europe since "Scenes from a Marriage" and the pictures of Eric Rohmer. The hero (Philippe Léotard) is a married engineer who is being manipulated into becoming a local politician; the heroine (Olimpia Carlisi) is an Italian barmaid. Opposites meet, and the film is a record of the two characters' ability to change. Lucid and thoughtful, shot in long takes without cuts. Directed by Alain Tanner and written by him with the English art critic and novelist John Berger. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 15-16.)

Midnight Express—With Brad Davis, Jimmy Quaid, John Hurt, and Mike Kellin; directed by Alan Parker. (Gemini 1, Gemini 2, and Loews State 2.)

Morocco (1930)—Marlene Dietrich's first Hollywood film, and perhaps Josef von Sternberg's most effective piece of romantic myth-making. It's enchantingly silly, full of soulful grand passions, drifting cigarette smoke, and perhaps a few too many pictorial shots of the Foreign Legion marching this way and that. Dietrich is Amy Jolly, a mysterious woman, with a past she won't talk about, who arrives in Morocco and gets a job singing in a rough café. You feel that she's a real performer here: when she comes out to sing, her energy level soars. For her first number, she appears in top hat, white tie, and tails; a Legionnaire (Gary Cooper) shushes the raucous, jeering crowd. She sings, in a deep, harsh voice, and then, in perhaps the most daring moment in all of her pictures, she eyes a woman at a table, takes a flower from her, kisses the startled woman on the mouth, and, turning, tosses the flower to Cooper. When, in a feather boa and a short leotard that shows off her long sleek legs, she sings "What Am I Bid for My Apples?," the Legionnaire knows just what to offer. Dietrich is at the peak of her naughty perfection—cool effrontery and a hint of amusement. The contrast of her high, rounded forehead and Madonna-like face with her low, uncouth voice provides an extraordinary sexual charge; her torso is sturdier than in her later movies, and her upper arms look full and strong, yet her face seems more ethereal than perhaps at any other time. Still the German Dietrich—not the almost abstract, international Dietrich she later became—she's charming throughout, and she and Cooper look great together. This is the movie with the classically giddy, ridiculously satisfying romantic finish: she says goodbye to rich, kind, worldly Adolphe Menjou, who loves her, kicks off her high heels, and follows Cooper and the departing Legionnaires into the desert. One could do with less of the eavesdropping café owner (Paul Porcasi). Jules Furthman wrote the script, based on the play "Amy Jolly," by Benno Vigny. The cinematography is by Lee Garmes, with additional work by Lucien Ballard. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 16.)

The Music Lovers (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. With Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 14.)

National Lampoon's Animal House—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (U.A. East, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1.)

Night Moves (1975)—Arthur Penn's picture, written by Alan Sharp, is a study of temperament, dressed in the paraphernalia of a thriller. The temperament is the lonely one of a private detective, played by Gene Hackman, who seems to be hunting for clues to his own character almost as if he were hunting down a wanted man. The picture is splendidly cast, especially in the selection of Jennifer Warren to play a beautiful, sardonic, tenaciously poised wit who looks after dolphins in Florida. The question "Why did Arthur Penn make this film?" hovers over things, but two answers are in its technical mastery and in its thoughtful harping on the theme of unknowability. (Little Theatre; through Oct. 15.)

No Time for Breakfast—With Annie Girardot, Jean-Pierre Cassel, François Périer, and Isabelle Huppert; directed by Jean-Louis Bertucelli. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

O Lucky Man! (1973)—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated picture yet; a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer; the quiet style of the camerawork is Miroslav Ondříček's. Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 19.)

Perceval—Directed by Eric Rohmer. In French. (Cinema Studio.)

Pretty Baby—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (72nd Street East; starting Oct. 13. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 13-17.)

Princess Yang Kwei Fei (1955)—One of the great Mizoguchi's eighty-odd films. This one is set in China in the eighth century: a stirring, gentle love story about an emperor and a concubine. Mizoguchi began his career as a painter, and his films show it. Very rewarding. In Japanese. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 19.)

Random Harvest (1942)—Ronald Colman is the amnesiac who falls in love with Greer Garson, having forgotten that he'd been in love with her before; he must be the only person lucky enough to forget that sticky, arch great lady of the screen. The only reason to see this hunk of twaddle is the better to savor the memory of the Carol Burnett-Harvey Korman parody, which also was shorter. Mervyn LeRoy, who directed many a big clinker, also gets the blame for this one; it's taken from a James Hilton novel, and M-G-M gave it the full false-English treatment. The cast includes Philip Dorn, Susan Peters, Reginald Owen, Edmund Gwenn, Margaret Wycherly, Peter Lawford, Henry Daniell, Una O'Connor, Jill Esmond, Ian Wolfe, and Bramwell Fletcher. (Regency; Oct. 15-16.)

Red Desert (1965)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's fuzzy illustrations of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the hazy, polluted atmosphere so exquisite that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 18.)

Revenge of the Pink Panther—Peter Sellers once again as the expert in *gaffes*, Inspector Clouseau, whose armored ineptitude periodically drives Herbert Lom, as his boss, into mental institutions. Story by Blake Edwards, and directed by him. (7/31/78) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through Oct. 12.)

The Rose Tattoo (1955)—Tennessee Williams' Serafina (Anna Magnani) is a Sicilian-American widow still in love with the fantasy of her dead husband's perfection, a woman cut off from the life around her because nothing is as good as that dream (and, from the way it looks, the squalid Gulf Coast town around her isn't up to anybody's dream). Magnani's virtuoso display of vitality makes it almost frighteningly clear that her husband's perfection was his sexual potency. The weakness of the material is that the reduction of all human needs to sex is handled only semi-comically. Burt Lancaster is rather embarrassing as Serafina's not-too-smart suitor, though he has a funny scene when he chases a goat. Magnani won an Academy Award for her performance; Tennessee Williams reputedly wrote the role for her, though Maureen Stapleton played it on Broadway. Directed by Daniel Mann, the picture comes across as a rather foolish, good-hearted romp; with Jo Van Fleet, Marisa Pavan, Ben Cooper, and Virginia Grey. James Wong Howe also won an Academy Award, for cinematography. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 17.)

The Royal Ballet (1960)—Indispensable record of Fonteyn in the pre-Nureyev years, performing two of what were then thought of as her last triumphs—"Firebird" and "Ondine." Both are shown complete, preceded by Act II of "Swan Lake," with Antoinette Sibley as a cygnet. (Thalia; Oct. 15-16.)

Royal Wedding (1951)—The director, Stanley Donen, tries to make this musical buoyant, and Fred Astaire, Jane Powell, Sarah Churchill (yes, the daughter), Peter Lawford, and Keenan Wynn all work at it, but the magic isn't there. It's jaunty at times but not more than that. The script is weak and the songs by Alan Jay Lerner and Burton Lane are not all they are sometimes said to be. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 13-14.)

Salome (1922)—One of the true curiosities of film history. Rudolph Valentino's wife, the designer Natacha Rambova (she designed her own name also), loved Aubrey Beardsley's drawings. She arranged to make this film with Alla Nazimova in the lead and Charles Bryant directing, and she did the décor and costumes, based on Beardsley's drawings. The strange results are undramatic and boring, and yet often fascinating. Nazimova, one of the greatest actresses of her time, shows almost nothing of her talent here. She has a surprisingly boyish figure in the outré garments, and throughout much of the film her hair seems to be covered with ball fringe. The movie looks better in stills than when one actually sees it, but a folly like this should probably be experienced. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 18.)

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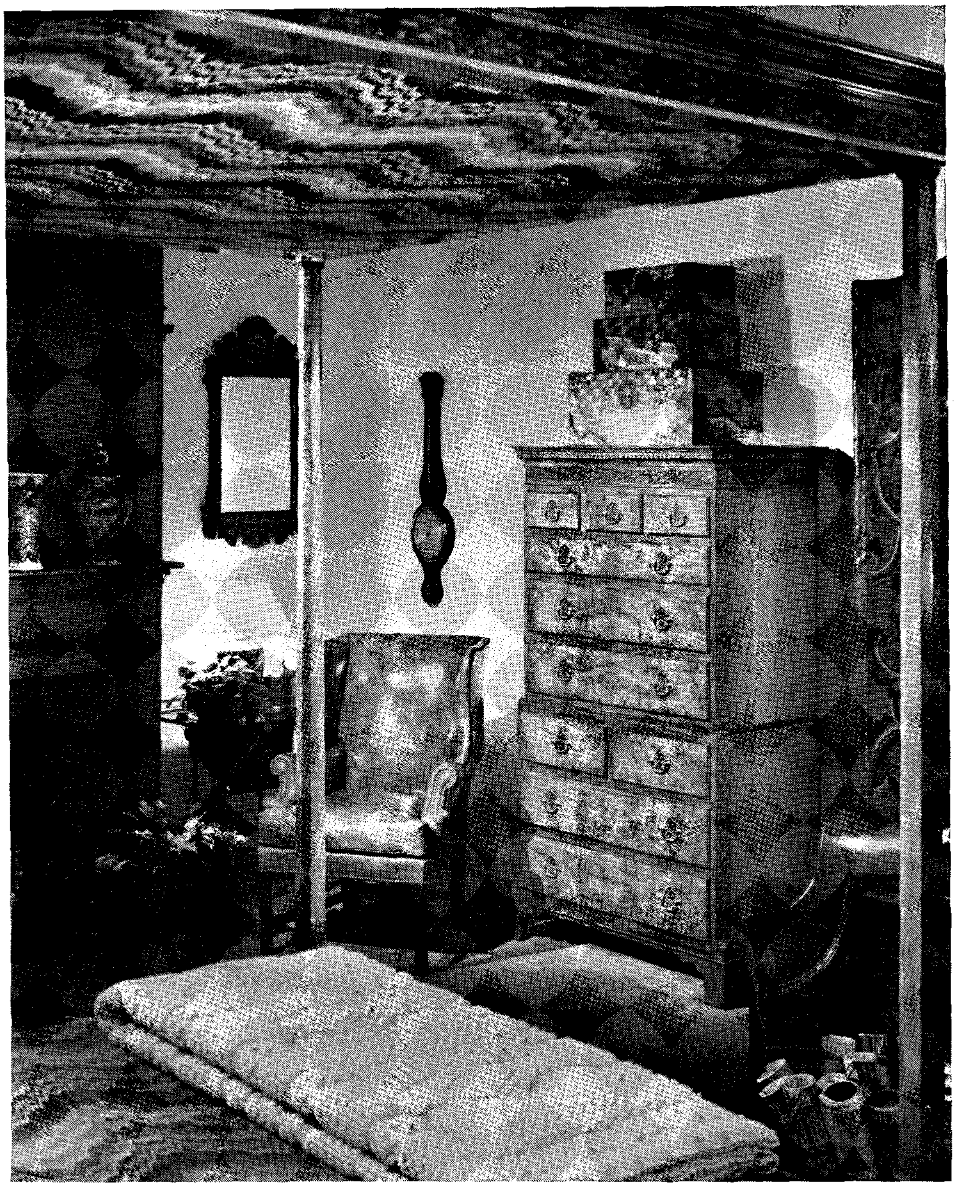

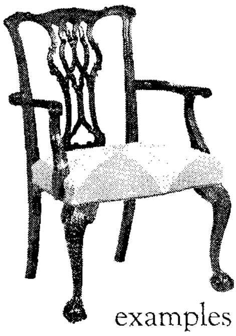

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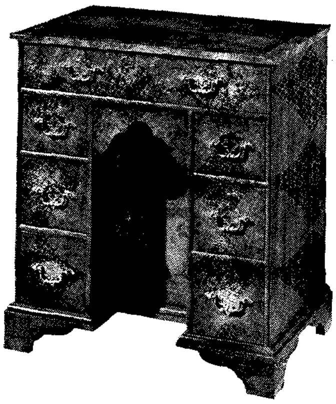

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pense comedy that resembles the pictures that Ginger Rogers did in the late thirties—the ones about ordinary, pleasant people falling in love and getting into farfetched scrapes. But when this dishy blonde (Farrah Fawcett-Majors, in her first movie as a star) walks through the toy department of Macy's with her toddler son in a stroller and spills a bag of pretzels, and a clerk (Jeff Bridges) rushes to her assistance and looks into her teeth and it's love at first sight, everything seems a little custardy and congealed. Did the screenwriter, Reginald Rose, pull the script out of a filing cabinet where it had rested for decades? Bridges probably does better by the dated romantic badinage than anybody else could have, and he makes the movie semi-watchable. John Glover's pinched-faced, amused craziness is also entertaining, and John Wood and Tammy Grimes try for a stylish arch ghoulishness, but they don't have the witty lines that are needed to support that style. Directed by Lamont Johnson. (10/9/78) (Trans-Lux East, R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli.)

STRIKE UP THE BAND (1940)—Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney, that hard-to-forget teen-age vamp June Preisser, and Paul Whiteman and his orchestra in an M-G-M musical directed by Busby Berkeley that is so klunky and poorly paced, and so loaded with sanctimonious moral lessons, that even the George and Ira Gershwin score doesn't save it. (The Andy Hardy pictures were never this square.) The script, by John Monks, Jr., and Fred Finklehoffe, is like a noose around everybody's neck. Rooney is the drummer in the high-school band that turns itself into a swing orchestra, with Garland as the vocalist; the group is trying to raise money to compete in a national contest. Rooney's flamboyant energy makes some sequences fairly bright, but in a number of scenes he's photographed so that he's foreshortened, and he's given hopelessly awkward moments; his mother (big-bosomed Ann Shoemaker) urges him to become a doctor, and he says to Garland, "Now, do I look like a doctor?" Garland is rather dreary in a role which requires her to have romantic longings for Rooney though he thinks of her only as a pal; even her songs lack bounce—the arrangements are too sweet and too slow. The siren Preisser (who also does acrobatics) is much livelier than Garland; she's like a baby Mae West and her eyes rove with mischief. With the ebullient William Tracy, who is often funny; Larry Nunn in the sad-sack role of the boy who is hurt; and Virginia Brissac. In the "Drummer Boy" number, Rooney hits the drums with manic exhibitionistic joy, and he takes a crack at a xylophone, too. But in the other musical numbers (including a real Berkeley ghastly oddity—a marionette orchestra made out of pieces of fruit) Berkeley doesn't know when to end things; he keeps them going until he runs out of ideas. The score includes "Our Love Affair" by Arthur Freed and Roger Edens. (Regency; starting Oct. 19.)

THE TALL BLOND MAN WITH ONE BLACK SHOE (1973)—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (Plaza.)

TELEFON—With Charles Bronson, Lee Remick, Donald Pleasence, and Tyne Daly; directed by Don Siegel. (Olympia; through Oct. 12.)

TWO OR THREE THINGS I KNOW ABOUT HER (1967)—Godard's picture, with Marina Vlady as a lower-middle-class wife in the outskirts of Paris who becomes a prostitute—respectably parking her children first—in order to buy bourgeois clothes and American cigarettes. The social irony is simply and swiftly confirmed. The "her" of the title probably refers as much to Paris as to the heroine. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 17-18.)

UNION MAIDS (1977)—A beautifully humorous, historic documentary made up of interviews with three women radicals who fought for better working conditions in Chicago in the thirties. One of them, Stella, a young-looking woman for her age, with a fine grin, was brought up on a farm; when she first reached Chicago she scratched the sidewalk to see if grass would grow. Another is Sylvia, a chuckling, brave black. Kate, the third, has been accused by her family of wasting her intelligence: What are you now? Nothing! But these women are indeed something. (5/16/77) (Cinema Village; Oct. 17.)

AN UNMARRIED WOMAN—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Playboy; starting Oct. 18.)

UP IN SMOKE—You don't have to be an insider to see the humor in a doper's single-minded, never-ending quest for great grass. This piece of stoned-hippie foolishness, starring the comedy team Cheech and Chong, who wrote the script, is fairly consistently funny. It's an exploitation slapstick comedy, rather than a family picture, such as "Blazing Saddles" or "High Anxiety"—which means that it's dirtier, wilder, and sillier. (It's also better paced.) With Zane Buzby as the speed freak, and June Fairchild as the woman who snorts Ajax. Directed by Lou Adler. (10/9/78) (Bay Cinema, Loews Ciné, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

VIOLETTE—With Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Paris.)

VIVA ITALIA!—An Italian anthology film in which at least four of the nine sketches are really fine, including a recklessly funny kitchen story of regional cooking gone berserk and a poignant piece about a hypocritical son luring his mother into an old-age home. The film stars Vittorio Gassman and Alberto Sordi and was directed by Mario Monicelli, Ettore Scola, and Dino Risi. In Italian. (7/17/78) (Quad Cinema.)

A WEDDING—Robert Altman's satirical farce takes place during a single day, starting with a family-only Episcopal-church wedding and then moving from the church to the reception at the groom's family mansion, in a North Shore suburb of Chicago. It's as if Altman had set out to prove that those who couldn't see the innovative greatness of his earlier films were right; it seems to have been made by an Altman imitator. The forty-eight members of the cast (especially Carol Burnett, Pat McCormick, and Amy Stryker) do many charming things, but the flimsy movie is bitter in a concealed, dry, facile way; at the end the characters seem to have been chopped up by a pixieish, yet rancorous, comedian. (10/2/78) (Sutton, Cinema 3, and Paramount.)

WEST SIDE STORY (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, with the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. Directed by Robert Wise. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 13-14.)

WHO IS KILLING THE GREAT CHEFS OF EUROPE?—With George Segal, Jacqueline Bisset, and Robert Morley; directed by Ted Kotcheff. (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

A WOMAN'S DECISION (1977)—A Polish picture (awful title), directed by Krzysztof Zanussi, that has a touch of "Brief Encounter." An impetuous woman is married to a strict-faced, hidebound man, and she foreseeably falls for a physical-education instructor who is the very symbol of spontaneity and ease. Much the best part of the film has to do not with marriage and reconciliation but with the beguilingly forthcoming woman's excessive emphasis on her own good opinion of herself. And Zanussi goes as far as he probably can go in Poland to draw a picture of a scared, line-toeing director of the office where the woman works. He is obviously a symbolic Communist official, and there is a fine, whining scene when, after manhandling the heroine for standing up for an older woman colleague, he complains of the strain on his own blood pressure. In Polish. (9/19/77) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 18.)

WOMEN—Directed by Márta Mészáros. A Hungarian film about an alliance between two women who are of great glumness. They talk to each other perpetually at an angle of ninety degrees, and the film shares their rather stuffy melancholia, though it wishes to illustrate friendship. In Hungarian. (9/18/78) (Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 18, tentative.)

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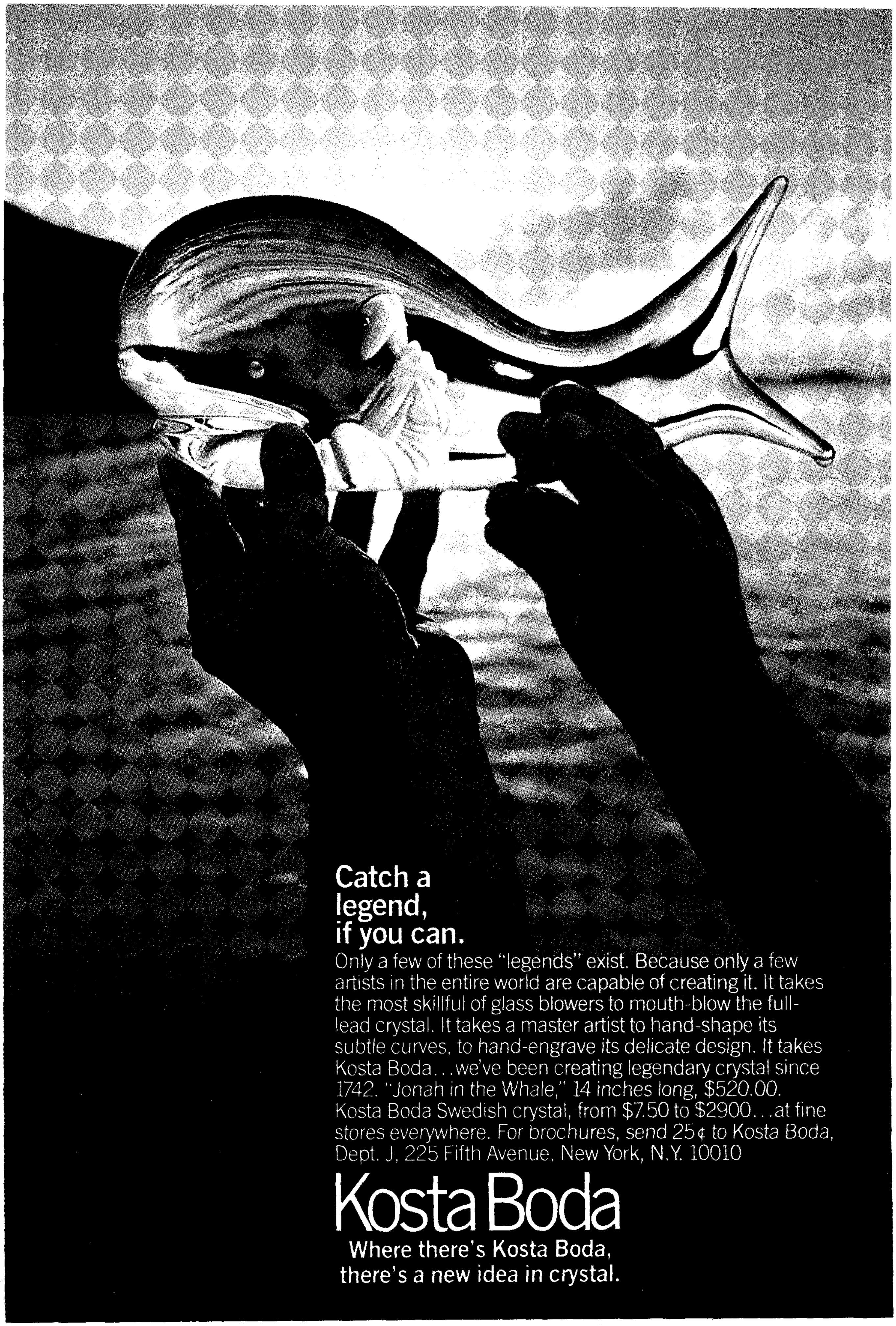

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THE
NEW YORKER

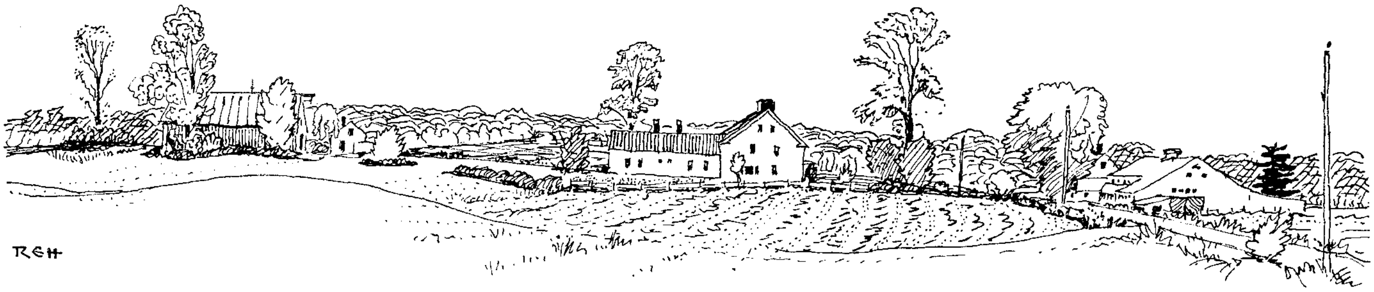
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE time has come to say something nice about Gerald Rafshoon. The ceremony that he and others devised for the signing on national television of the Camp David accords was a straightforward, dignified proceeding, which both reflected and magnified the meaning of the events. Rafshoon, of course, is Assistant to the President for Communications—in other words, President Carter's chief public-relations man. The post is an exalted one. He helps plan trips and speeches for the President. Public statements by other members of the Administration may be reviewed by him. He casts a critical eye on decisions of high policy, asking how they will look to the public. In a word, he is the man in charge of how the Carter Administration *appears*, and, quite naturally, how it appears often has an important bearing on what it does. The whole profession of political image-making—now about twenty years old in this country—has been looked on with considerable suspicion: justifiably, in our opinion. The damage to political life has been of two kinds—first, damage to the public, which has been subjected to enormously expanded and refined processes of deception, and, second, damage to the politicians, who have found that they themselves were being turned into auxiliaries of the images they had first launched to manipulate others. Dressed in clothes picked out for them by "media advisers," wearing hairstyles—or wigs—and makeup chosen by television specialists, speaking words penned by professional speech writers and accompanied by gestures suggested by acting coaches, and making decisions determined by the results of private polls, these politicians have had little left to call their own. Here in this city, for example, Richard Reeves, who comments on local politics for public television, has noted a certain similarity in the speeches of a number of recent candidates for high office here, which he attributes to the fact that all of them were advised by the public-relations specialist David Garth.

The stock in trade of political public relations is what Daniel Boorstin has called the pseudo-event. A pseudo-event is one that has been induced by the possibility of coverage. A politician's visit to a dairy farm is an example of a pseudo-event; a fire is an example of a real event. If the television cameras don't show up, the fire will burn anyway, but the politician is not likely to make his visit. Pseudo-events are always staged for ulterior motives: the politician appears to be interested in dairy farming when in actuality he only wants to get elected. At a glance, one might conclude that the nationally televised signing of the Camp David accords was just one more pseudo-event. Certainly it was not a spontaneously and independently occurring event that television had to rush to cover. As in a pseudo-event, the coverage *was* the event, and without the coverage the event would never have taken place. The real site of its occurrence was not the White House but the living rooms of television viewers all over the country. Also, an ulterior, political motive was plainly present, in the President's presumed wish to be reëlected; and his popularity did in fact rise in the polls by a dozen or so percentage points immediately after the signing of the accords.

For all that, it does not seem to us that the public signing was a pseudo-event. What the public saw that night on television was not a distraction but part of the substance of world events. The demeanor of the three leaders—Begin's unsuspected bubbly humor, Carter's rapturous smile, even Sadat's apparently more strained and determined smile—brought out something real in the accords which was not to be found in the small print of the texts that were released the next day. We seemed to be dealing with a new kind of political ceremony, which has now been made possible by television. Ceremonies can easily be confused with pseudo-events, because in both a fusion of coverage with event occurs. The beholders of a ceremony, no less than at a pseudo-event, are its raison d'être, and without their presence the ceremony would lose its significance. But when beholding takes the form of witnessing—as opposed to mere gaping—it loses its usual passivity and becomes active. At times, indeed, the witness has a legal role, and the ceremony simply can't take place without him. In almost all ceremonies, therefore, something is being transacted not only between the principals in the proceedings—between, say, the person being sworn into office and the person doing the swearing-in—



but between them, on the one hand, and the wider community, on the other. The members of the wider community are invited to watch because any promises that are being made are promises to them also; because any losses that are being mourned are losses to them also; because any events that are being commemorated are significant to them also. In ceremonies, these communal interests, which lend events a meaning that transcends their bare factual content, are acknowledged and made visible.

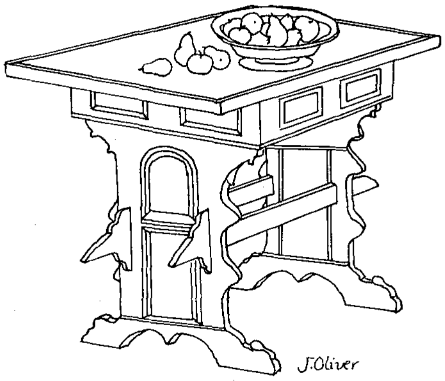
Occasions like the signing of the Camp David accords may point to a new role for public relations in politics. Many observers, dismayed by the public-relations experts' record so far, have come to mistrust appearances as such. They have been led to adopt new standards for judging politics—standards that make a sharp distinction between image and reality, or style and substance, with style being seen as bad and substance as good. But this distinction can never provide a suitable canon of judgment for politics, because it is in the nature of politics to be conducted in public, and thus to create appearances. (A politics that was all substance would be conducted in perfect secrecy.) Politics, after all, is not charity, whose merit may depend in part on the obscurity in which deeds are done. In politics, not obscurity but illumination is what is required, and it is this that fitting ceremonies, like the one after Camp David, can provide.

LIKE a bridegroom who gets mixed up and says "Congratulations!" to a guest in the receiving line, or a prodigal son who says "I forgive you" to his father, the New York *Post* roared "WELCOME BACK!" in a banner headline on the first issue of the paper to come out since the strike began. The *Post* must have been feeling very tense, and queer all over, to come out so loudly with such a remark. *We* hadn't been anywhere. We newspaper readers had been right here all along. Surely the *Post* knew this. Surely the *Post* didn't believe that the reason it hadn't been publishing was that its readers had been out of town; that, in effect, *we* were somehow responsible for the fact that in recent weeks there had been no papers in New York. Well, then, could the *Post* possibly have been thinking that newspaper readers without newspapers were ghosts, and that by reappearing it had brought us back from some Hades of semi-being? Or could the *Post* have been a little nervous that we had ceased to miss it, or, even worse, that we felt ambivalent about the circumstances of its return, and therefore have believed that it had better lead us in a big cheer for itself, lest there be an embarrassing silence. Yet again, could the *Post* have simply been unself-consciously welcoming itself back—"Happy Birthday to Me"—in which case the headline should have been printed in reversed type, as though the *Post* were reading itself in a mirror rather than blaring the words out away from itself to travel forever through space in hopeless search of a recipient. Or perhaps the headline was merely a blurry use of language expressing a blurry feeling of excitement—a need to say *something*, and whether it was "HIP HIP HOORAY!" or "CONGRATULATIONS!" or "HAPPY BIRTHDAY!" or "WELCOME BACK!" didn't really matter. But, whatever the intention, the headline was the perfectly wrong thing to say, and, in that, something of a marvel. It had an effect that was exactly opposite to what was intended—abruptly cutting off whatever welcoming impulse might actually have existed in the people who were in a position to welcome. If someone who has been absent says "Welcome back," you cannot say "Welcome back" in reply. Perhaps all you can say, with equal abandon, is "Good to be here."

• •

Historian

WE had a chat the other day in her Park Avenue apartment with Barbara W. Tuchman, whose new history of the fourteenth century, "A Distant Mirror," seems destined to duplicate the success of her earlier books, such as "The Guns of August," "The Proud Tower," and "Stilwell and the American Experience in China": so far, it has gone through seven printings (six of them before publication); over a hundred and forty thousand copies of it are in print; and it has received high praise everywhere. Mrs. Tuchman has subtitled her book "The Calamitous 14th Century," and for the past seven years she has been immersed in endless medieval wars, plagues, beheadings, papal schisms, royal madnesses, and peasant revolts, and in endless libraries, documents, and seals, but her spacious apartment proved to be an oasis of purposeful calm and sanity. Family photographs were scattered about on tables, and a lovely blue still-life by the late Walter Stuempfig dominated one wall. Mrs. Tuchman is animated and swift-moving, with a striking shock of gray hair and a face of pure intelligence. She was wearing a green skirt and a flowered blouse, and she was holding a black T-shirt with gold lettering. "I was about to put this on when the bell rang," she said. "My youngest daughter, Alma, gave it to me as a publication present. I am very proud of it. My book focusses on the last of the celebrated Coucy family, Enguerrand de Coucy VII, whose family motto went, 'Not king nor prince, duke nor count am I; I am the lord of Coucy.' Alma has done a bit of judicious editing, and the shirt reads, '*Ni roi, ni prince, ni comte aussi, Je suis l'auteur de Coucy*.' Lester and I—Dr. Lester Tuchman, my husband—divide our time between this apartment and our country place, in Cos Cob. I do my writing there, in a small one-room cabin on a hill behind the house. No phone, but light and heat. I love working in that cabin, and I wrote most of 'A Distant Mirror' there. I built the cabin with earnings from 'The Guns of August.' I keep reference books around out there, but not too many research books; many of the research books I used were borrowed from Harvard and Yale, and I made extensive use of the New York Public Library. I would go to the cabin every morning and put in a full day. Of course, I like to run up and down once in a while—pretend to have errands, you know—and stretch my legs, but mostly it has been intensive concentration. I began this book in 1971, and had almost completed the research before I went abroad, in the spring of 1974." Mrs. Tuchman paused and glanced at the Stuempfig still-life. "I like that picture," she said softly. "*That* was a treat I gave myself after the Stilwell."



She continued, "I made some mistakes in working on 'The Guns of August' by going abroad too soon. I remember wandering all over an area in France searching for a particular town and finding out later that I was there, in that very town, the whole time. Its name had been changed from German

BOUNCING BALLS
NEXT 3 Mi

to French after the First World War. I also had countless flat tires in a rented car; flat tires frighten me. I came around rather slowly to concentrating on the Coucys. Originally, I planned to have my book revolve around the Black Death, which disposed of about a third of the entire European population. As I read along, it dawned on me that Enguerrand VII was active in almost every public drama of his age—that he truly spanned the age. So when I felt I was ready I went abroad to do Coucy research. I headed first, as I usually do, for the B.N.—the Bibliothèque Nationale. Closed for two weeks, for spring cleaning. Very disappointing. I was reminded of the first time I went to the B.N., back in 1937, when I was writing some pieces on the Spanish Civil War, and the party at the desk said, 'Mademoiselle, are you a college graduate?' 'Yes,' I said. 'May we see your diploma?' said the official. 'I am not in the habit of carrying it around with me,' I said. Finally, after going through a lengthy application process, I was given a reader's card. This time, matters were easier. I had gone first to our cultural attaché, and, once the spring cleaning was over, I had a card in twenty-four hours. They are quite stingy with light at the B.N., and I would get there by nine each morning, commandeer a window seat, and work through the entire day. I had strange good fortune. The cultural attaché was well acquainted with the deputy mayor of Coucy, and sent me to him. The deputy mayor knew everything about the great château at Coucy, sixty-five miles northeast of Paris. He was a Coucy booster. So I rented a car and began to drive around, and I studied the nearby rivers and the nearby cathedrals, such as Amiens, Reims, Beauvais, and Laon. I was struck by the processions of the damned and saved—the Last Judgment—over the portals of the cathedrals: always many more damned than saved. Enguerrand de Coucy VI, Enguerrand VII's father, was in the Battle of Crécy, in 1346, and I drove over many roads near the battlefield, in a national forest, looking for a windmill, or the site of a hilltop windmill, from which Edward III commanded his troops while the Prince of Wales fought elsewhere, at the head of another battle group. I never found the windmill, but I feel pretty certain that I found the hill." Mrs. Tuchman's eyes were bright with excitement. She was obviously back in the fourteenth century, and enjoying herself.

"In the fourteenth century, the cult of individuality had not yet begun," she said. "There is very little portraiture worth a damn, since individuality was not so important, but I felt a strong attachment to Enguerrand VII and I very much wanted to see a likeness of him. I pictured him as tall and strong, dark and saturnine, but finding an authentic likeness involved quite a search. I knew there was a picture of him in the museum at Soissons, and I went there, and was conducted up a beautiful staircase, and saw a canvas at the top of the stairs, facing a wall, but the picture was of Coucy in full armor of the age of Marlborough—it had been commissioned some three hundred years after his death, by the Celestin monastery of Villeneuve-les-Soissons. He *is* to be seen in a replica of a fresco of seven nobles whose original was in the cloister of Carmes, in Toulouse—his only known contemporary representation. Everybody else pictured is to be seen clearly, including the Duc de Bourbon, Henri de Navarre, and Henri de Bar, but Coucy, last in the line, has turned his head away! Research is really a matter of one thing leading to another, of *being led* from one thing to another, and I remember when I tracked down an unpublished nineteenth-century doctoral dissertation at the École de Chartes, a place in Paris where medieval scholars study. I was quite excited as I climbed still another staircase to the top, and I felt that I was going to get dizzy. The manuscript was in longhand, and there were things I simply could not read. I am going to faint, I thought. I asked a student at a nearby desk to decipher something for me, and he said, 'That is merely a figure, Madame—a numeral.' One of the Coucy family seals, at the Archives Nationales, also entranced me. Unlike most seals, which portray a man galloping past on a horse, this seal showed an erect man, an upright man. I asked the director about it. 'Very unusual,' he said. '*Très prétentieux*.' In all, I travelled through Picardy, to Avignon, and across the Alps to Italy, and I made another trip abroad, to Bulgaria, in September of 1976, to study the Battle of Nicopolis. I keep myself going by discovering new things, by not simply going over something I like; and I think that one of the reasons I write clearly—or so I am told—about battles is that I try very hard to make them clear to myself. They are a challenge to me."

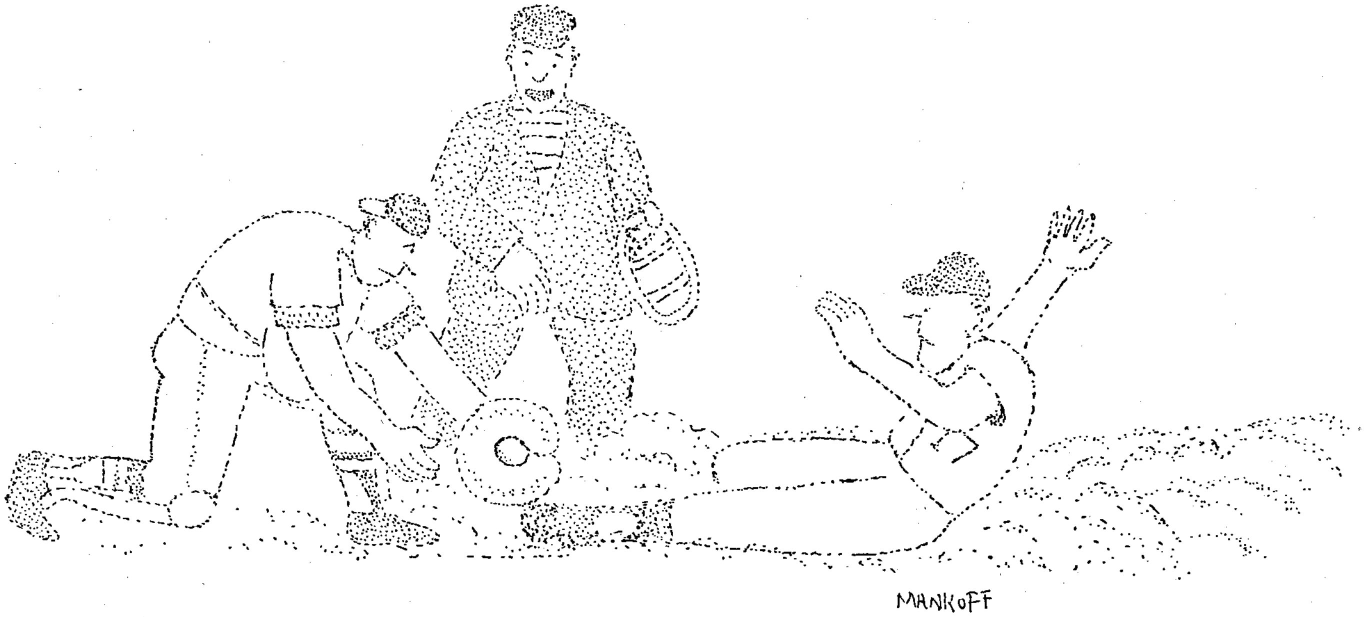
We asked Mrs. Tuchman to talk for a moment about our century and the fourteenth.

"No question that people feel helpless and doomed today, but not in the same sense as in the fourteenth century," she said. "Now it seems to be a feeling of universal doom rather than the *personal* doom of those days, which was so closely mixed up with religion. There is certainly a kinship: the same inability of government to function properly; the same repetition of tragic errors, as in our Vietnam indulgence after our tragic experiences with Chiang; the same tendency of bright people to support a war that simply would not work; the illusion of the chivalric code, comparable to Lyndon Johnson's macho thing. And fashion. Oh, those pointed shoes of the fourteenth century! The French noblemen insisted on fighting in pointed shoes with the toes turned up, some of them attached by threads to their knees. I never really knew how useless those pointed shoes were until Lester and I recently went to Hawaii, and I tried snorkelling, and simply could not walk around in the foot flippers. The twentieth century is certainly not the fourteenth, but this is a time when the norms seem to be crumbling everywhere, when men vigorously take out their aggressions on others, and, perhaps worst of all, when there is a sense that nothing is worth doing. For example, one can go to school, learn not one thing, and get promoted. Not everybody shares these feelings. A newspaperman called me up from Texas the other day and professed not to know what I was talking about when I compared the fourteenth century's sense of disintegration with that of the twentieth century. 'We don't feel that way in Texas,' he said. I am astounded at the apparent success of the book. There seems to be a fellow-feeling for the fourteenth century, and I hope that people will not so much *see* themselves in this distant mirror as *find* themselves."

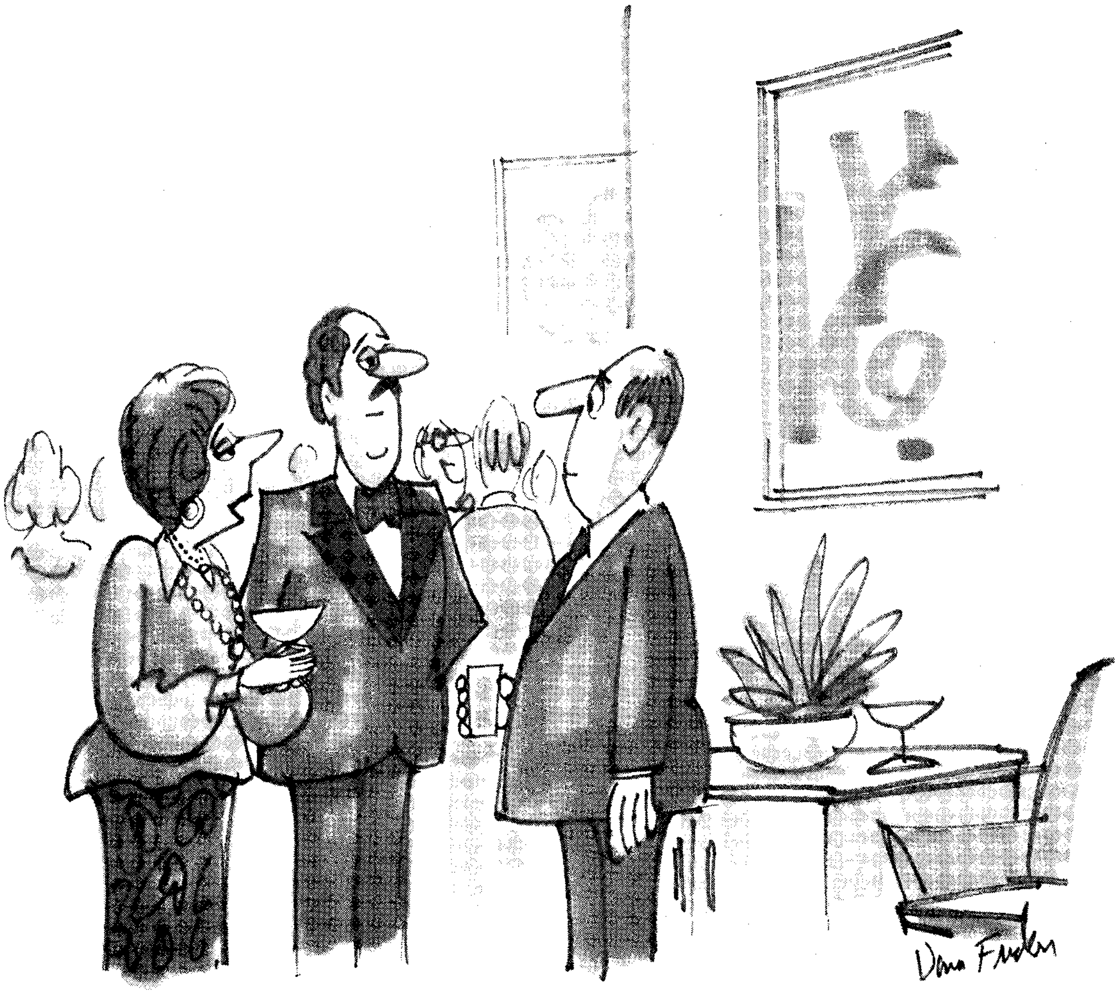
Mrs. Tuchman cast another fond glance at the still-life on her wall, and said, "I receive comfort from the thought that in the fourteenth century news was communicated by the human voice, movement was limited to the speed of a man or a horse, and for most people light ended with the setting of the sun. Boccaccio said so movingly of a traveller after dark, 'Birds, wild beasts, and men without any noise did take their rest. The unfallen leaves did hang upon the trees and the moist air abode in mild peace. Only the stars did shine to light his way.' "

Cleaning Madness

AS a rule, Virginia Habeeb needs absolutely no introduction—that's what the woman who just introduced her said—but we will tell you that she is a home economist and an expert on home management. Today, she has come to the White-and-Gold Suite of the Plaza to offer about six thousand perky thoughts on the topic "New



"I'm sorry, but that one was too close to call."



"The strike has been particularly hard on Raoul and me. We're newsmakers."

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Methods to Old Cleaning Madness." Mrs. Habeeb says that you have to know all the elements of housekeeping—decorating, organizing, storing, repairing, marketing, cooking, freezing, thawing, paying bills, and, yes, pampering, loving, and caring—but most of all you have to know cleaning. *You* are in charge. You don't have to like housework, but you do have to face it. And, let's face it, Mrs. Habeeb is one-hundred-and-ten-per-cent correct when she says, "Run your home like a business." You know what that means: it means that the bottom line is profit, the goal is production, the end of all production is consumption, and consumption creates clutter. If there's one thing that Mrs. Habeeb can live without, it's clutter.

So let's get right to work. There are four basic steps that you need to take to get the job done. The first is to Get Organized. Assume a positive attitude. Analyze your needs on paper. Make lists. Find a pad. Find a pencil. O.K.

Next, you need to sift the essentials from the nonessentials. You need to establish priorities—or, as Mrs. Habeeb says, the second step is to Prioritize. In other words, just who are you and what are you? Are you a Perfectionist, a Compulsive Doer, a Lick-and-a-Promise Type, or an Out-and-Out Slob? How much time should you spend on a given job? How clean is clean? How orderly is orderly? Until now, you've probably been walking around in a light fog, telling yourself that you've been keeping the house in reasonable order—you've stopped storing the chlorine bleach in the liquor cabinet, and you finally, last week, got rid of the Christmas tree—and then along comes a Mrs. Habeeb to make you feel recklessly unprioritized.

Third, you need to Schedulize. Ask yourself whether there are ways to save time, whether domestic help is necessary, whether you can cut out certain jobs entirely, whether you are duplicating certain efforts. Schedulizing involves all these considerations. And any others that you can think of.

Finally, once you're Organized, Prioritized, and Schedulized, it's all a big waste unless you Activize. You've *got* to do the work. You have to think in shortcut terms, and you have to learn the language of housekeeping. What does "warm sudsy water" mean? What does "hot sudsy water" mean? You have to do tasks in the proper order. You dust first, *then* you damp-mop—not the other way around. And, for crying out loud, don't mop yourself into a corner. People actually do this. Really, they still do.

One last thought. It happens that Mrs. Habeeb reads a lot of technical journals, and it has come to her attention that time-motion experiments reveal that hundreds of unnecessary steps are taken during the average cleaning session. From this, she infers that homemakers who wear pedometers while doing the dishes and cleaning the bathroom will eventually become more efficient, happier homemakers. Think about this for a moment and see if it doesn't make perfect sense. Now you're free to conduct your own time-motion studies. In fact, you can start with Mrs. Habeeb. See if it isn't true that when she leaves the platform and heads for lunch she ambulates like a fleet den mother. Right? Once you get the hang of it, new horizons will begin to appear all over the place. As you're leaving the Plaza, go ahead and accept the complimentary shopping bag loaded with spray-on instant mildew remover, one-drop air freshener, all-purpose concentrated cleaning liquid and grease dissolver, and spray-on surface protector that combats dirt, dullness, and rot. Carry all this stuff home. Sure, the bulk slows you down a bit, but once you've completed the journey you get to collect the big payoff. Quietly unlock the front door and set the shopping bag on the floor. Remove the contents and arm yourself. Tiptoe into the bathroom, snap on the light, and sweep back the shower curtain. With any luck, you will have caught billions of mildew spores by surprise. What a sight! Watch them as they scurry and huddle behind a single fold of the curtain, suddenly repentant, seized with mortal fear. Take a deep breath. You'll finish the job in no time.

CONCERNING THE BODYGUARD

DOES the bodyguard scream at the woman who irons his shirts? Who has inflicted a brown burn on his yellow shirt purchased expensively from Yves Saint Laurent? A great brown burn just over the heart?

Does the bodyguard's principal make conversation with the bodyguard, as they wait for the light to change, in the dull gray Citroën? With the second bodyguard, who is driving? What is the tone? Does the bodyguard's principal comment on the tanned young women who flock along the boulevard? On the young men? On the traffic? Has the bodyguard ever enjoyed a serious political discussion with his principal?

Is the bodyguard frightened by the initials D.I.T.?

Is the bodyguard frightened by the initials C.N.D.?

Will the bodyguard be relieved, today, in time to see the film he has in mind—"Emmanuelle Around the World"? If the bodyguard is relieved in time to see "Emmanuelle Around the World," will there be a queue for tickets? Will there be students in the queue?

Is the bodyguard frightened by the slogan "Remember 17 June"? Is the bodyguard frightened by black spray paint, tall letters ghostly at the edges, on this wall, on this wall? At what level of education did the bodyguard leave school?

Is the bodyguard sufficiently well paid? Is he paid as well as a machinist? As well as a foreman? As well as an army sergeant? As well as a lieutenant? Is the Citroën armored? Is the Mercedes armored? What is the best speed of the Mercedes? Can it equal that of a BMW? A BMW motorcycle? Several BMW motorcycles?

Does the bodyguard gauge the importance of his principal in terms of the number of bodyguards he requires? Should there not be other cars leading and following his principal's car, these also filled with bodyguards? Are there sometimes such additional precautions, and does the bodyguard, at these times, feel himself part of an ocean of bodyguards? Is he exalted at these times? Does he wish for even more bodyguards, possibly flanking cars to the left and right and a point car far, far ahead?

A Walk in the Provinces

After leaving technical school, in what sort of enterprises did the bodyguard engage before accepting his present post? Has he ever been in jail? For what sort of offense? Has the bodyguard acquired a fondness for his principal? Is there mutual respect? Is there mutual contempt? When his principal takes tea, is the bodyguard offered tea? Beer? Who pays?

Can the bodyguard adduce instances of professional success?

Had he a previous client?

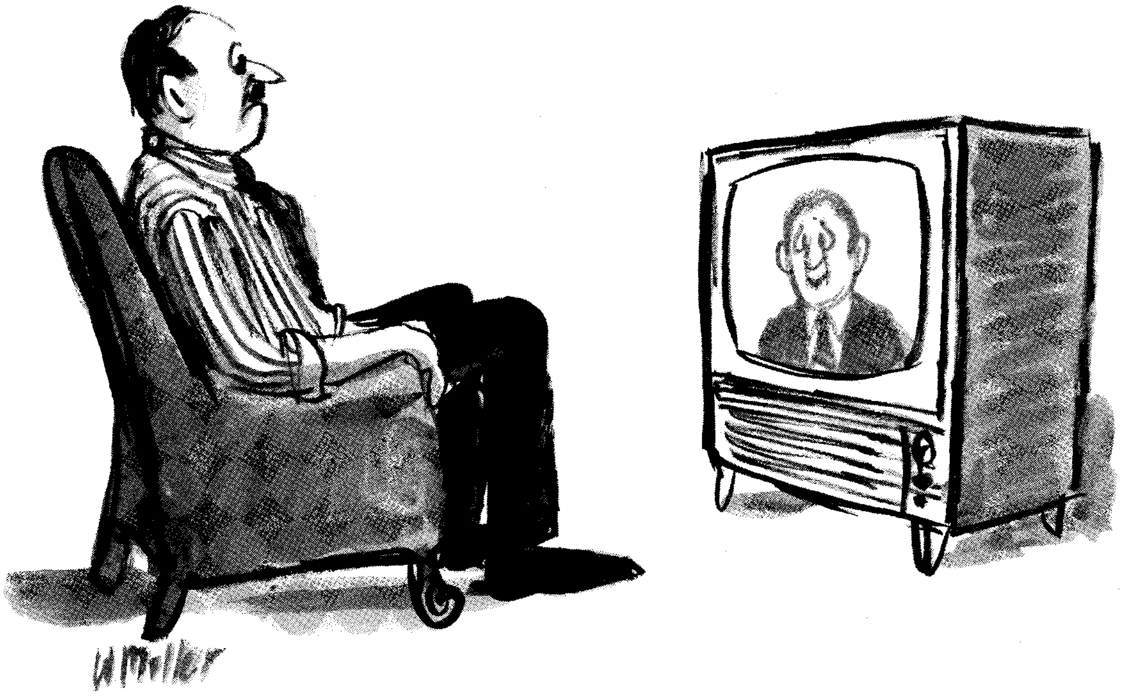
Is there a new bodyguard in the group of bodyguards? Why?

How much does pleasing matter? What services does the bodyguard provide for his principal other than the primary one? Are there services he should not be asked to perform? Is he nevertheless asked, from time to time, to perform such services? Does he refuse? Can he refuse? Are there, in addition to the bodyguard's agreed-upon compensation, tips? Of what size? On what occasions?

In the restaurant, a good table for his principal and the distinguished gray man with whom he is conferring. Before it (between the table with the two principals and the door) a table for the four bodyguards. What is the quality of the conversation between the two sets of bodyguards? What do they talk about? Soccer, perhaps. Holland vs. Peru, a match that they have all seen. Do they rehearse the savaging of the Dutch goalkeeper Piet Schrijvers by the sordid Peruvian? Do they discuss Schrijvers' replacement by the brave Jan Jongbloed, and what happened next? Has the bodyguard noted the difference in quality between his suit and that of his principal? Between his shoes and those of his principal?

In every part of the country, in large cities and small towns, bottles of champagne have been iced, put away, reserved for a celebration, reserved for a special day. Is the bodyguard aware of this?

Is the bodyguard tired of waking, in his small room on the Calle Caspe, smoking a Royale Filtre, then getting out of bed and throwing wide the curtains to discover, again, eight people standing at the bus stop across the street, in postures of depression? Is there, on the wall of the bodyguard's small room, a poster showing Bruce Lee in a white robe with his feet positioned in such-and-such a way, his fingers outstretched in such-and-such a way? Is there a rosary made of apple beads hanging from a nail? Is there



"This man's name is George Hancock. Will his future be one of dynamic, excitingly meaningful service in our nation's capital, or one of defeat, a nine-to-five job, and stagnation in suburbia? Your vote could make the difference. Help send this man to Congress!"

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a mirror whose edges have begun to craze and flake, and are there small blurrish Polaroids stuck along the left edge of the mirror, Polaroids of a woman in a dark blue scarf and two lean children in red pants? Is there a pair of dark-blue trousers plus a long-sleeved white shirt (worn once already) hanging in the dark-brown wardrobe? Is there a color foldout of a naked young woman torn from the magazine *VIR* taped inside the wardrobe door? Is there a bottle of Long John Scotch atop the cheese-colored mini-refrigerator? A two-burner hot plate? Dull green ceramic pot on the windowsill containing an unhealthy plant? A copy of "Explication du Tai Chi," by Bruce Tegner? Does the bodyguard read the newspaper of his principal's party? Is he persuaded by what he reads there? Does the bodyguard know which of the great blocs his country aligned itself with during the Second World War? During the First World War? Does the bodyguard know which countries are the preëminent trading partners of his own country, at the present time?

Seated in a restaurant with his principal, the bodyguard is served, involuntarily, turtle soup. Does he recoil, as the other eats? Why is this near-skeleton, his principal, of such importance to the world that he deserves six bodyguards, two to a shift with the shifts changing every eight hours, six bodyguards of the first competence plus supplementals on occasion, two armored cars, stun grenades ready to hand under the front seat? What has he meant to the world? What are his plans?

Is the retirement age for bodyguards calculated as it is for other citizens? Is it earlier, fifty-five, forty-five? Is there a pension? In what amount? Those young men with dark beards staring at the Mercedes, or staring at the Citroën, who are they? Does the bodyguard pay heed to the complaints of his fellow-bodyguards, about the hours spent waiting outside this or that Ministry, this or that Headquarters, hours spent propped against the fenders of the Mercedes while their principal is within the (secure) walls? Is the thick glass of these specially prepared vehicles thick enough? Are his fellow-bodyguards reliable? Is the new one reliable?

Is the bodyguard frightened by young women of good family? Young women of good family whose handbags contain God knows what? Does the bodyguard feel that the situation is *unfair*? Will the son of the bodyguard, living with his mother in a faraway city, himself become a bodyguard? When the bodyguard delivers the son of his principal to the school where all of the children are delivered by bodyguards, does he stop at a grocer's on the way and buy the child a peach? Does he buy himself a peach?

Will the bodyguard, if tested, be equal to his task? Does the bodyguard know which foreign concern was the successful bidder for the construction of his country's nuclear reprocessing plant? Does the bodyguard know which sections of the National Bank's half-yearly report on debt service have been falsified? Does the bodyguard know that the general amnesty of April coincided with the rearrest of sixty persons? Does the bodyguard know that the new, liberalized press laws of May are a provocation? Does the bodyguard patronize a restaurant called the Crocodile? A place packed with young, loud, fat Communists? Does he spill a drink, to disclose his spite? Is his gesture understood?

Are the streets full of stilt-walkers? Stilt-walkers weaving ten feet above the crowd in great papier-mâché bird heads, black and red costumes, whipping thirty feet of colored cloth above the heads of the crowd, miming the rape of a young female personage symbolizing his country? In the Mercedes, the bodyguard and his colleague stare at the hundreds, men and women, young and old, who move around the Mercedes, stopped for a light, as if it were a rock in a river. In the rear seat, the patron is speaking into a telephone. He looks up, puts down the telephone. The people pressing around the car cannot be counted, there are too many of them; they cannot be known, there are too many of them; they cannot be predicted, they have volition. Then, an opening. The car accelerates.

Is it the case that, on a certain morning, the garbage cans of the city, the garbage cans of the entire country, are overflowing with empty champagne bottles? Which bodyguard is at fault?

—DONALD BARTHELME

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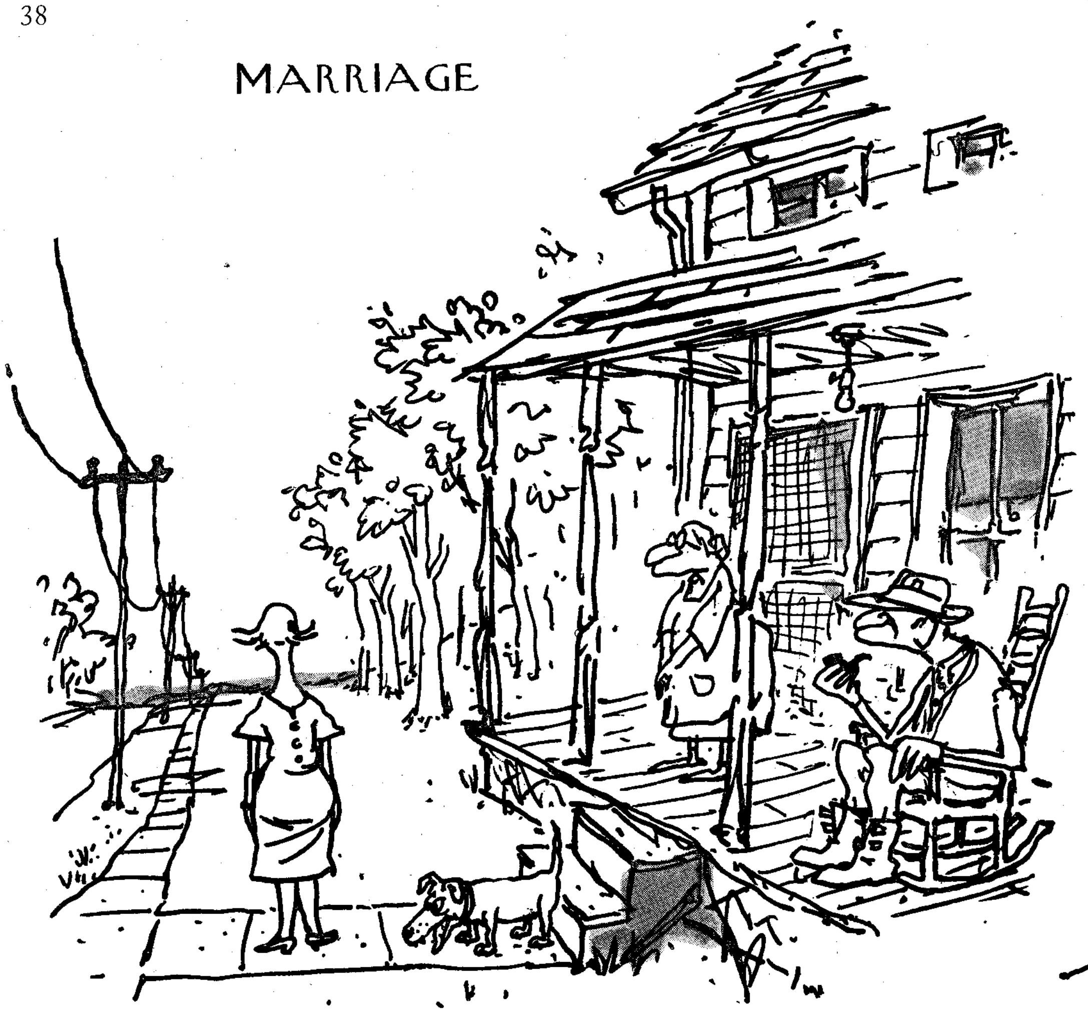
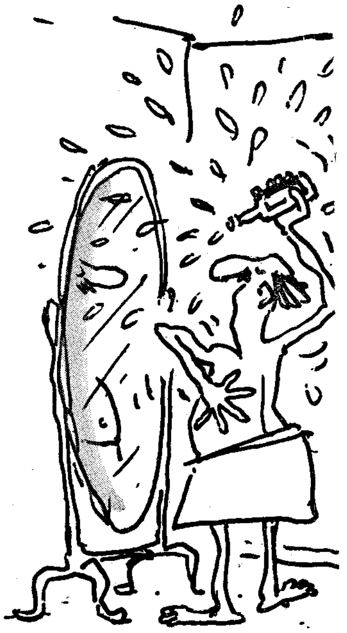
Thisbe in a miniskirt exclaiming over a prostrate Paramus in shirt and slacks seems like an academic charade, conducted against white New England houses illuminated by both a street light and the moon.—*The Times.*

Paramus isn't in New England, it's in New Jersey.

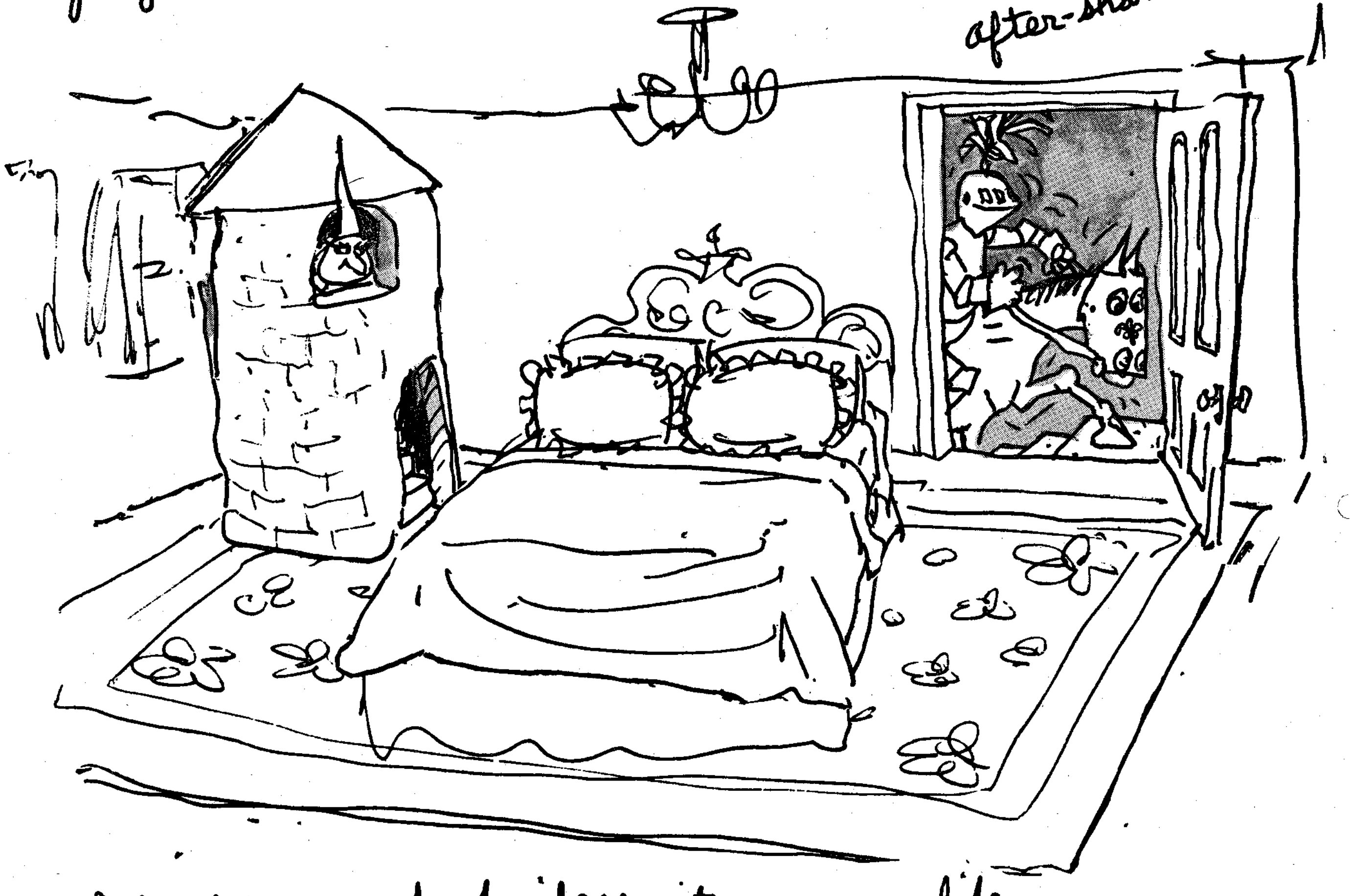
MARRIAGE



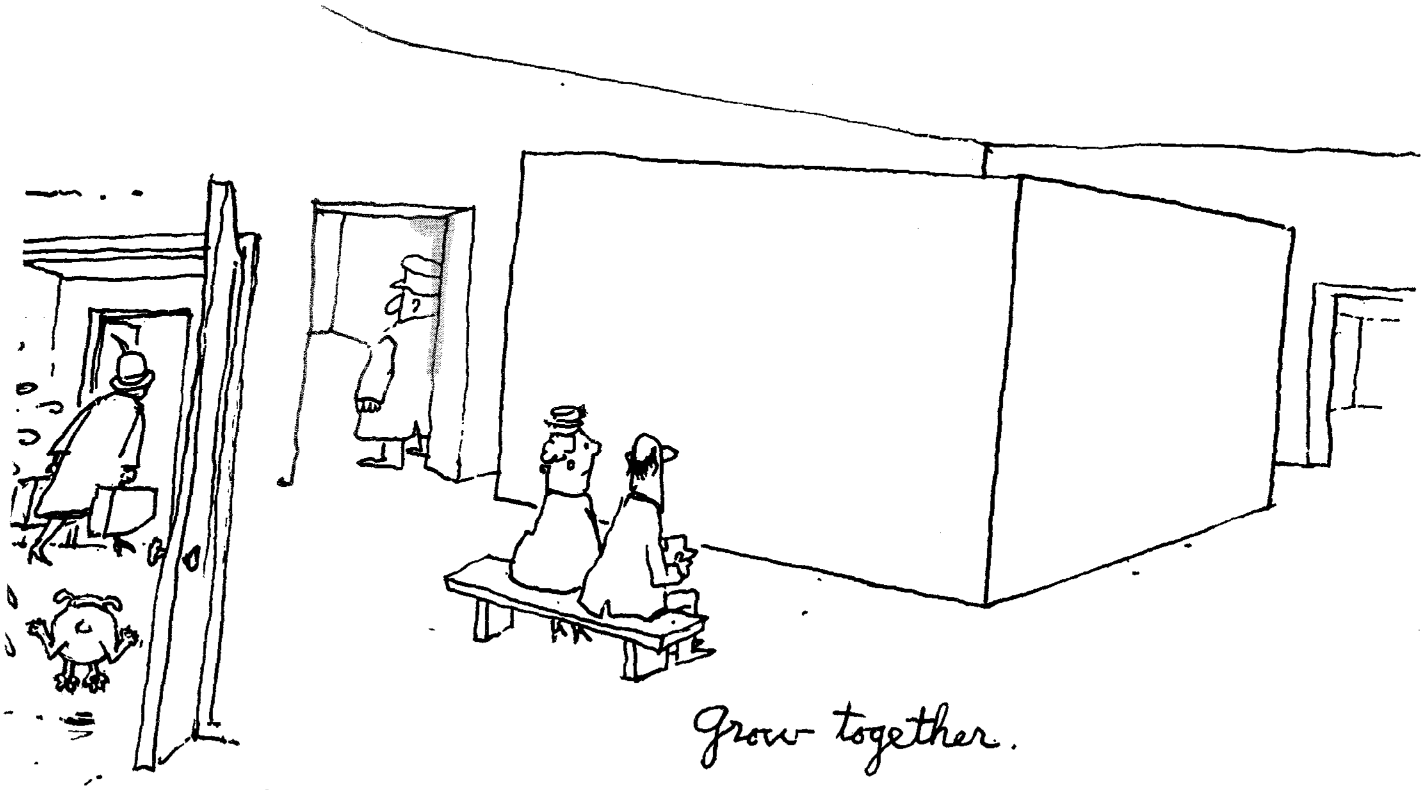
Young ladies, prior to marriage, must stay ready.



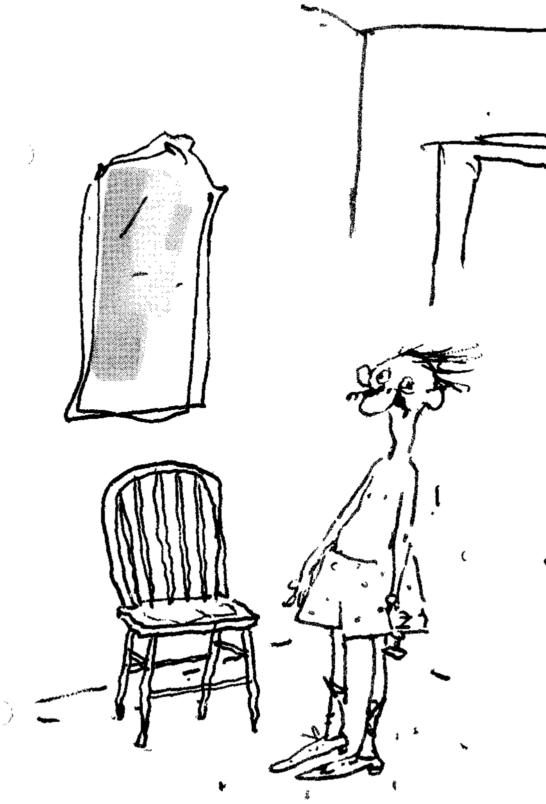
Take it easy with the after-shave.



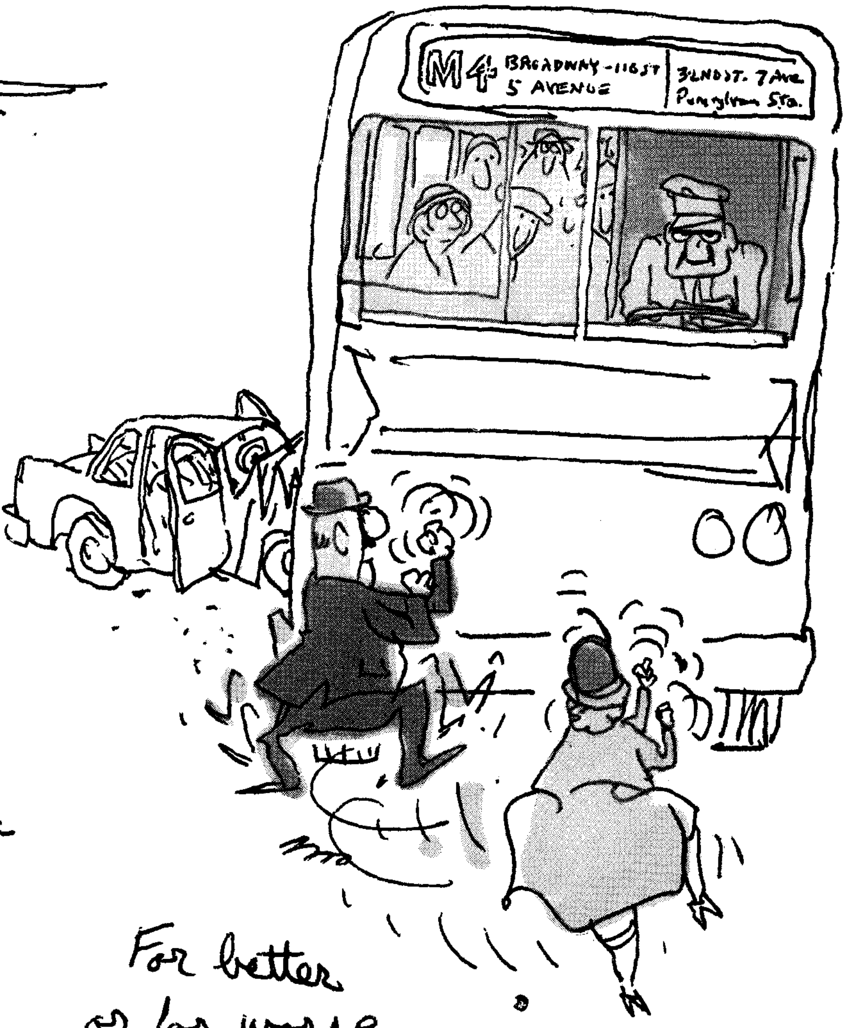
Introduce some fresh ideas into your sex life.



Grow together.



There is much loose talk
going around about
polygamy.
Ignore it.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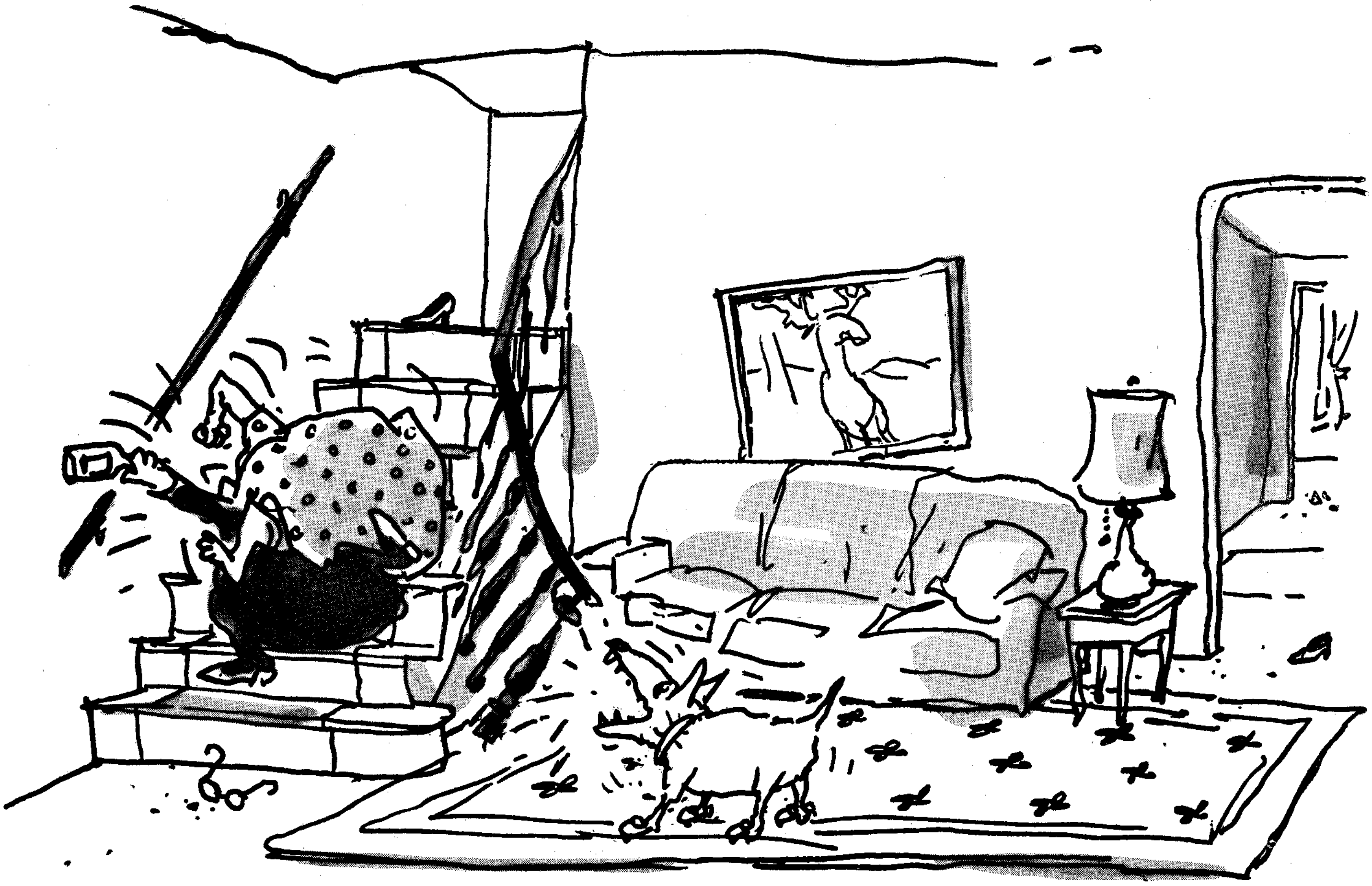
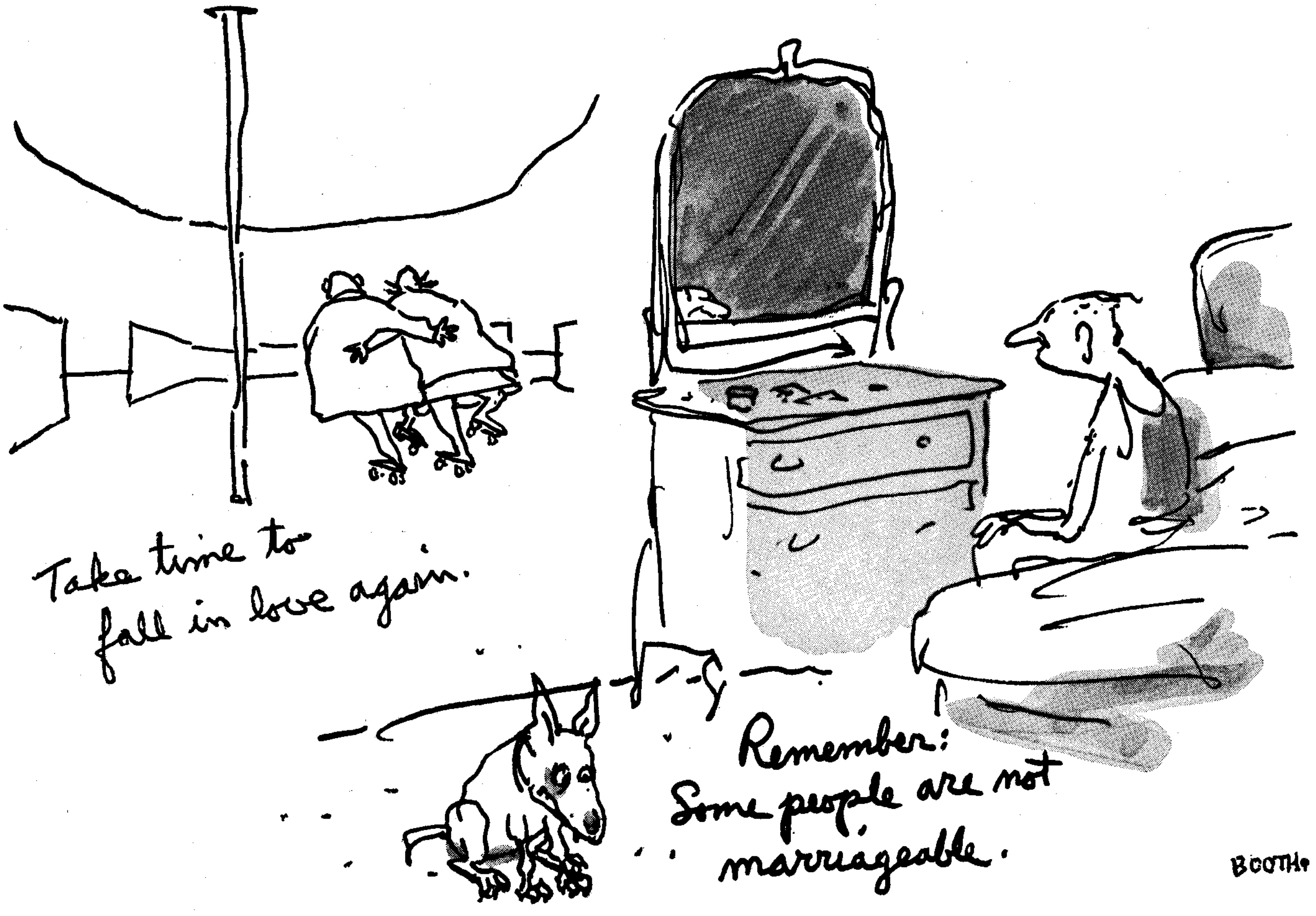
For better
or for worse,
support your spouse.



In the ideal marriage both partners are vulnerable.



Take time to fall in love again.

Remember: Some people are not marriageable.

TOO GOOD IS UNHEALTHY

IT was a hot morning, and tenants were already seated around the stoop on folding chairs. Mrs. Klingman sat on the top step, one hand holding on to the iron frame of the glass door. She spotted me and Ma trying to leave the building. "Hello, gorgeous!" she called, reaching for Ma's arm and holding her—a signal for a chorus of "Hello, beautiful!" and "Hello, darling!" from the other women. I was driving Ma up to the Catskills for the summer. She said goodbye to her friends, kissing and promising to write and inviting them to come up for visits. People were going in and out of the building with dogs, and the street was covered with litter. When Ma shook hands with Mr. Glazer, a retired high-school teacher, he sarcastically asked how she could leave all this behind.

We drove to Ogden Avenue and picked up a friend of Ma's, a Mrs. Elkin, a woman in her late seventies, a few years younger than Ma. She was waiting for us in front of her house, surrounded by bundles, two satchels, and some pots and pans tied together with cord. Fortunately, I was driving a station wagon. Mrs. Elkin and Ma sat in the back seat, and as we drove off, Ma said, "Sara, this will be a special summer."

Our first stop was at a Goldberg's Dairy Farm—"We Have Five Thousand Chickens"—but they didn't have a casino or a social hall. We stopped next at Bronstein's Mountain House, in Woodridge: "Kitchen Privileges, Strictly Kosher, Rabbi on Premises, Lake Nearby." Bronstein's looked good to Ma, but on close inquiry Mrs. Elkin found out that the lake was at least a mile up the road, at Kaplan's Hotel.

"Sara," Ma said, "forget the lake. They've got cows in back, and that means milk straight from the cow to our table."

Mrs. Elkin wasn't convinced. "Straight from the cow," she repeated. "I didn't come up to the Catskills for cows."

So we drove over to Kaplan's Hotel. Kaplan's had rowing, golfing, swimming, and horseback riding but no *kuchalane* (cook yourself) facilities. We finally stopped off at the Chamber of Commerce booth in Monticello and I asked the man if he knew of a hotel for older people. He thought for a moment and then suggested Segal's Hilltop Hotel, which, he said, was a summer cottage for retired show-business people. "Wait a minute," he said, "I'll telephone Segal himself."

A few moments later an old man with one eye shut drove up in a battered Chevy, limped over, using a cane to steady himself, and introduced himself as Segal. Ma asked Segal if he had a private lake, and Mrs. Elkin wanted to know if his hotel was fireproof and if there was a casino. Segal said his place had twenty or so retired actors and entertainers from the Yiddish stage and that, yes, he had accommodations. "If you like the room," he said, "we can change the sheets and pillowcases and you can move in right away and beat the afternoon rush."

Ma laughed. "You hear what he said, Sara?"

Mrs. Elkin pursued the lake question: "Is the lake at your place or somewhere else?" She wanted to know if it had a beach, and did it have rocks and weeds, and did Segal replace burned-out light bulbs, and what about poison ivy? Segal said he took care of everything.

Ma wondered about Segal. Was he the same Segal, she asked, who made a recording of a Russian song many years ago—a barracks number called "Ertzym, Pertzym"? It was the one and only! Segal was thunderstruck that someone still remembered him. "It was on the Columbia label," he said, and then burst out singing in Russian in a cracked voice, half leaping about, flourishing his cane and finger-whistling. Ma beamed at the greatness of Segal, who bowed in her direction and said, "Madame, the curtain is at last brought down, the audience leaves the theatre, the splendor is over. . . ."

Ma was ready to go with him, and why not? Segal was living proof of pleasures to come. We followed his Chevy up a dirt road about a mile to a white frame house on top of a hill. A number of guests lay dozing on the lawn, stretched out on unmatched beach chairs. Segal said he would have liked us to meet his wife, the actress Ella Goldstein, but she was upstairs having her afternoon rest. "Ella," he confided, "entered the theatre at the early age of twelve, playing the role of Anna in 'Chanele, the Dressmaker.'" An old man lay snoring nearby in the shadow of an elm tree. Segal whispered that he was the great Joel Epstein, famous for playing Chassidic rabbis:

Handelsman

"*Some women to see you, Anne.*"

"Joel Epstein came on with a wild leap. He was all movement."

Ma remembered him from the old Grand Theatre. "Joel Epstein," she said. She leaned over the sleeping man. "I saw you in serious theatre years ago, in Leibelle Wolf's 'The Shochet's Knife.' In the first act, you came home from your job in the chicken market and found your wife, Rifke, in your best friend's arms. Such acting. Such heartache."

Joel Epstein opened his eyes and said, "Applause and bravos so far from my public, so far from my dressing room. . . . You are too young, Madame, to remember."

Segal pointed to a man with greenish-white hair, sleeping with a newspaper over his face. "And here is Halpern, the tenor. His rich voice could scarcely be matched. Over there is Merle Effrom, from 'Goodbye, Becky Cohn.' She looks good in spite of the years."

Ma had great expectations. There would be conversation and show biz. But Mrs. Elkin didn't believe a word of it and wouldn't get out of the car. "They're having a sleeping contest up here!" she muttered.

THE following Saturday I drove Ma and Mrs. Elkin up to Hurleyville, in the Catskills, to a Shapiro's Farm, a ramshackle cottage on a tilt over a gully with a pond at the bottom. They took a room there with a gas stove, an early-model refrigerator, a bread box, a small table, and a chair with loose legs. I warned Ma and Mrs. Elkin not to stand on the gully side of the room or the cottage might tumble into the pond.

Shapiro was a tall, erect, pink-cheeked man of seventy-five, still robust. He asked one hundred and forty dollars for the season, and Mrs. Elkin offered one hundred. Shapiro declared, "All of us together here revives memories of my childhood, my old friends, the houses, the streets. . . . I'll let it go for one hundred and thirty." Ma offered one hundred and ten, and they all settled on one hundred and twenty. Shapiro then produced a contract with four duplicates: one for himself, one for Ma, one for Mrs. Elkin, and one if the others got lost.

"Don't worry," Shapiro assured me, "your mother will be among friends. God forbid, if she needs a doctor, we are five minutes from the village. And God willing, your mother will enjoy the best of health and come back next year."

Ma raised her eyebrows and said, "Health is better than money."

MUSEUM OF CRUEL DAYS

It's not you, this dead long moan from the past,
the whip coiled not just for display but to fit tight
in the case. No guard. No guide. You want to feel
a shudder down your neck but the mural is bad,
Serbs tearing Turk horsemen down, Turk swords
flashing, faces screaming louder than any face screams,
and softer than April outside in Belgrade where,
for all the good good weather and government bring,
seasons must go on and someone rule.

These mementos seem ancient. Seem recent.
The woman who brought the key babbled in Serb
though her face was dark Turk and her eyes flashed
a far different smile than her teeth. And you,
alone inside where few tourists come,
you guess the anguish where mace and chain seem
nothing more than old metal. You might have found them
yourself, some afternoon in those pits where you played.
You killed the villain. The girl didn't care.

You hear of anguish. One village nearby, the Germans
shot every male dead in front of mothers and wives.
The count: 7,000. The reason: one captain sniped.
Doesn't that go back farther—gratuitous blows
and always the radio on, the indifferent tune?
You scanned the dial days and found no comedian.
You will feel nothing in time. And you can listen
like a hungry dog and not hear the women who cry
"Come back" every day at the meadow.

Sweet grim people, some days it hurts, this way
we ought to feel and cannot, this volume of grief
that crawls down the ages dissonant in its demand.
A Turk whip is no grain of sand.
That cry for help in the night fell short
of the seawall where you danced and lectured the tide.
You'll remember dull brown this museum's dominant color
and maybe the skin of that woman who waits in the house
next door to lock up after you leave.

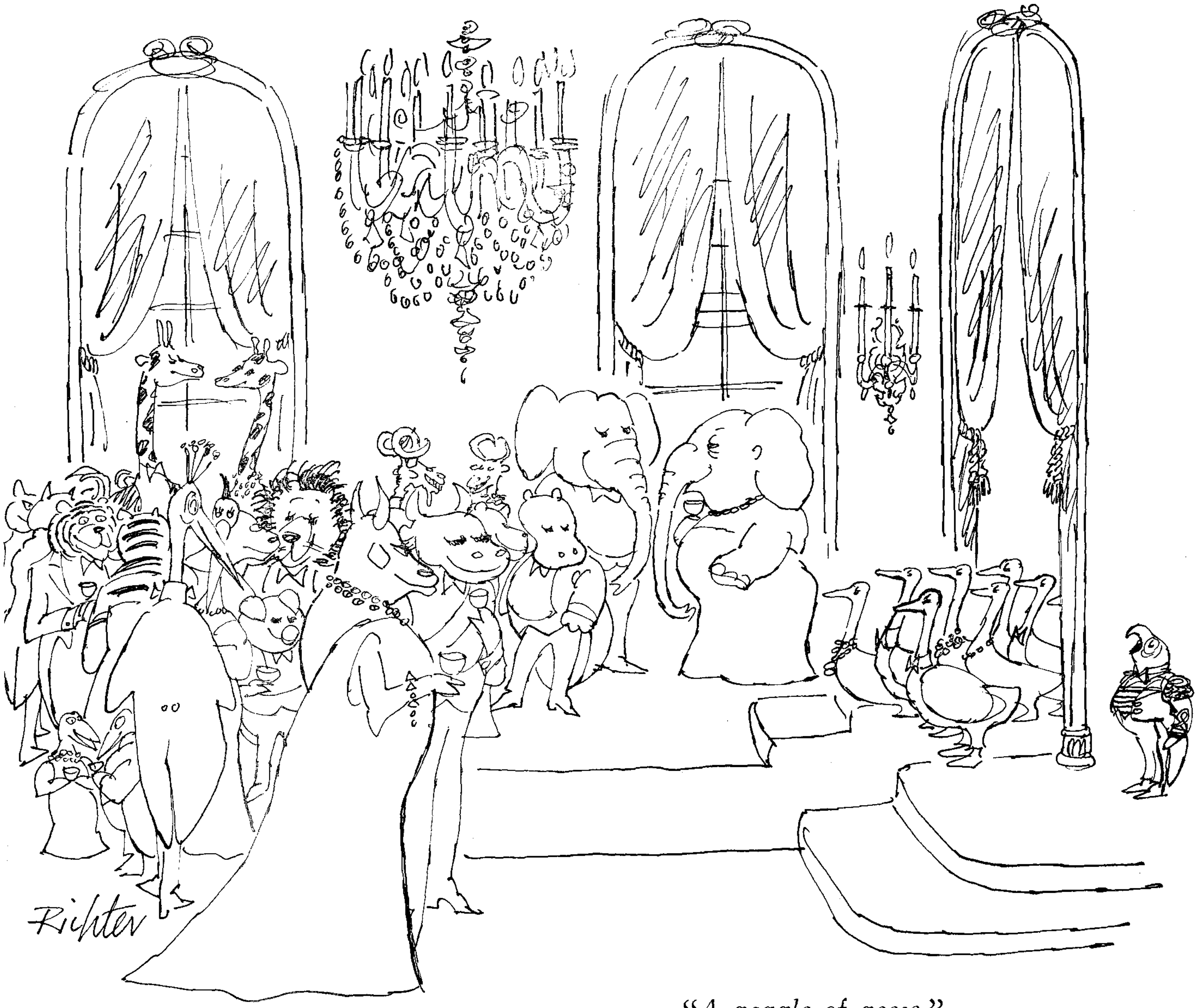
Don't come back. Peasants are free and still peasants.
The soil's too rocky to farm. You gather,
from some skirmish now going on, the Turks
are ferocious as ever. And if inside you
a fist waits to beat back the bad man you are
that hand opens in hunger. The market opens
and peasants start eating. Not well. Just staying alive.
You're armed with local coin. Buy whatever hunger
looks good on the stand.

—RICHARD HUGO

• •

Mrs. Elkin wasn't convinced. "Too good is unhealthy. We're not as young as we used to be."

A few days later Ma telephoned me to say that she and Mrs. Elkin had had a falling-out. Mrs. Elkin had rented a TV set and had it placed on the table against the wall near the bathroom. The door had to be opened carefully or the doorknob would hit the TV screen. Ma turned on the set and sat down to watch. Mrs. Elkin came in and changed the program. Ma got mad and went into the bathroom. On her way out she ran the doorknob into the screen. "Later," she told me, "Sara loaded Shapiro up about me. She told him that I was ruining the stove and that I kept the light on in the bathroom all night. Shapiro, with a thirst for justice, comes into our room the next morning. We weren't even out of bed yet. 'Mr. Shapiro,' I told him, 'there is no greater honor than to knock on a door before entering.' Shapiro said that houseguests and fish spoil on the third day. I told him that if one person tells him he has donkey's ears,



"A gaggle of geese."

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forget it; if two people tell him, he should buy himself a saddle."

I asked Ma if she had finally worked it out with Mrs. Elkin.

"After breakfast we made up. She said to me, 'It all goes in one ear and out the other, Drezzle.' 'Darling,' I told her, 'the ears don't know what the mouth says.' "

I CAME up to Shapiro's the following Saturday and joined Ma on the lawn. Ma, being wall-eyed and hard of hearing, floated out among the other guests with great delicacy, almost on tiptoe, to offend no one. She introduced me to a Mr. Greenberg, who sat under a sun umbrella. Mr. Greenberg was especially kind. "Sit down, Drezzle," he said to Ma. "Help yourself to a tangerine."

Ma telephoned me a week later to say that she had stayed under Greenberg's sun umbrella a little each day. On the seventh day, he erupted in anger at her for reading his newspaper. The Greenberg who always said "Sit down, Drezzle, and don't be strange" roared "What should I read—the wall?" Ma dropped the newspaper and stood up in a panic. Greenberg's bellow had brought the others up from their beach chairs, their heads turned in Ma's direction.

"I told him," she said to me, " 'Mr. Greenberg, I defy you and your base instincts. You're not dealing with the weakling you're expecting to terrorize. I'm nobody's fool.' "

"You said that to him, Ma?"

"Not yet. It takes time."

I WENT up to Shapiro's Farm again the following weekend. After lunch Ma and I went out on the lawn to sunbathe, and Mr. Greenberg was there, talking passionately to Mrs. Elkin and some other women. He took a radical turn, winding himself up in a Lenin suit, sliding into dialectics. "Water when frozen," he said, "turns into something called ice. And water when boiled turns into steam. These are quantity-quality changes, and it's the same with people."

Ma caught him on his dialectics. She ridiculed the notion of changing people by boiling them. "It's the same with people?" Ma repeated. "When you boil a chicken, it's still a chicken, Mr. Greenberg. If your chicken turns to steam, you didn't watch the fire." The women thought Ma was very witty—so much so that Shapiro asked her to recite part of a play by Chekhov in the casino that night.

It wasn't easy for her, but dressed up in pink with a flower in her hair, she fixed her good eye on the page and read with so much feeling that the audience of old people gave her tumultuous approval. Seeing this, Mrs. Elkin also came forward to read, but it wasn't the same thing. Ma was a hit!

Ma was now the center of attention

at Shapiro's Farm, and though she had no conceit, her language flowered. The next morning, as we walked out onto the veranda, we met Mr. Greenberg, and Ma greeted him: "Dear friend, may you have long years. May you have health, luck, and happiness. May you fall down and break your neck." The remarkable nobility of Ma's new appearance was not diminished by her age. She had words of good health and praise for everyone, and the opening of a newspaper, the putting on or off of a hat, the mere adjusting of her eyeglasses was not so small a thing as to be done without a certain manner.

IT was raining the next time I came up to visit Ma. We joined the guests in the casino to wait for the weather to change.

"The sun shines brighter after the rain," Ma said.

Mrs. Elkin sat down next to Ma. "If everybody says so, it must be true."

Shapiro, behind the bar, poured everyone a glass of wine and toasted the group: "Your good health and peace."

"Nobody can make you cry like Shapiro," Ma said, in tears, as Shapiro sang, accompanying himself on mandolin, "Do I really see you, my little town, or is this just a dream?" When he finished, he asked Ma to do a reading. Ma hurried back to her room and returned with a book by Sholom Aleichem.

" 'A clumsy wagon drawn by a dispirited nag crawls along the narrow path which leads from the city of Boiberik to the village of Anatevka. . . .' " Ma's declamation had improved considerably. She paused and looked away from the page from time to time; occasionally she would smile or affect a frown.

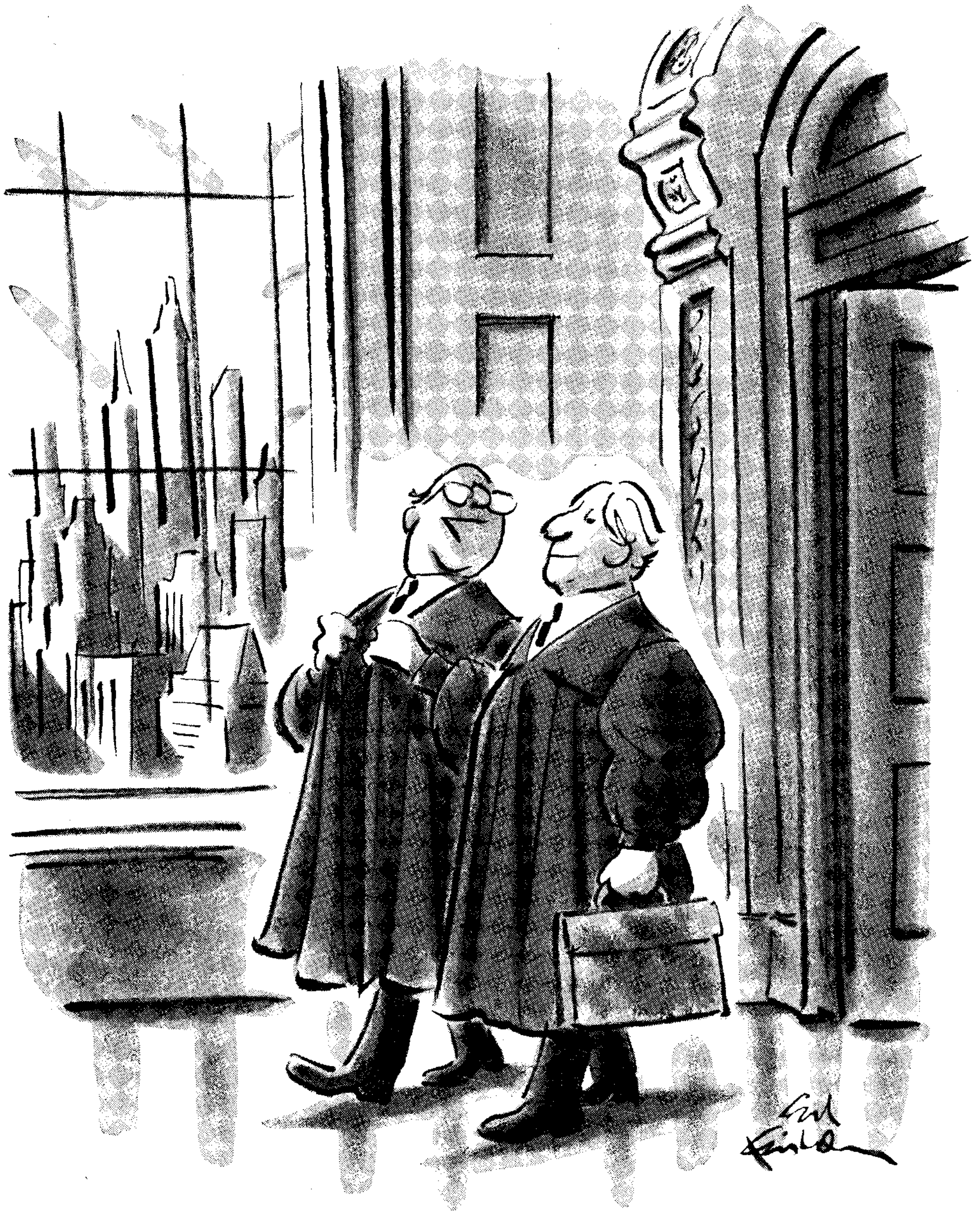
She read in the casino two or three evenings a week for the rest of July. She told me that Shapiro said he had been fifty years in the business and had yet to meet her match.

I CAME up on the first Saturday in August to see Ma in "The Bigamist" at the casino. Admission was one dollar. Ma had one line in the half-hour epic, but it was only a two-character play, and she was onstage with Shapiro from the start. The stage was so small that they could hardly turn about. The curtain was pulled open by a Mrs. Katz, who also accompanied the show on violin. Shapiro sang, wept, and tore at his hair as he played Abrom, a man who betrays his wife, Dorapova, who has just died. Meanwhile, Abrom tells us, another woman, Merelle, has borne him a son and threatens to throw herself off a cliff unless he marries her. Abrom instead capriciously marries a third woman, Rifke, played by Ma, who has come into his life, though he still loves Dorapova, his first wife. Shapiro then sings a number of different character parts. Now he is the rabbi, instructing Abrom to put the ring on Ma's finger, and the next minute he's Abrom again, in remorse over Merelle. Ma, as Rifke, now speaks her only line: "Life is where it takes you."

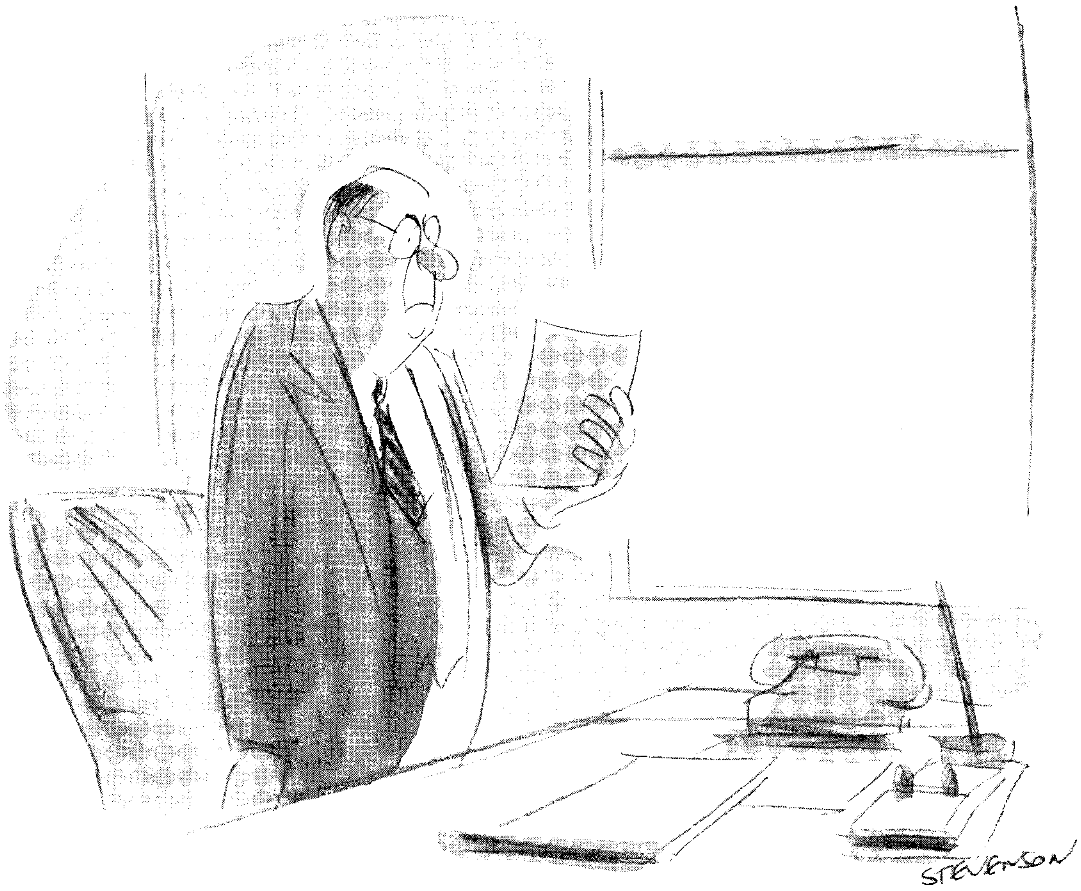
A Mrs. Schindler told Ma that if it weren't for her, they would all have slept through the piece. Another woman said that Shapiro had a captive audience and that Ma had given "The Bigamist" a fresh look for a change.

ON Labor Day I went up to Shapiro's Farm to bring Ma home. From the window in Ma's room I could see the hills and the small wooden bridge over Shapiro's brook. There were butterflies and breezes and country smells, daisies and black-eyed Susans quivering in the fields. A quarter of a mile down the road I could see Ma and Mrs. Elkin picking blackberries in a bramble patch.

BY the following summer Shapiro had closed his farm and entered an old-age home. Mrs. Elkin was spending the summer in Arizona with her son, so I took Ma alone up to a Levinsky's Dairy Farm, in Kiamesha Lake. Levinsky had thirty cows and farmed all day, while his wife took in roomers. Within a week I got a telephone call. Ma was in agony. There was no one to speak with. She drifted about, trying to get into conversation. Perhaps she wasn't heard: she had grown more hard of hearing, and her voice might have come out in a croak. Her eyes



"Gorgeous day! Puts one in the mood for a landmark decision."



"While you were out: Mongol hordes swept across Asia. Dempsey K.O.'d Firpo. The cow jumped over the moon. Sherman took Atlanta. Vander Meer pitched a no-hitter. Jazz came up the river . . ."

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were worse: she had the wandering gaze of a lobster. Poor Ma. She had been so successful only a year before, and now to be unable to pry one of the women cardplayers loose from a game . . .

"What the earth covers, the heart forgets," said Ma, back home in her apartment again.

I told her that if Shapiro were twenty years younger and had a ten-piece orchestra and a thirty-foot stage, he would still be around.

"Shapiro," said Ma. She shook her head. "He always made a terrific exit, but to go into an old-age home. . . ."

The next day she found that her friend Mrs. Klingman was moving in with her sister in another neighborhood. Mrs. Diamond, from the apartment next door, was in the hospital, and there weren't many of Ma's friends left. There had been one particular pest, a Mrs. Klar, who for years came out of the most unlikely places to lean on Ma. "Drezzle, you're going up to the store anyway," she'd say, and give Ma a list of items to buy for her—the kind of person that lives forever. She was gone, too. Ma would have given anything to have her visit again.

"At least there used to be someone to talk to," Ma said over the telephone. I asked her about the bingo games in her apartment, and she said that Mrs. Tucker, from apartment 4-G, the last to play, had stopped coming in.

" 'I was, so they said, a child prodigy: I had quick wit, a logical mind, and a warm heart. . . .' " Ma liked to read from Isaac Leib Peretz but had been unable to find a group to recite to since Shapiro's Farm. I phoned Ma and asked her if she wanted to try it over at the Senior Citizens' Center on Southern Boulevard, in the East Bronx. Ma was glad to get out of the house, and she dressed up in a special gown of green chiffon, belted with a three-inch girdle of satin and a large buckle embroidered in lacquer red, dull blue, olive, and gold. Unfortunately, when we got there, we found that the Center had been burned out some weeks before and was only a charred and gutted wreck.

"I should have telephoned first," I said as we turned around and drove back.

A few months later Ma began to see enormous gold bugs flying around the house, flashing on and off. Her landlord, Mr. Leibman, sent the exterminator to her place four times in one week and finally phoned me. "She's imagining things," he said. "After all, your mother is in her eighties, God bless. If we spray too much, it won't be safe for her."

On September 2nd, Ma's birthday, we drove out to the Fordham Diner. The car door on her side was stuck, so I tried to pull her over and out of the door on my side. She leaned toward me but hadn't the energy to lift her legs. I left her in the car and went to get her a sundae. On my return I found that she had slid onto the floor between the driver's seat and the steering wheel. I lifted her with a struggle, and she came up holding some carpeting. She smiled and said, " 'My memories fly and roam freely, singly and lightly, like particles of dust. . . .' "

At the end of November Ma and I went down to the storage room to find her trunk. Mr. Coglan, who had been superintendent since the house was built fifty years before, pointed to a pile of folding chairs in the corner. "I knew them all," he said. "Diamond, Haggerty, Klar, Smith, Conti, Epstein . . . they were all here only yesterday. Right, Mrs. Mehler?"

"It was only yesterday," Ma said, looking at the chairs. "They were all busy flapping around, opening and closing, with old friends sitting in them."

My brother Ronald and I tied Ma's living-room carpet to the top of his car. We were closing her apartment. There was no one outside to say goodbye to her as we drove away.

"One recalls everything at once," Ma said to no one in particular. "It's a holiday in the middle of the week."

—Lou Myers

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Q: What are "18 button gloves?" I read that they should be worn with ball dresses.

A: These are white gloves which come above the elbow and make a riveting show when the wearer slowly peels them off before she can take a drink. They are called "18 button" because they have three pearl buttons at each wrist.—*"Miss Manners" in the Washington Post.*

Noted.

PROFILES

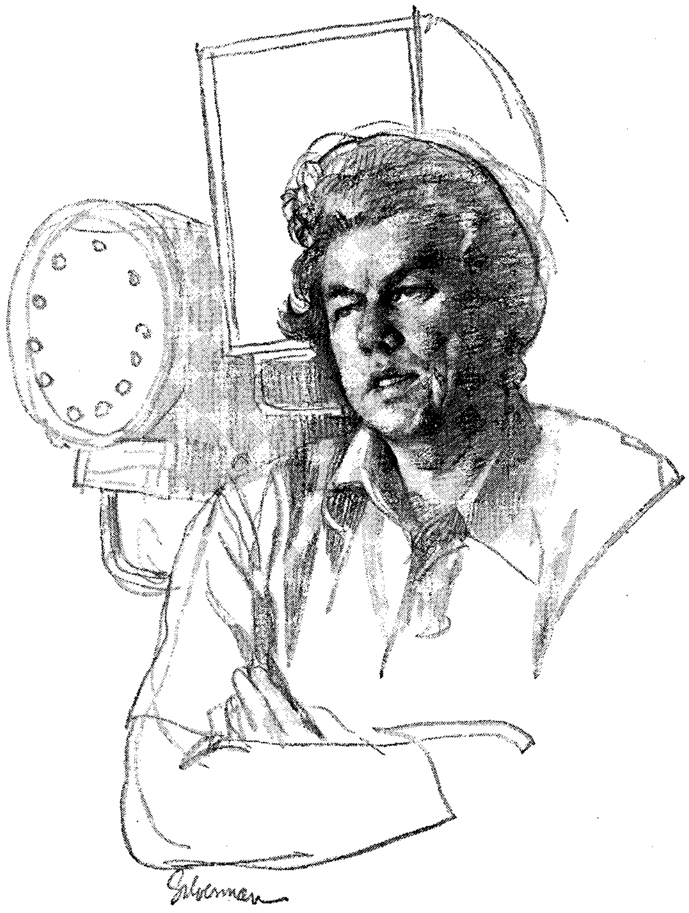
CINEMATOGRAPHER

so much depends
upon

a red wheel
barrow

glazed with rain
water

beside the white
chickens
—*William Carlos Williams.*



Gordon Willis

IT is four o'clock in the morning in New York. A hot, thick, starless August night is fading. In Sutton Square, where Fifty-eighth Street terminates above the East River, yellow street lights throw shadows of plane trees across the pavement and up the walls of the low, elegant houses. In the square, at the end of the street, there is an iron railing, some stone steps descending to a small terrace, and then the river. The railing trembles steadily to the traffic in the tunnel of the East River Drive below. The river is dark, except where reflections of street lights on Roosevelt Island jitter across its surface; the choppy current moves swiftly north, carrying smooth pools lazily turning, and passes under the Queensboro Bridge. From the bridge's roadways come melancholy moaning sounds: the keening of tires on pavement. The lower span of the bridge is lit with yellow bulbs; on top, blue lights are set at intervals, following the carnival outlines of the Victorian structure. They exude bluish halos. Above the horizon, over Queens, the darkness erodes to a ghastly hue: peach ice cream mixed with motor oil.

A man stands on the steps of the terrace, staring at the night and the bridge. He is a tall, lean man in his forties—curly-haired, dressed in a T-shirt, slacks, and sneakers—and he is concentrating intently. He looks this way and that. He raises an object—it is a light meter—to his right eye and peers through it. He puts it down, stares, raises it again. He has the appearance of a mariner searching for something with a glass. He is as totally isolated as if he were alone in a boat. He lowers the light meter, and walks up the steps. As he reaches the top, a street lamp lights his face for an instant from above: a craggy cherubic face with a chunky nose; curly gray hair spinning upward and outward; eyes deep-set and lost in shadow under heavy brows. Then the light is behind him; he is a silhouette, and he is walking down the street.

Thirty yards away, a group of people are waiting for him, standing by trucks, watching him; what he says to these people will dictate what they do. They are a film crew, and he is the cinematographer—the director of photography. His name is Gordon Willis. He has been the director of photography on such films as "Interiors," "Annie Hall," "All the President's Men," "The Parallax View," "The Drowning Pool," "September 30, 1955," "Paper Chase," "The Godfather," "The Godfather, Part II," "Bad Company," "Comes a Horseman," and "Klute," and now he is engaged in shooting this one. The crew waits for him patiently, respectfully. His presence on any film is a guarantee that the finished movie—in addition to its other merits, or despite its lack of them—will have a distinctive look and feeling; visually, at least, it will be a work of high quality. In addition to this, the members of the crew—many of whom have worked with him on other films—like him as a person. Willis is under a tight deadline on this shot: it must be filmed at dawn. There is no way for him to know when the light will be exactly right, or what it will look like when it is, but for the purposes of the movie Willis needs dawn. He will be shooting without artificial light, depending entirely on the sky. At the moment, it is hung with low clouds.

A few minutes earlier, a large yellow Ryder truck—a lift-gate truck, open at the rear—backed into the street, its interior luridly lit by a twin-tube fluorescent lamp sitting on a rack of tripods. The truck was packed with equipment of all kinds—cameras, dollies, cans of film, batteries, cables, tools, wedges of wood, boxes of lenses—and Jimmy Hovey, a short, tattooed, tough-looking first assistant cameraman, was standing in the midst of it like a gypsy by firelight as the rest of the caravan, consisting of four more trucks, one with a trailer, pulled up behind. Hovey began cleaning a Panavision camera, spraying the parts with a hose attached to a cylinder of nitrogen. Behind him in the truck was a small darkroom, with a hand-lettered sign on the door saying "Hovey's Outhouse," where more film, in cans holding a thousand feet, was stored. The street filled up with people, many of them carrying plastic cups of coffee. A park bench was taken from one of the trucks and set in front of the iron railing next to the street lamp. The sequence to be shot would show a couple sitting on the bench at dawn. They would be dressed in formal clothes: the end of a long evening. After talking for a while, they would get up and walk slowly up Sutton Square, away from the river.

Willis, the assistant director, the director (who is also acting in this film), and the chief cameraman are crouching on the shadowy sidewalk now, about a third of the way up the block from the bench. They take turns looking through a director's viewfinder; they talk, point, agree. A chalk mark is made at their feet; Hovey, with a tape measure, measures the vertical distance from the sidewalk to the viewfinder, which Willis, still crouching, is now holding to his eye; a dolly is rolled up to the chalk mark; Hovey sets a Panavision camera on the dolly, and—turning a wheel—raises the camera to the proper height. Willis instructs him to put on a 75-mm. anamorphic lens; then Hovey attaches a loaded film magazine to the top of the camera. "Roll 94," says an adhesive tape label stuck to the side of the magazine, and "820 Out. 990 Dev. to .065 GAMMA." All four men stand up. Through the camera's viewer are now framed—in a small, black-bordered rectangle that has the same proportions as a Panavision screen (2.35 to 1)—the street leading to the bench; the bench; the street lamp next to it; a concrete tub of flowers; the railing; part of the Queensboro Bridge; and the unpredictable sky. Except for the lights and the horizon, everything is gray.

"Take out the street light, Dusty," says Willis.

"O.K., Gordy."

Dusty, the gaffer, or chief electrician, who is a tall, burly man with a red bandanna tied around his forehead, walks over to the street lamp, kneels down, and expertly opens a panel at the base. Immediately, New York City has one less street light. Willis studies the scene again with his light meter.

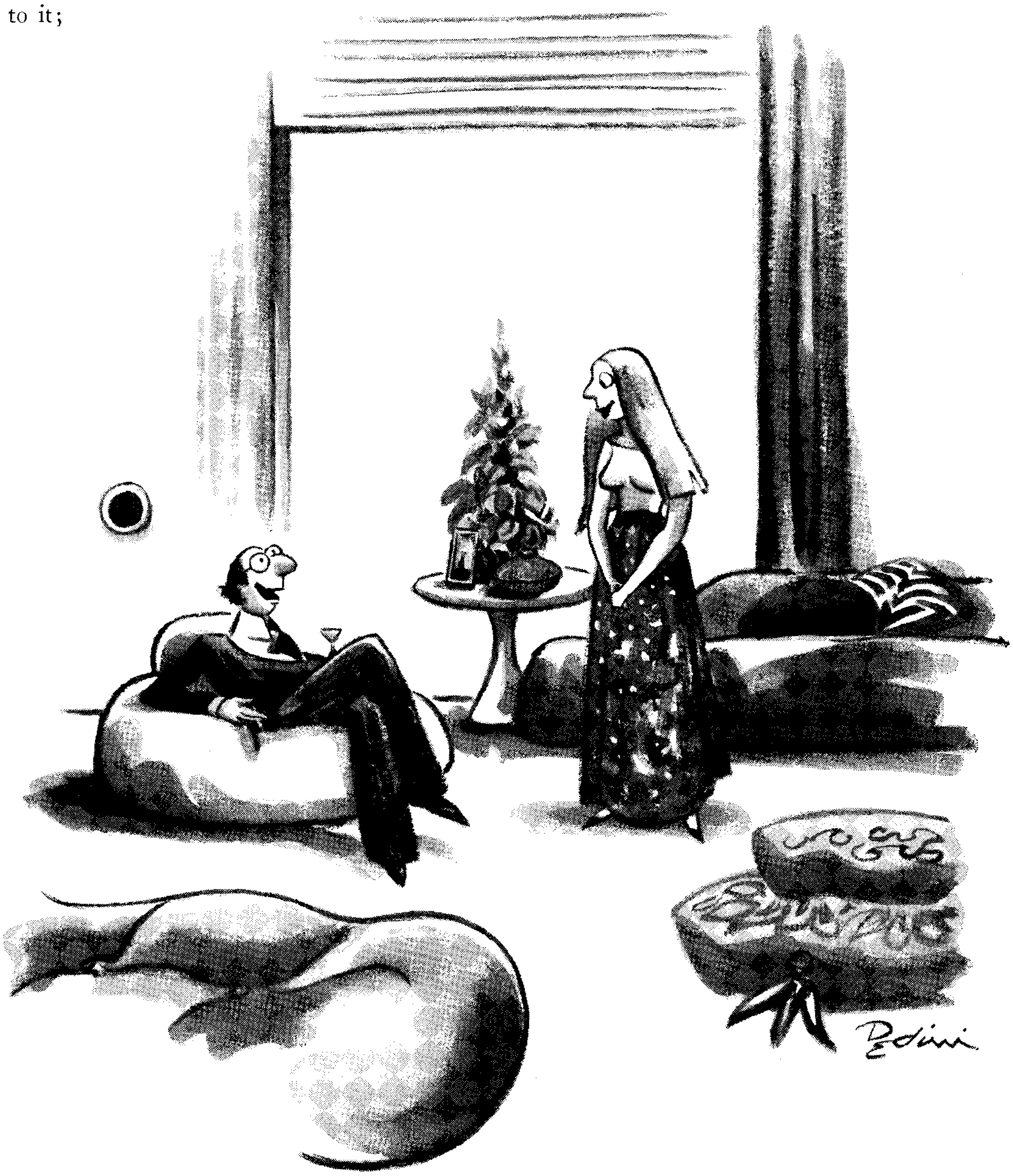
The actors rehearse. Willis lights a cigarette. "There's still not enough light," he says to a visitor, watching the sky. He is not visibly nervous or impatient—simply alert. "In exterior shooting, you're always at the mercy of the light and the weather. It can change very fast, so a lot of the time you work as if you were being chased by the police. Last summer, I had bits of film strung out all over Colorado. Every day at noon, it would rain, so you'd have to go back later for matching shots."

The sky is showing touches of pale blue; the queasy peach color over Queens is gradually shifting to a dull pink. Presently, the bridge is cast in lavender-grays; it looks like a Monet, then a Whistler. The pink disappears; gray, wet clouds move overhead, with patches of dull white. The sky is mottled and uneven—a poorly stirred blueberry yogurt. Then it is dawn. The dark-gray leaves on the plane trees suddenly acquire green; the gray flowers in the concrete tub show pink; gray letters on a "No Parking" sign turn dull red—color leaps out everywhere. The actors are in place; the cameraman is behind the camera. "Roll it," says Willis to the assistant director.

"Stand by!" shouts the assistant director.

"Right *now!*" says Willis, and the take begins.

IN the United States, a director of photography, or cinematographer, does not operate a camera; that is the cameraman's job. When Willis has completed his painstaking preparations for a take—designed the picture or sequence of pictures that will occupy the frame; planned the colors, values, contrasts, and shapes; fixed the position of the camera or the path of its movement; selected the lens and its openings; picked the filter; lit the scene, with a variety of lights and light filters, and diffused them with screens called flags and cutters; arranged the actors in certain patterns and made sure that they will be photographed in the right light at the proper angles; checked and rechecked everything with light meters; and done all these things and others in such a way that the resulting film not only will connect dramatically and aesthetically with the scenes prior to it and the scenes that are to follow but will be in keeping with his vision of the movie as a whole—then, an instant before the



"Guess where my Guccis took me today."

shot is filmed, as the assistant director calls "Stand by!," Willis steps away from the camera. Suddenly, one is reminded of the torero in a corrida who, having worked the bull with his cape, executing precise and daring maneuvers one after another, abruptly turns his back on the baffled bull and walks away.

FRED SCHULER, chief cameraman: "I've often worked on films where the director of photography is really schlocky and doesn't contribute anything. Gordon has total influence and total control over the visual aspect, from A to Z. Everything is well thought out and carefully planned. It's really a pleasure working with somebody so professional. But there's not much for *me* to do."

DUSTY, gaffer: "Gordy is way ahead of them all."

BOBBY, electrician, who, like Dusty, has worked with Willis before: "He's a pro."

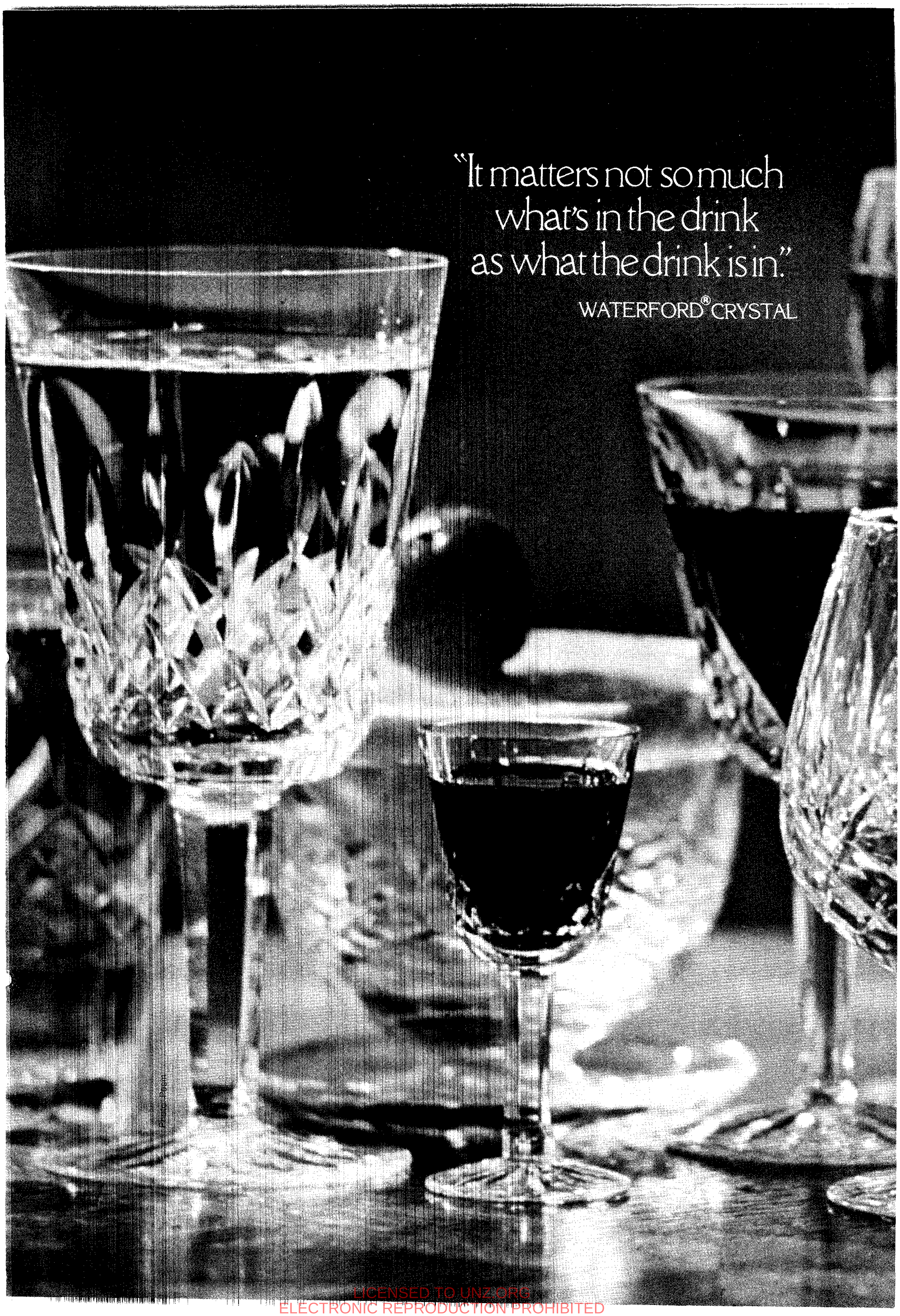
WHEN Willis raises the viewfinder to his eye and squints through it, he often holds it between his thumb and his first two fingers; it is a grip of some delicacy—one that a person might use on a glass of champagne.

WILLIS's eyes are blue. They are long horizontally, like a Panavision screen, and set back under heavy lids that are like a prizefighter's. The lids descend from arching eyebrows on a high, broad forehead, and seem like special packaging for a valuable item. When the lids are low, the eyes suggest an animal peering out from under an overhanging rock. At times, the eyes seem Oriental. Full face, with his curly gray hair awry, Willis can appear leonine. When he is talking about the possibilities of a good shot, say, his eyes widen, brightening with excitement, delight, and a kind of mischief. Then, when he is preparing the shot, his eyes narrow down almost to slits. There is a rakish outdoor air to him: the look of a loner, somebody who works on a boat—a merchant seaman, or possibly a pirate. He usually wears informal clothes and blue-and-white Puma sneakers. He is unpretentious, and his disposition is generally amiable and cheerful. He smiles a lot, laughs often, makes others laugh. He seems to understand people and get along with them; he is quick to perceive and appreciate situations, sensitivities, and surroundings. He has a light touch, but he is a serious man, and he can get angry. Despite the appalling complexity of his work, and the nearly intolerable pressures under which it must be carried on a good deal of the time, he is ordinarily serene. His serenity, while it may come partly from his nature, seems to come largely from confidence in himself and what he does. When the people around him talk to him, it is implicit in the way they stand and the way they speak that they defer to his judgment. Talking once about a certain scene in one of his films—a shot that was visually sparse but very evocative—Willis remarked, "What is not there is sometimes more interesting than what is." The same seems true of him. He speaks softly; he is inclined to understatement, wryness, personal reticence. There is an absence of excessive physical movement, of agitation, of uncertainty. His energy is contained; he has the central ease and repose one sees in, for example, a fine hockey player, who never really moves much until he has to, and then, at precisely the right instant, bursts into action.

WILLIS: "I'm interested in space, and the positioning of people in space."

"THERE'S no better cinematographer than Gordon," says Alan Pakula, who became a director in 1969, after producing seven films. As a director, Pakula has worked with Willis on four: "Klute," "Comes a Horseman," "The Parallax View," and "All the President's Men." "Working with him is collaboration at its best. It's a joy, it's fun, it's camaraderie—like being kids and playing after school. They say about certain film editors that they have 'gifted fingers.' Gordon has that kind of eye. The thought is all in the work. He's embarrassed talking about it; he's very private about it, and I love that. He'll talk as long as you can talk specifics, but he has a gifted ear for crap. He doesn't give respect easily.

"I remember meeting him years ago to talk about doing 'Klute.' We met in a West Side bar—he was doing another film at the time—and talked about the visual conception. Months later, when we were shooting, at one point he said, 'That's not what the conception was.' He keeps you pure. Every film we've done together has been a different visual experience. 'Klute' had a nervous, claustrophobic feeling, a dis-


"It matters not so much
what's in the drink
as what the drink is in."
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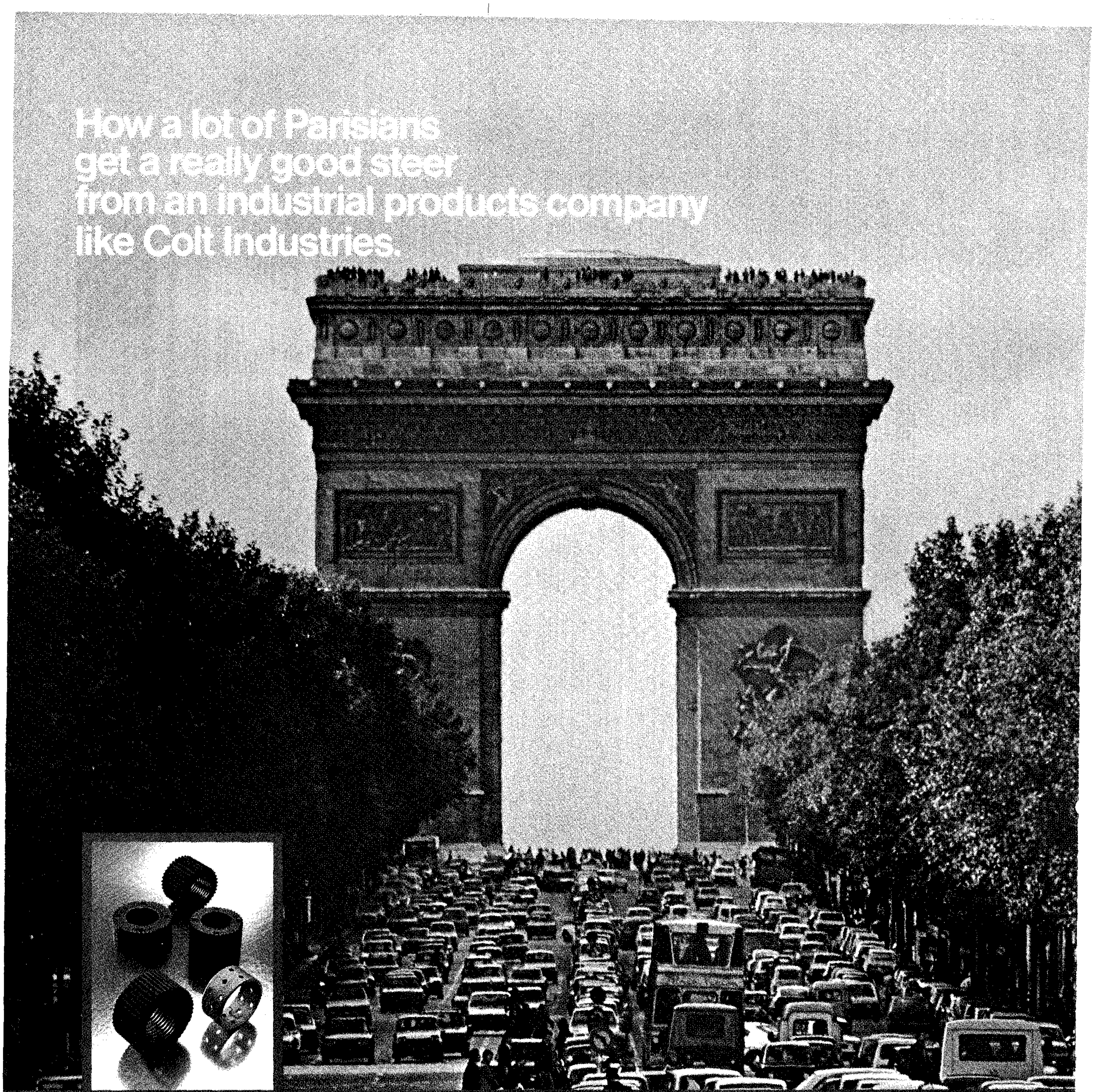

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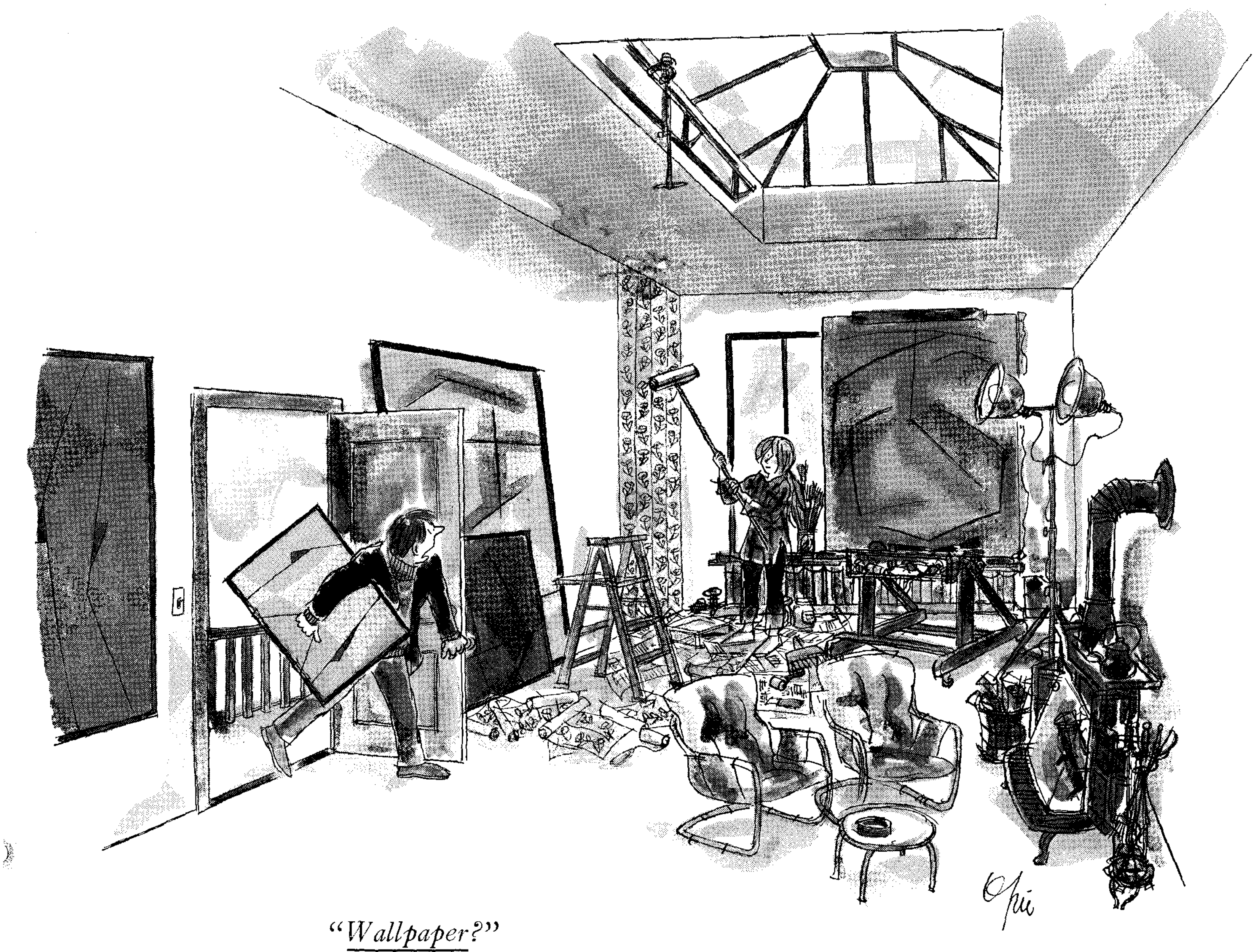


"Wallpaper?"

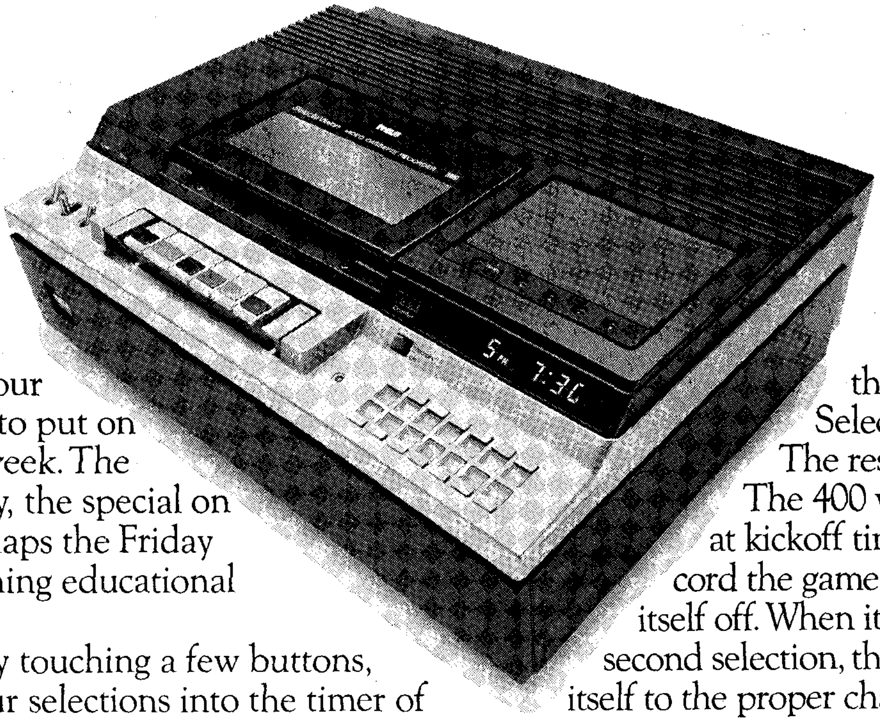
• •

turbing sense of compression. There were great verticals, and people lived on top of them or lived under them—underground, as if in tunnels. 'Comes a Horseman' was the reverse. The land was a character in the film. I wanted a sense of a haunted place, and haunted sets. Indoors, the human conflicts make the people seem like giants; then they go outside into this enormous physical world and they're nothing. Gordon's lighting was more like 'Wuthering Heights' than like a Western. 'The Parallax View' had a cold, hard look, like Pop Art—sharply defined but hollow, like the society it showed. Gordon hates overlighting—he likes faces going in and out of the light, people weaving in and out—and he's known for very dark films. When we started doing 'All the President's Men,' I wanted the Washington *Post* newsroom to have a tough, hard white light, and I was concerned that Gordon wouldn't want to do it that way, but that's the way he did it. For him, there's always a conception, and there are very few accidents in his work. He is essentially a classicist, not a mannerist. He hates tricks. He's so easy to work with, so easy to understand. Then, on another level, he's a very mysterious man. He's his own creation—highly sophisticated—and he's very much a loner. Most good creative work comes out of a need to do it, and often it comes from pain. There are certain people it's impossible to divorce from their work. More than most people, Gordon is most fully alive when he's working. When he takes time off and goes to his place in the Adirondacks, I imagine him almost hibernating. I imagine him being very interested in his own reactions to what he sees."

Willis is gazing out a control-room window that overlooks a vast television studio at WNEW-TV, on Sixty-seventh Street near Third Avenue. The camera is set up behind him, staring past twenty-four monitor screens toward the window. In front of him, beyond the glass, there are dozens of spotlights pointing this way and that, forming a canopy of illumination over the floor thirty feet below. Normally, the floor is used for the evening news; this morning, it has been converted into a set for a talk show that is to be part of a movie. The director is talking to three actors on the set. Willis looks through his viewer at the set, then leans against a table. There are many lulls in shooting, and this is one of them. "It's funny," he says to his visitor. "My father used to have a radio program on WNEW back in the forties. It was a show for women—a program on beauty—called 'Here's Looking at You.' He talked directly to ordinary women—not like *Vogue*, which he called 'the comic book of fashion.' He had been a makeup man at the Warner Brothers studio in Brooklyn during the Depression. I used to hang around and watch them make movies. It was a wonderful time for me, a period of taking it in. They made a lot of shorts. Some-

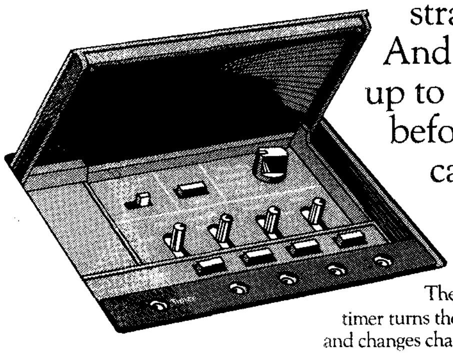
RCA announces SelectaVision 400.

The video cassette recorder that turns on and off and changes channels for a whole week ...all by itself.



Think of the four shows you want to put on video tape this week. The game on Monday, the special on Wednesday, perhaps the Friday movie, or something educational for the kids.

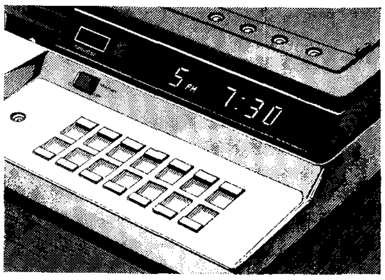
Now, simply by touching a few buttons, you program your selections into the timer of the incredible new SelectaVision 400. The rest is automatic: The 400 will turn itself on at kickoff time, silently record the game, then turn itself off. When it's time for your second selection, the 400 turns itself to the proper channel and starts recording again—automatically. The entire schedule is preset by you up to a whole week in advance—as many as four different shows or even the same program for seven straight days. And you've got up to four hours before changing cassettes.



The 400's programmable timer turns the recorder on and off and changes channels—automatically. Set it up to seven days in advance!

New electronic tuning.

A new programmable timer isn't all that's new about the 400. Now, for example, channel selection happens at the touch of a button instead of twisting a dial. It's electronic. And so is the 400's new tape indexing system. The 400 will automatically cue up the program you record at precisely the right point.

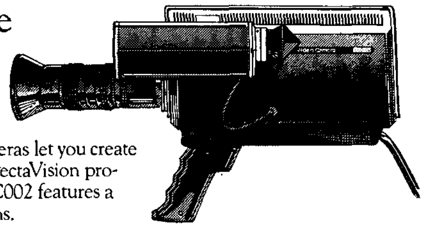


The 400's new varactor tuner. To select the right channel, just touch a button.

New color cameras.

Now you've got more options than ever in SelectaVision optional equipment. To start with, there are two new black-and-white cameras, one with a Canon zoom lens.

But the really exciting news is color. Now SelectaVision offers two optional color cameras for your home productions. Again, one offers a Canon zoom lens (plus an electronic viewfinder). Both new color cameras are easy to handle. So is the price. With the introduction of these new cameras, RCA has made in-home color video taping a very affordable option.



Optional color cameras let you create your own home SelectaVision productions. Model CC002 features a Canon 6:1 zoom lens.

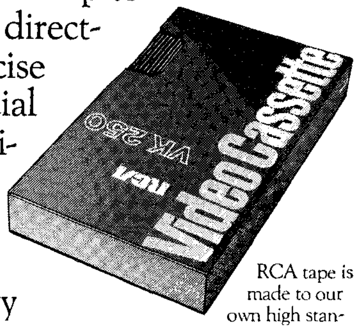
Up to four hours on a single cassette.

Remember, SelectaVision is the four-hour video cassette recorder from RCA. You can't buy more than four hours on one cassette.

So, with SelectaVision 400, there shouldn't be any cassette-changing interruptions in your favorite shows. Nor any missed endings.

And the 400 has more to offer.

One look at the 400's intelligent new design, and you know you're dealing with a whole new generation of video recorders. But, we haven't left out the things that have made SelectaVision so popular. Like a remote pause control—you can start and stop SelectaVision from up to 20 feet away. Like a direct-drive motor for precise operation. Like special circuitry that automatically compensates for changing signal strength. And like high-quality video tape made to our own rigid specifications.



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times my father would put me in one of those. I liked it, and I thought maybe I'd be an actor."

Willis is giving the script supervisor, Kay Chapin, a ride in his car, a Honda, from one location to the next. They chat about cars, the high cost of repairs, and the unreliability of mechanics. "I service my cars myself," says Willis, driving up Madison Avenue. "It's good occupational therapy. I buy the parts. I wouldn't give a car to a garage."

A cinematographer must have an easy grasp of such things as color-reversal internegatives, aspect ratios, lenses, T-stops, brutes, color temperatures, Steenbecks, mattes, pushing and flashing, film resolution, freeze frames, Arriflexes, match cuts, halation, dye transfers, fish-eyes, three-strip processes, pull-down mechanisms, glass shots, tilts, emulsions, Kenworthy snorkels, film generations, diffusers, tracking, dollies, dailies, and inserts—and also a pretty good knowledge of carpentry, electricity, sound, set design, costumes, makeup, optics, meteorology, and the history of art and architecture, and a complete, up-to-date acquaintance with major movies, foreign and domestic, extending back to the Lumières and Méliès. He needs, of course, a strong sense of color, composition, contrast, and narrative development, and he must be able to work effectively with large groups of temperamental individuals. He should have a vivid pictorial imagination, and be able to design what is seen in every frame of a movie (which usually has from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and fifty thousand frames, stretching over a mile and a half of film) so that it contributes to the movie's general pace and feeling, and he must know how to get this done within a fixed budget and a limited time. When the film is completed, it not only should satisfy him and those connected with it but must engage the interest of several million spectators in order to be financially successful.

Willis: "The most important part of making a movie is the planning, and it's always very difficult. After there's a script, I spend a great deal of time with the director finding out what he ultimately wants to say in the movie. How do you project the ideas—how do you make them play on a given level? Once that's established, you start planning the nuts and bolts. A movie is not an art form; it's a

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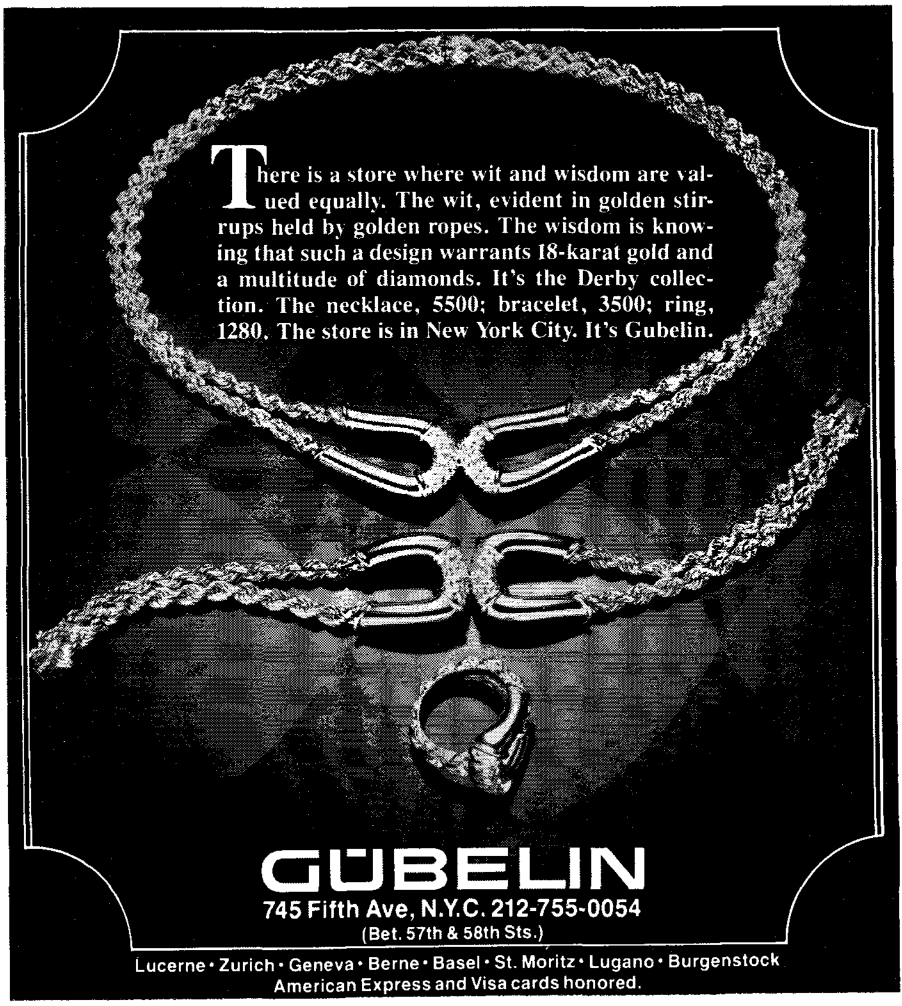

There is a store where wit and wisdom are valued equally. The wit, evident in golden stirrups held by golden ropes. The wisdom is knowing that such a design warrants 18-karat gold and a multitude of diamonds. It's the Derby collection. The necklace, 5500; bracelet, 3500; ring, 1280. The store is in New York City. It's Gubelin.

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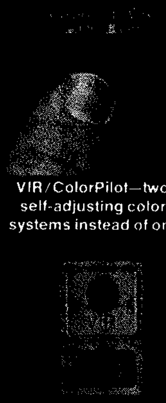
VIR/ColorPilot—two self-adjusting color systems instead of one.

Why settle for color TV with only one bit of circuitry that adjusts the color for you. Now, Panasonic gives you two alternate self-adjusting color systems—VIR and ColorPilot.

All you do is push the VIR/ColorPilot button. From that moment on, the Panasonic VIR integrated circuit continuously reads a special signal that TV stations transmit. So your Panasonic color continuously and automatically adjusts itself. And on stations that send a weak VIR signal or none at all, Panasonic ColorPilot automatically steps in to keep the color accurate. Pretty good, huh? Well, stay tuned for Panasonic synthesizer tuning.

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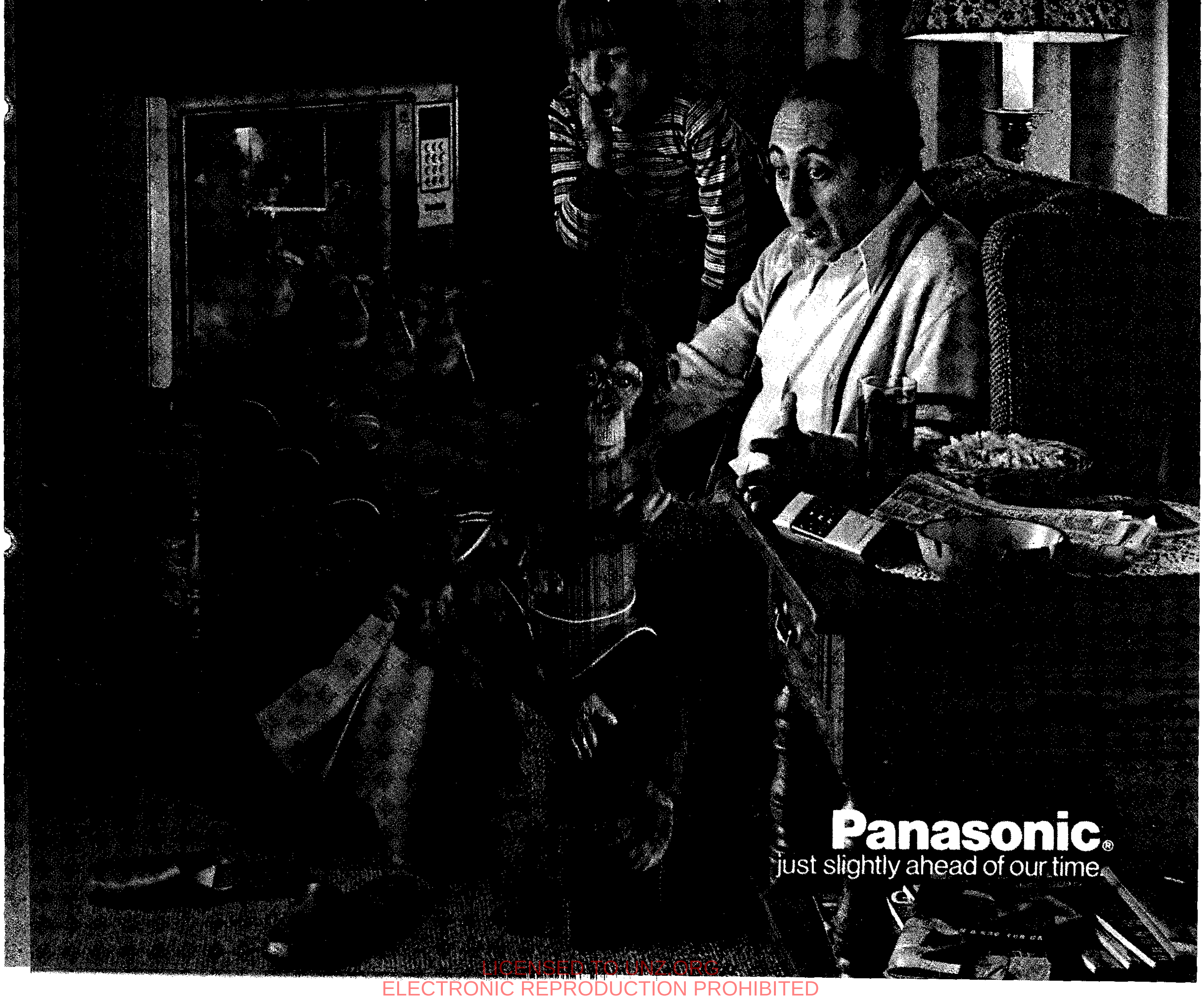

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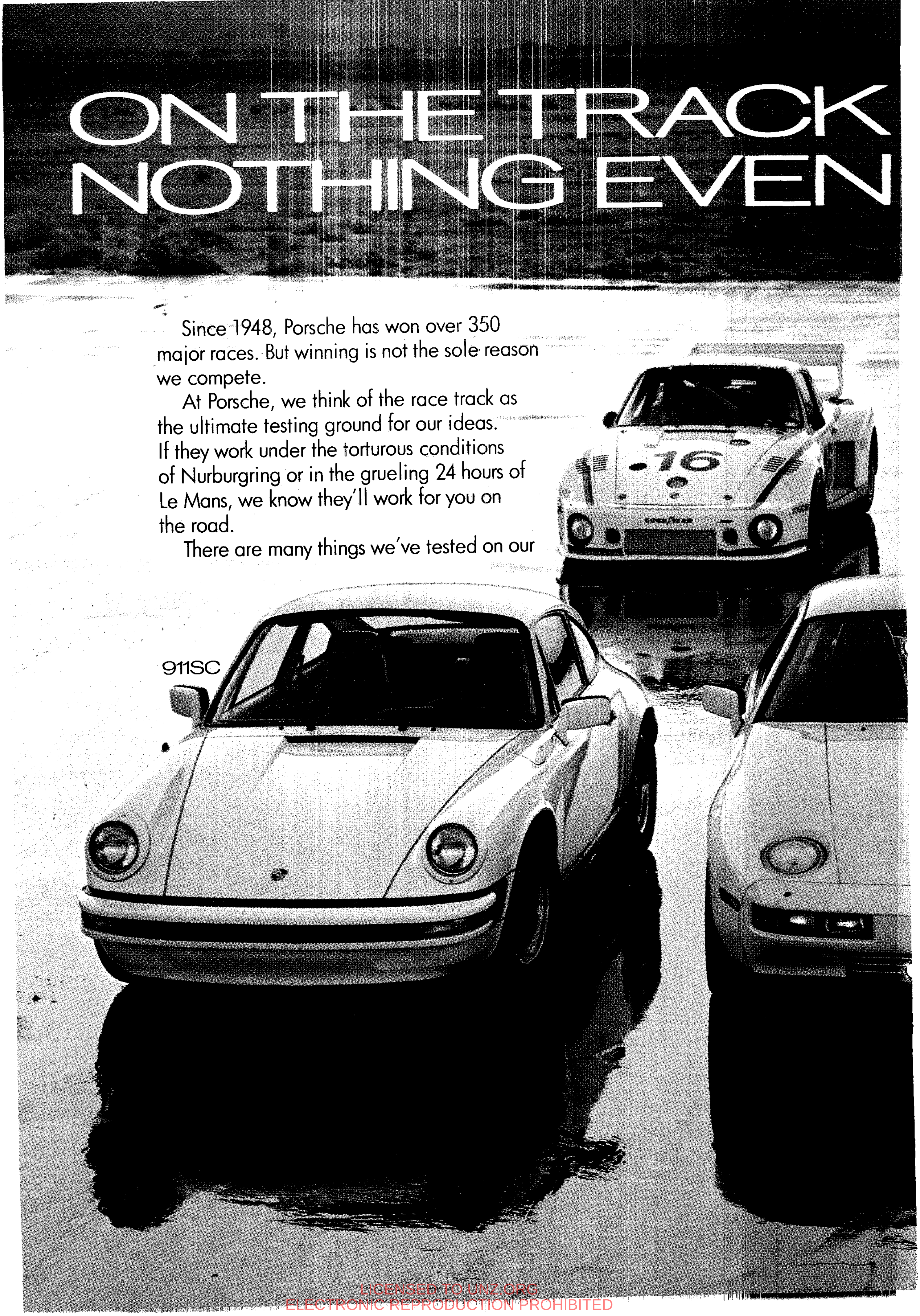
There are many things we've tested on our



OR ON THE ROAD COMES CLOSE.

racing cars before we used them on our production cars. Things like vented disc brakes, rack-and-pinion steering, electronic ignition, oil coolers, low profile wide oval tires, front spoilers, and many more. And even today, every race we run helps us develop new ideas and further refine old ones.

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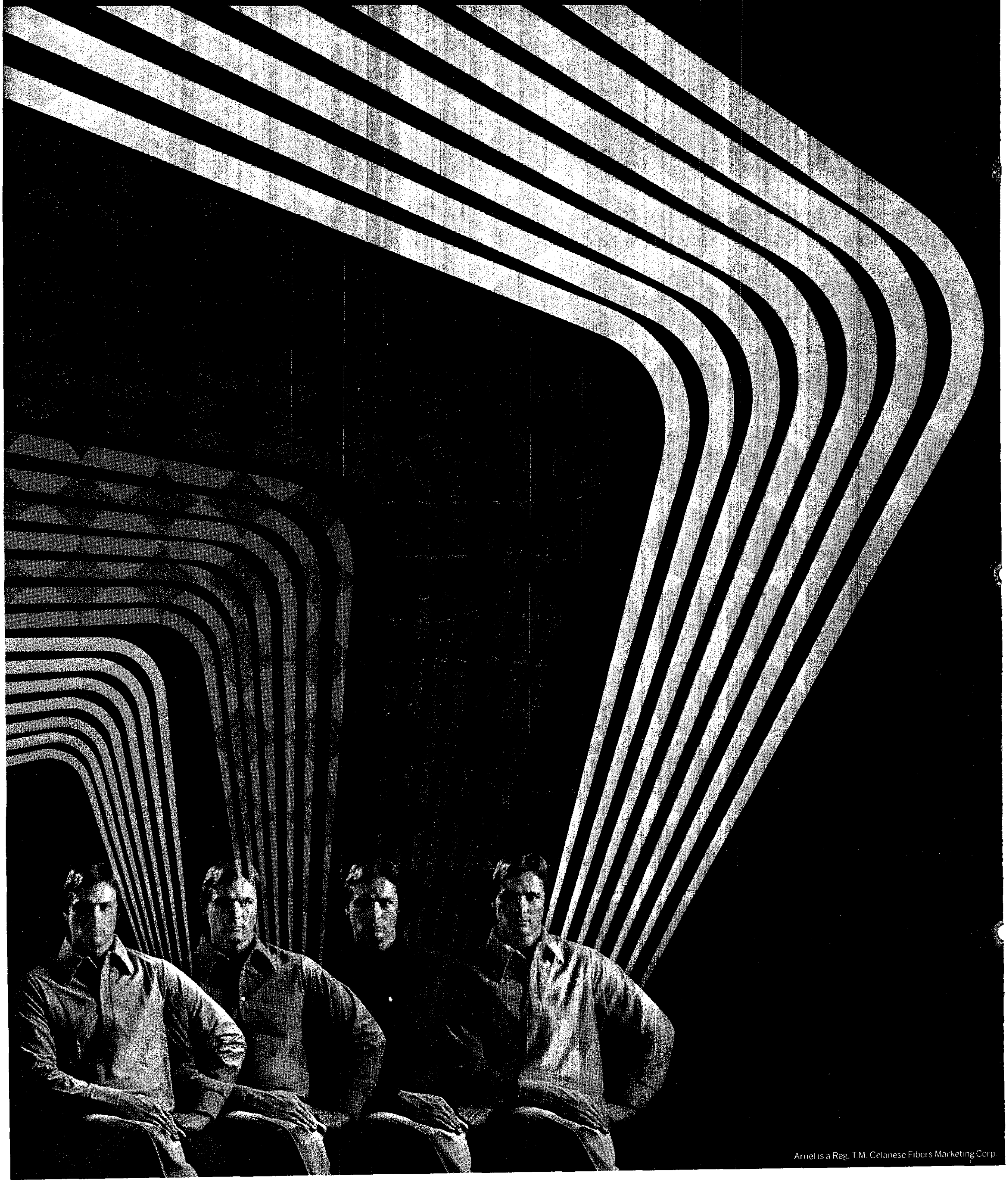

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Collins & Aikman Corporation, 210 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016 (212) 953-4100 commercial venture, and the art comes out of the craft.

"The ideal thing—although management and money may interfere with it—is to reduce the most sophisticated ideas to the simplest terms, and make them wonderful. For the people who stand in line and pay three dollars."

Willis, the director, the assistant director, the production manager, and a few of the staff are walking around Nyack, New York, looking for locations. It is a beautiful Saturday afternoon. They walk back and forth near a marina on the Hudson River, peering in the windows of shops. What they want is a good store window facing the marina and the river. The shot will be from inside the store, looking out. The actor will be seen through the window, framed by books; behind him will be the boats and the docks and the far side of the Hudson. But the best windows are set sidewise to the river—no good. The group ambles around, gazing this way and that, wishing for a window. Finally, everybody is standing in front of a shop that has an excellent window facing the wrong way, and Willis says, "Why don't we just build a window like this one? Then we can put it anywhere we want, and shoot through it." Everybody agrees that that is the perfect solution, and the group moves on to the next problem.

Willis: "When I was a teen-ager, I went to Manhasset High School. My father lived in Manhasset; my mother lived in Birmingham, Alabama. They had split, and I spent some time in both places. I was an only child, but I had a lot of aunts and uncles, so I had a sense of a pretty big family. I did acting in school, and acted for two summers in stock at Gloucester, Massachusetts. I got into stage lighting and scenery there—everybody did everything—and after a while I realized that I was really more interested in the creative end from a distance. It was such a great time. I feel sorry for kids today, because there is no summer stock for them, where they can learn. In the same way, there are no B movies anymore, where cameramen can learn. Today, you have to fight to learn your craft.

"I was very much interested in drawing and painting when I was a teen-ager, and I did a lot of it, but I never could learn to draw hands. Gradually, I got into photography. I took pictures of everything, but mostly people. I built my own darkroom and lived

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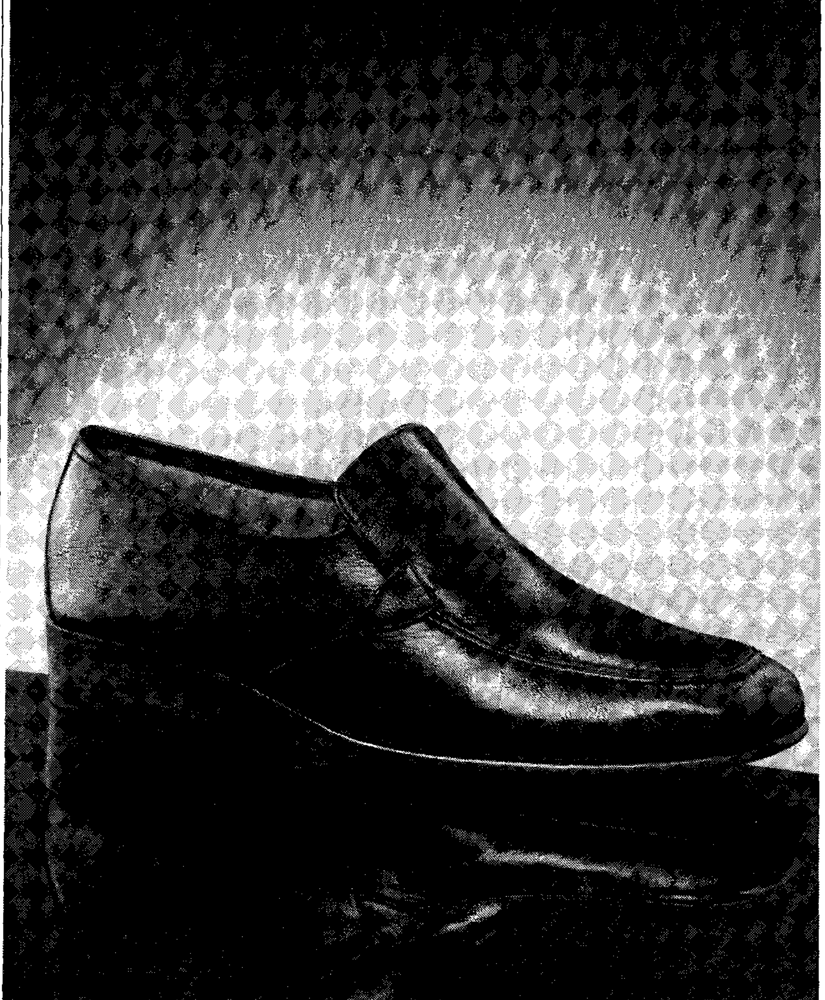

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in it twenty-four hours a day; nobody ever saw me.

"I went to a lot of Broadway plays, and I saw a lot of movies. I was very much impressed with plays like 'Streetcar' and 'Picnic.' That whole world had a lot of magic for me, but I wasn't formed. I had a lot of information about it all, but an unproductive intellect."

ON location at night: Willis stands about twelve feet away from a group of four actors. He is bent forward from the waist, looking at them through his viewer. Presently, he murmurs to Hovey, who in response runs the tape measure from the ground up to the lens. "Mark it," says Willis, whereupon the second assistant cameraman tears strips of tape off a roll and sticks them on the ground at Willis's feet; more tapes are stuck where the actors are standing. Willis moves away, and the camera is rolled into position at the tape where Willis was standing. Hovey watches. "Gordon's the only one I know who never moves a camera once the tape is down," he says. "Other cinematographers will move it back and forth, back and forth, all over the place. They don't know what they want. Gordon has absolute precision."

WILLIS: "I've never made a movie that was easy. There's something awful in making each one. But I love making movies, and the people you work with are the key to everything.

"I believe that a picture should be made for a certain amount of money within a set period of time. That's right. Then the profit enables the producer to make more movies. Everybody on a production has different concerns, and often the producer is mostly concerned about getting it in on time. But nobody ever thanked anybody for bringing a bad picture in on time. If you don't get off on the right foot on a film—if it doesn't go right at the very beginning—it's never going to be right, and it's the better part of valor to stop, knock off for a week, and start over. Otherwise, it's like adding color after color trying to get white—and, of course, ending up with black."

IN a brown-wood-panelled corner office of the firm of Rohrer, Hibler & Replogle, on the third floor of the Maison Française, at Fifth Avenue and Forty-ninth Street, are a large sofa, several chairs, and a big executive desk, but no executive. Next to the desk is a five-foot stepladder, its bottom rungs piled with sandbags. A

Chester and his Dakin

When we invited Jonathan Winters to choose his favorite Dakin, he sent his friend Chester Honeyhugger.

Chester had a wild time. Just like a kid, he went through dozens of Dakins – bears, walruses, buffaloes, elephants and everything. Kitties, too. But he finally decided on Jocko. Why? Had Chester gone ape over a monkey? "No. Bananas."

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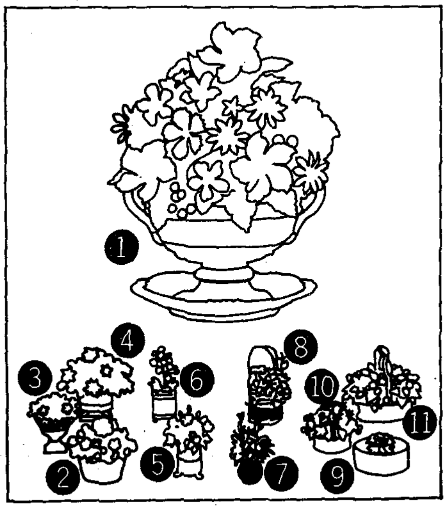

	Suggested Retail Prices
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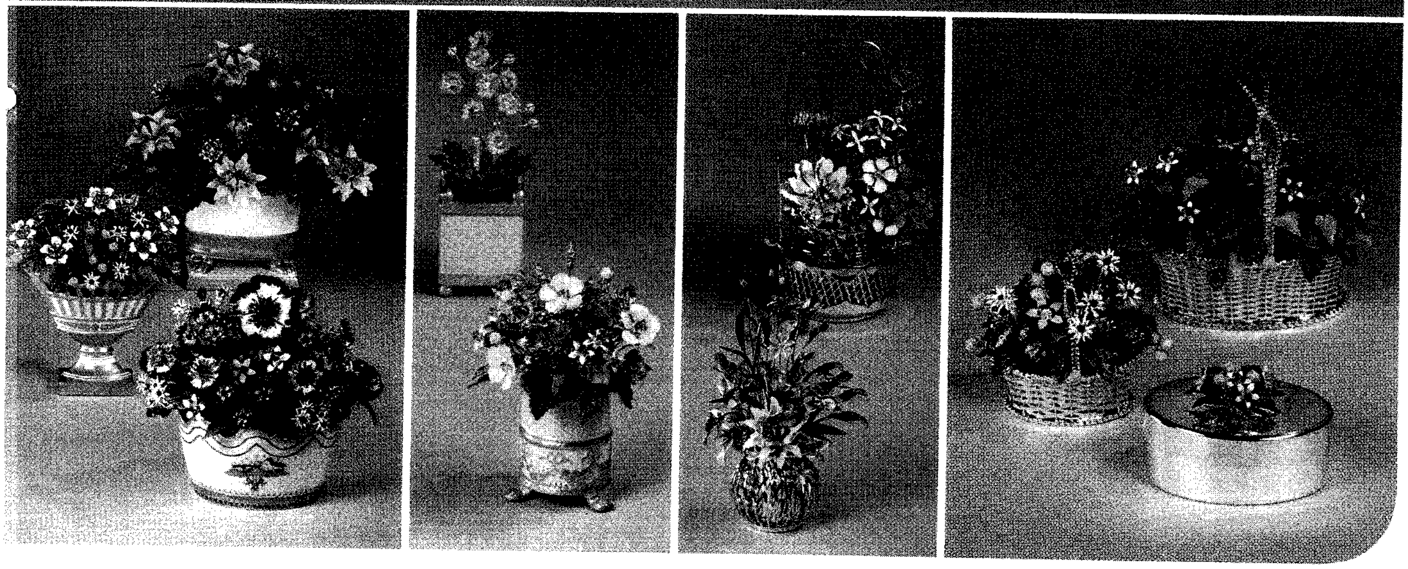

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plank about ten feet long has been clamped to one of the top rungs and weighted down with more sandbags, and it extends horizontally from the ladder to an open window, where it rests on the ledge. The final three feet of the plank projects out over the south side of the broad promenade of Rockefeller Center, fifty feet below, which runs west from Fifth Avenue to the skating rink. At the tip of the board, its mount screwed into the wood, is a Panavision camera. It is angled downward by two wooden chocks wedged under its base; a zoom lens points toward the brown marquee of 30 Rockefeller Plaza, a hundred and fifty yards almost due west. Fred Schuler, the cameraman—lean, taciturn, and, as usual, dressed in khaki—is kneeling on a pillow on the windowsill, peering through the camera viewer, and Jimmy Hovey, holding a walkie-talkie, straddles the sill. Seven other members of the crew are in the room, collapsed on the sofa, slumped in chairs, leaning against the desk: everybody is exhausted. It is after seven o'clock in the evening of a savagely hot and humid day, and they have all been working since early morning, when a sequence was shot in an apartment on upper Park Avenue—in a room without air-conditioning, and with the heat multiplied by hot lights. (The next day's shooting is to begin at 8 A.M.; today's must be accomplished within the hour, since union rules demand a twelve-hour break between workdays. The rule can be broken, but the subsequent cost in overtime pay would be enormous.)

The blue-trousered shins and blue-and-white Pumas of Gordon Willis are just visible at the doorway of 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the rest of him, because of the angle, is blocked by the brown marquee. His voice, however, is audible over several walkie-talkies in the office. At the moment, he is talking to Hovey.

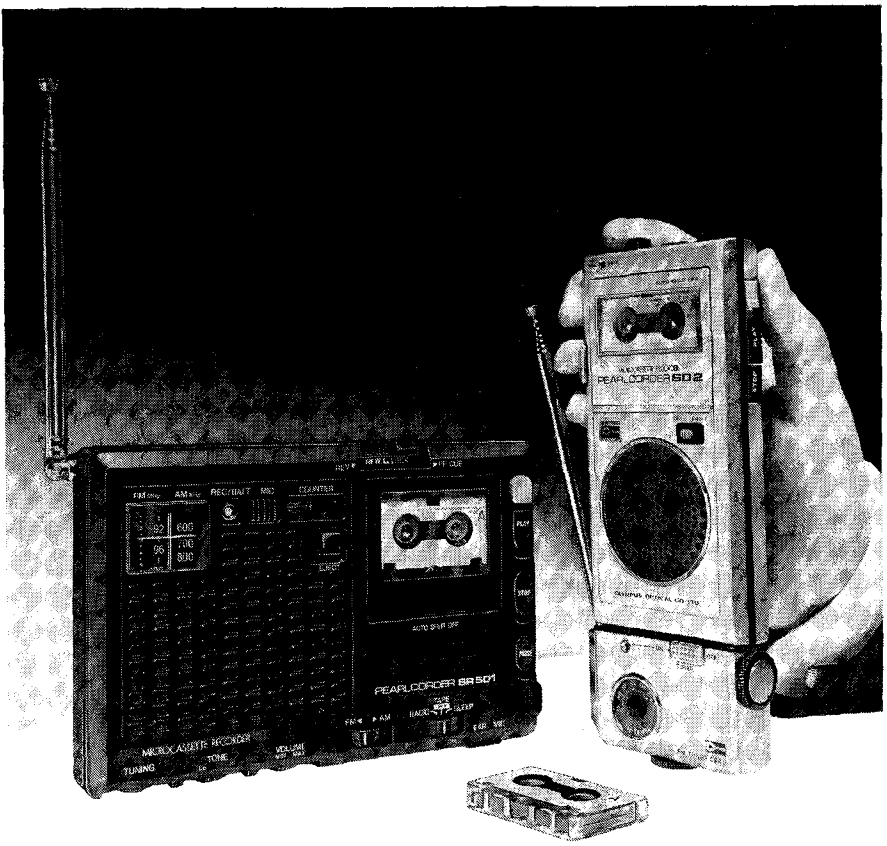
WILLIS: That puts it a stop and a half under.

HOVEY: Right, Gordy.

Hovey alters the lens opening, and then recites the exposure notes back to Willis over the walkie-talkie and also to the second assistant cameraman, who writes them down in a small notebook, using the plank as a desk. (It is Willis's custom to keep a log of exposure notes on every shot of every movie, primarily in order to be able to match the shot later, if need be.)

"One-hundred-and-eighty-degree shutter," Hovey reads.

There is a take. First, Hovey leans



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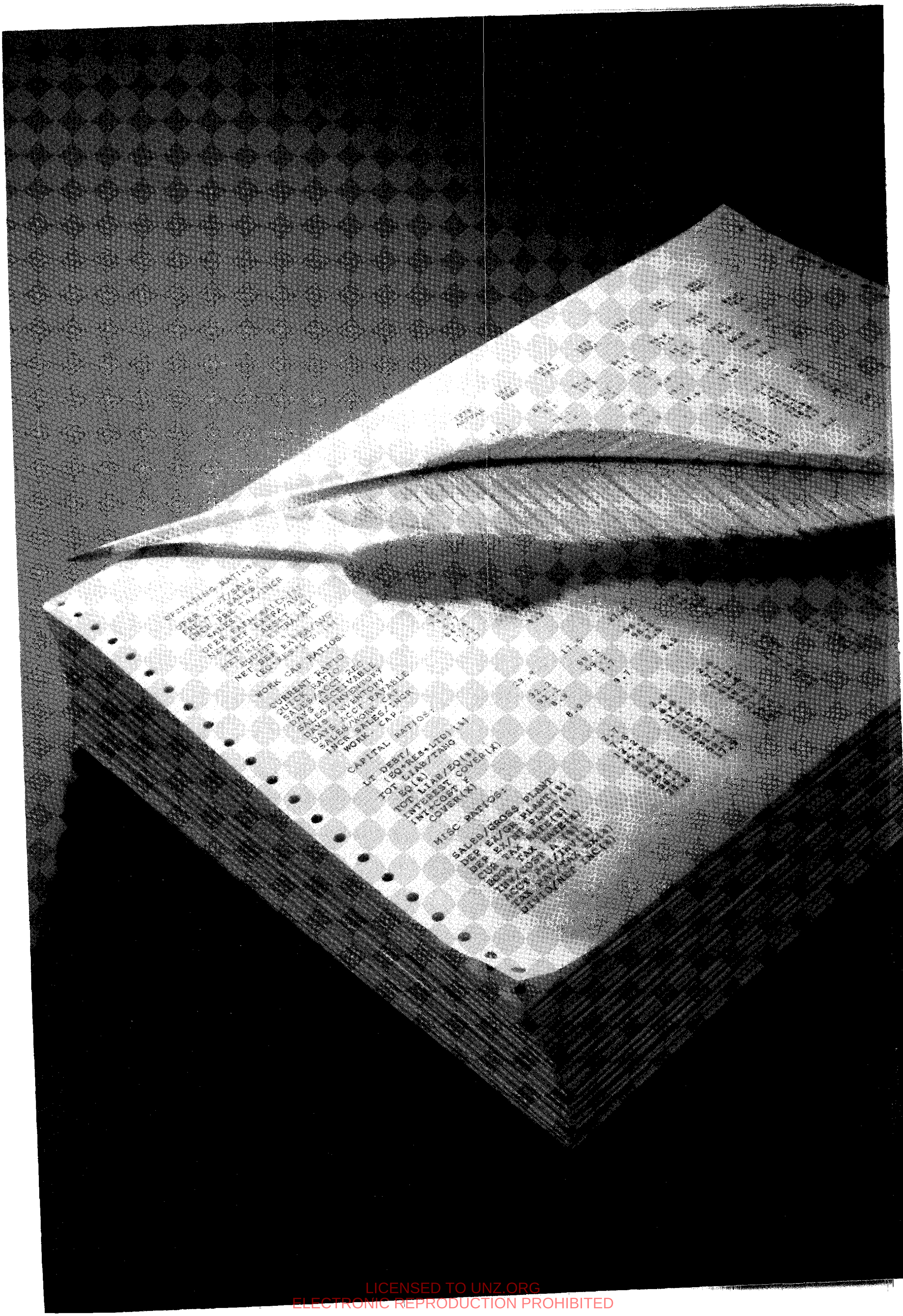

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OPERATING RATIOS
OPER COST/SALE (%)

WORK CAP RATIOS

CURRENT RATIO
QUICK RATIO
SALES/ACCT REC
DAYS RECEIVABLE
SALES/INVENTORY
DAYS INVENTORY
DAYS ACCT PAYABLE
SALES/WORK CAP
INCR SALES/INCR
 WORK CAP.

CAPITAL RATIOS:

LT DEBT/
 (EQ+RES+LTD)(%)
TOT LIAB/TANG
 EQ(%)
TOT LIAB/EQ(%)
INTEREST COVER(X)
INT+COST
 COVER(X)

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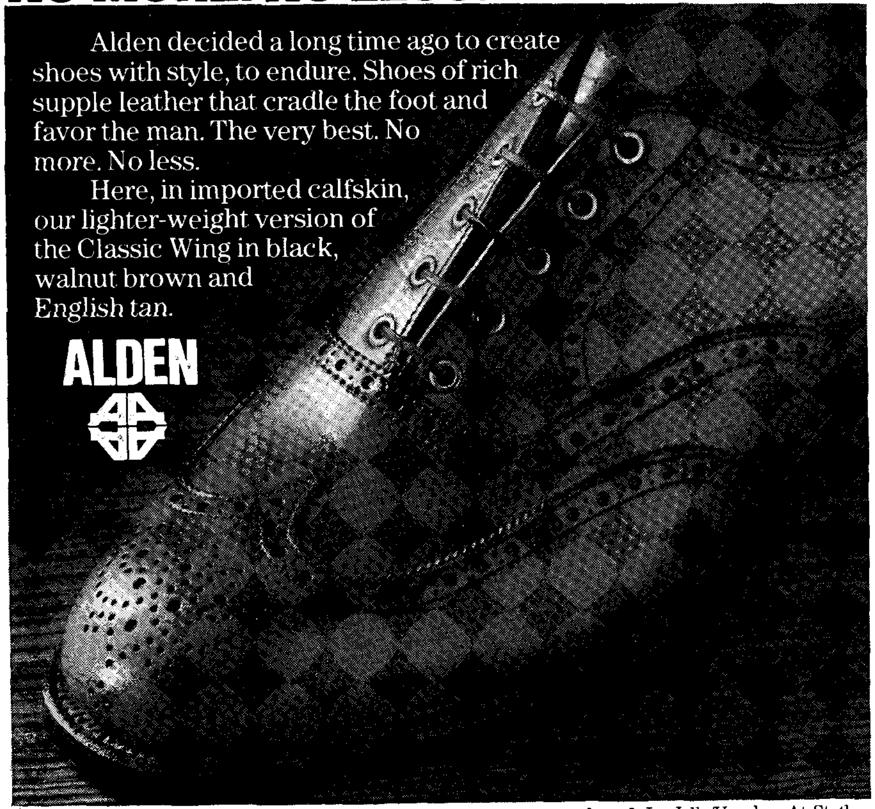

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perilously far out the window and holds the slate—the small blackboard on which are chalked the name of the production, the name of the cinematographer, the number of the take, and other information—in front of the lens. He pulls it away, and Schuler refocusses on three actors, who come out of 30 Rockefeller Plaza, talking, cross the street, walk around the promenade above the skating rink, and come to a stop just under the window. The dialogue has been previously recorded on a "wild track"—a sound track without pictures—so the action must be of matching duration. Kay Chapin, the script supervisor, standing by a window, holds a stopwatch in her hand, and, as the take ends, she says, "It's not timing out right. Thirty-seven seconds short." There will be another take.

"Did you see that old man staring at them?" says Schuler.

In addition to the shortage of time, the changing of the light as the sun goes down, the need to match the "wild track," and the weariness of the crew, there is another problem: the non-film people—tourists and natives—who are wandering around Rockefeller Plaza, in and out of the Panavision frame, inadvertently mixing with the production extras who are posing as tourists and natives. None of these pedestrians seem to notice the camera sticking out of the window, but sometimes during a take they will spot one of the actors—a recognizable movie star—and gawk, follow him, or even try to catch up and get an autograph or a snapshot. Production members with walkie-talkies are mingling with the crowd in an effort to prevent such activity from ruining the takes.

WILLIS: Put Hovey on.

HOVEY: Yes, Gordy?

WILLIS: Two lines light on eight-and-a-half . . .

The take is made. Kay looks at her stopwatch. "Twenty seconds short," she says.

WILLIS: Did you see those paparazzi chasing after him trying to get a shot?

Another take. Then:

HOVEY: Gordy, the little red light on the camera came on for a couple of seconds and then went off.

WILLIS (after a pause): Got a battery up there?

HOVEY: Yes.

WILLIS: Change it.

Another take is about to begin.

HOVEY: Wait, Gordy—we've got a problem.

WILLIS: What's the problem?

HOVEY: A wedge slipped.

WILLIS: Hurry up. . . . If that light

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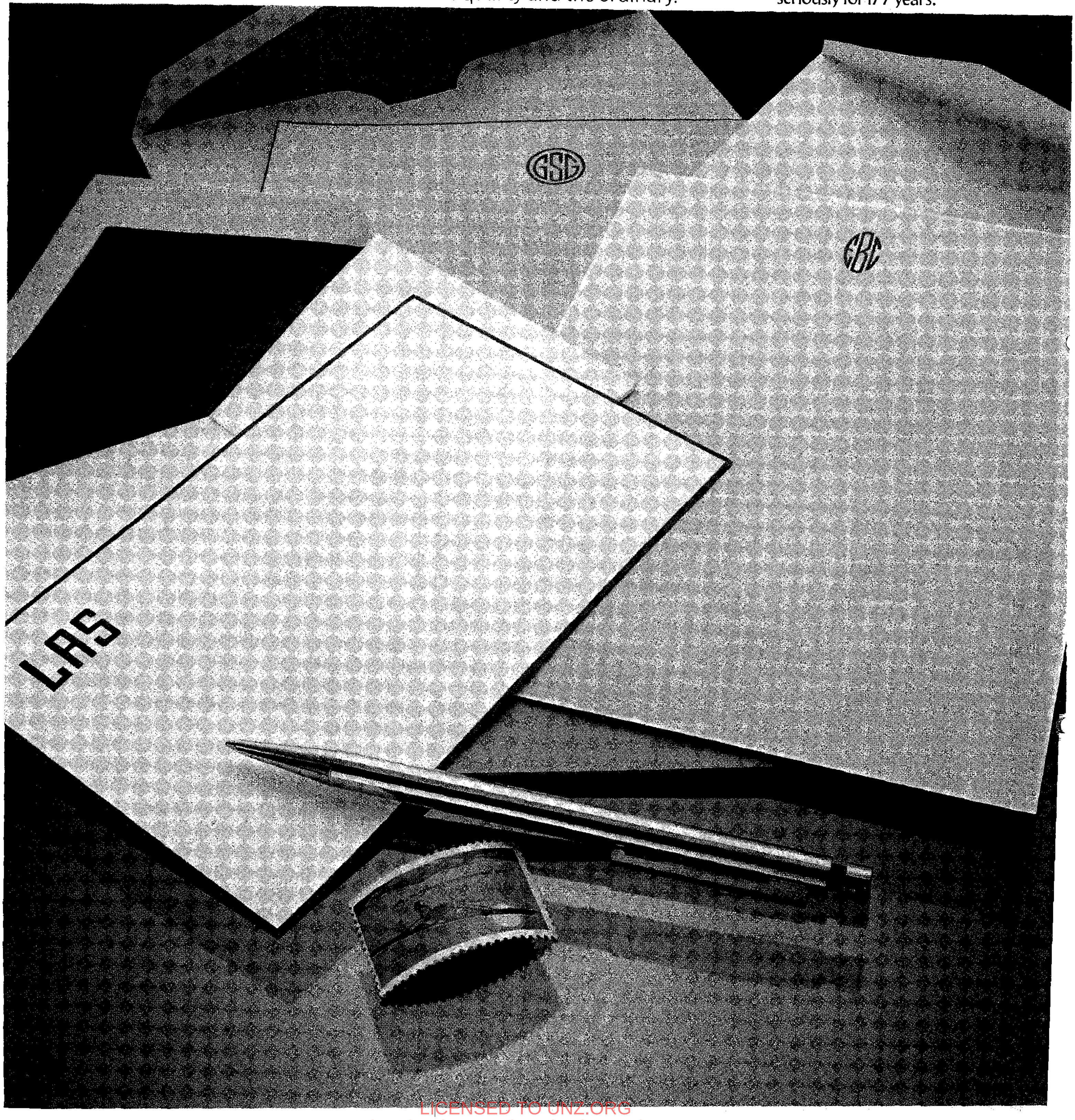


goes on, you better get it off or I'm going to come up and push it out the window.

Hovey gets the wedge back where it belongs.

Willis: Is the camera level?

Hovey: Yes.

Willis: Thank you.

Hovey: I'll be standing by for a stop.

It is getting darker. Willis can be seen walking around looking through his light meter.

Willis: Three stops down.

Hovey: O.K., Gordy.

The next take is going well until, at the last moment, a tourist notices the movie star and comes trotting after him. One of the production staff grabs the tourist from behind and virtually wrestles him out of the picture; the startled tourist presumably thinks he is being mugged—just what he expected to happen to him in New York.

Schuler: No flicker this time, Gordy.

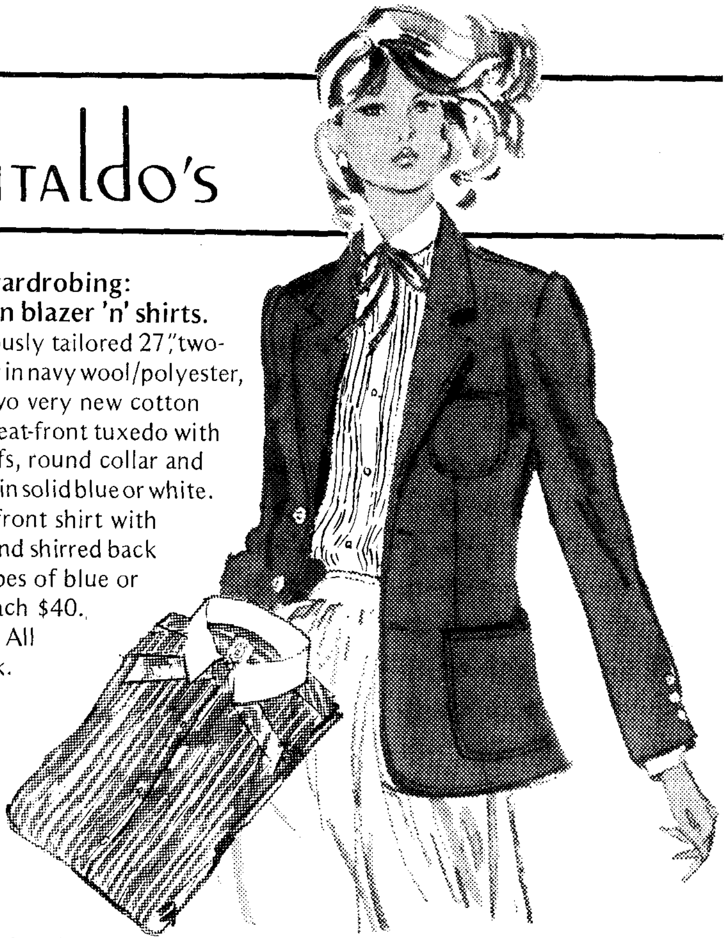
Willis: That's refreshing.

The crew laughs. Another take begins. Then: "Oh, my God," says one of the grips, who is standing by a window. "Look!"

The actors are walking across the street toward the rink. At that instant, into the plaza from Fifth Avenue comes a troop of twenty-five green-uniformed Girl Scouts, moving briskly toward the actors; they are on a collision course. "Cut!" shouts the assistant director. It is ten minutes to eight.

Willis: "There are a lot of cameramen but not so many photographers. And a lot of cameramen attack from a technical approach without much imagination. They look, but they don't *see.*"

It is hard to generalize about where a movie director's work ends and his cinematographer's work begins; the seam should be invisible. A director with strong visual ability might need no more than a technician to operate the camera; a gifted cinematographer might require a director merely to tell the actors what to say. If the cinematographer is increasingly important today, it is partly because the nature of storytelling has moved in a direction that gives great weight to the way a story is told and less weight to the story itself. The look of a film becomes the author's voice, reflecting and revealing the mood, the attitude, the sensibilities. It often happens that form and content are not exactly balanced or united: where the content is



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familiar, meagre, or absent altogether, form may get the upper hand. A cinematographer can prevent this from showing: he can enhance a slow, shallow, artificial story to such an extent that it seems exciting, real, even profound. He must have the necessary proficiency, however, and the autonomy—granted or grabbed—to pull it off. Willis, as a rule, has both.

WILLIS is sitting in the sun with his visitor on a bench in a small park across from the Englewood, New Jersey, railroad station. It is around noon. He is supposed to meet the director, a stunt man, and some other people here, in order to plan a sequence involving a runaway car. For the moment, glancing around the park, he is simply waiting, and he talks a little bit about himself. "By the time I finished Manhasset High School, the Korean War had started," he says. "I enlisted in the Air Force and got classified as a photographer. They sent me to film school in Burbank, California. At that time, I was still more interested in the ambience of filmmaking than I was in the execution, but I learned a tremendous amount about film, including lab work. For the next three years, I was a cameraman, making documentaries on things like jungle survival and the F-100. I shot a lot of film.

"When I was stationed in Florida in my last year, I met this marvellous girl, and we got married. We've been married twenty-three years now, and we have three children—two boys and a girl. We moved to New York when I got out, and the struggle to get into the cameramen's union began. I was fortunate enough to run into some very decent cameramen, and they gave me some opportunities to work as an assistant cameraman, and I finally got into the Eastern local. In Hollywood, to get into the West Coast local you have to start as a loader, and by the time you work your way up through all the categories to cameraman you're a hundred and ten years old. It was a real fight, later on, for me to get into that local. I even had to use lawyers.

"In New York, I did documentaries and TV commercials. I spent a lot of time in steel mills and I.B.M. plants. It was a wonderful period to learn your craft: TV was coming of age, and making commercials was a very good school. A lot of the commercials were explorative and imaginative; people attempted a lot, and there was a level of technology that probably exceeded even Disney. They were always putting Chevrolets on

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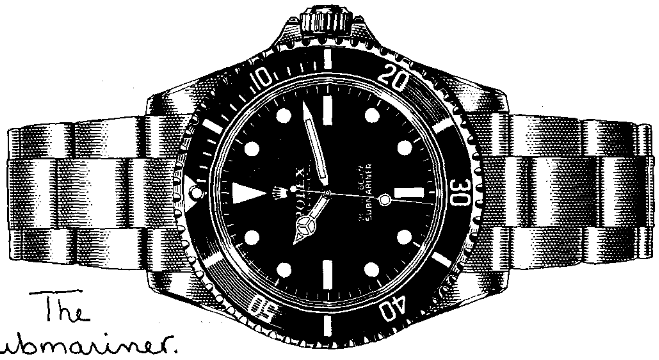

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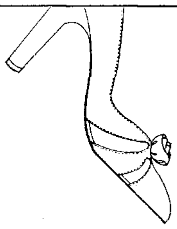

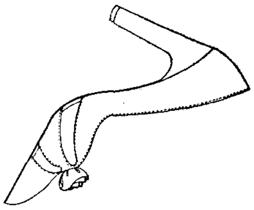

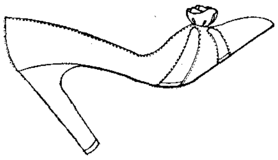

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mountaintops in those days. When you have to show a little guy climbing out of a peanut-butter jar, you learn about the technique of matte shots—and also how to get the job done.

"Finally, I got an opportunity to become director of photography on a commercial movie. It was called 'End of the Road,' and Aram Avakian directed it. We shot it in Massachusetts. Stacy Keach and James Earl Jones were in it. I went along photographing it at a level that I thought was interesting; my hands were never tied. I felt that there was some extraordinary work in it. I guess it was slightly ahead of its time. After that, I got a lot of offers."

A station wagon pulls up next to the railroad depot, and the people from the movie crew pile out. They wave to Willis. He gets up and goes to work.

A NIGHT location: Willis's temper suddenly flares. Seventy-five extras are standing ready; two cameras have been set up, and there are lights all over the place. What's missing is Willis's walkie-talkie. Whoever may be at fault, it means loss of precious time for a trivial reason, and Willis starts yelling. An alarmed young member of the production staff runs zigzagging through the crowd of extras, his own walkie-talkie sputtering and squawking at his side. The voice on the walkie-talkie is warning, "Willis is really burned!"

WILLIS: "Structure in a film is everything. The cutting. Light to dark. Big to small. Fast to slow.

"In a good movie, you lead the audience along. I want the audience to get caught up in the film and not be aware of what we're doing. I don't like tricks, but I like magic. I want magic."

"THE GODFATHER," directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Willis as director of photography, was released in 1972 and was a great success at the box office. Willis says, "The film was a horrendous experience. The worst time of my life was the last month of making it. I was very tired, everybody had been under a lot of pressure, and Francis and I were not getting along well. I've always taken a strong stand from the start on what it is I'm doing, and been fortunate enough to see it through. I have to do what I feel is right. I'm happy I don't feel the same way about things as other people in this business, and I've never tried to. Throughout the making of

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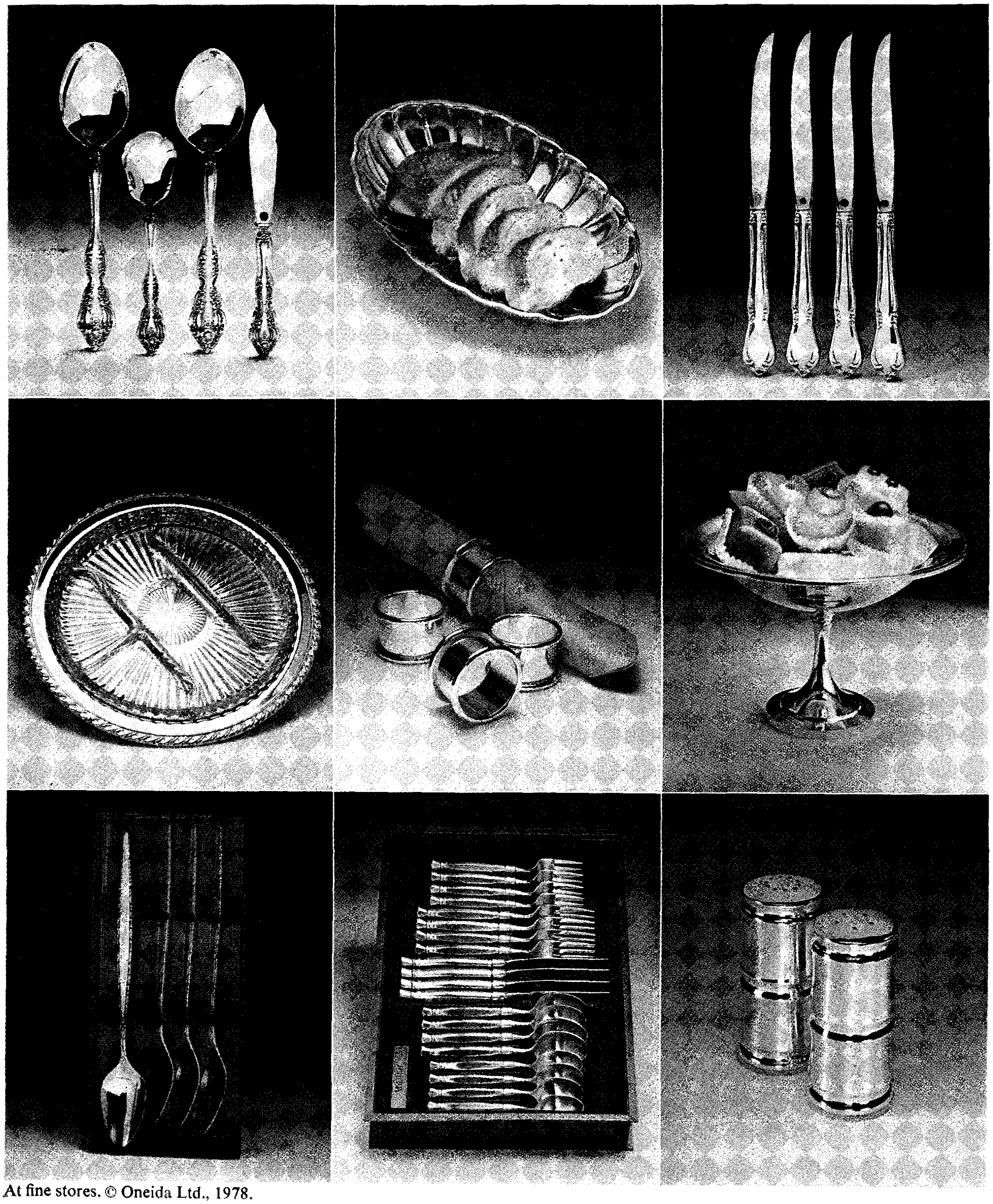

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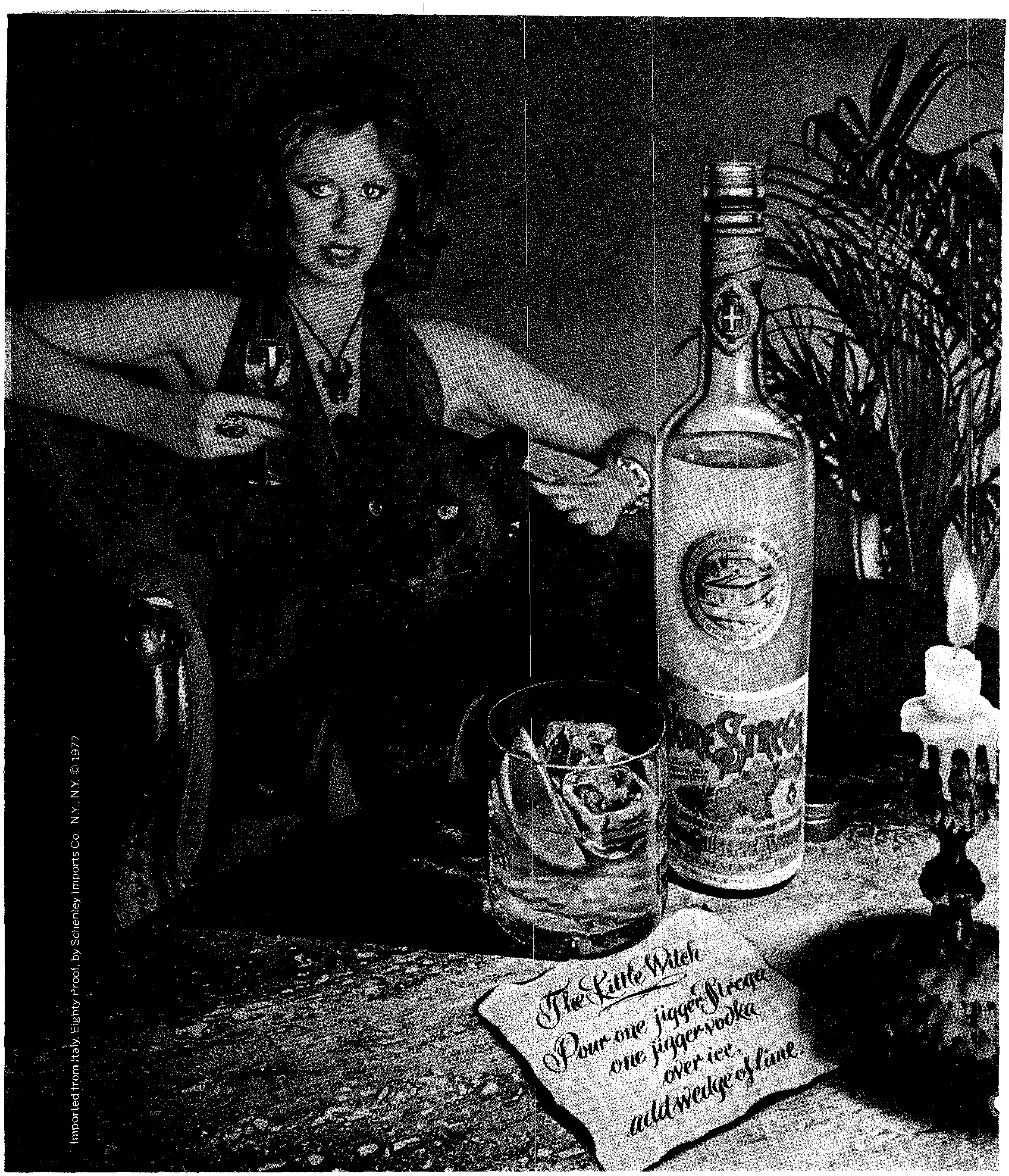
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'The Godfather,' we were getting unfavorable feedback from people who were not used to seeing an idea mounted in the way we were doing it. They'd look at the film and say 'It's too light' or 'It's too dark—they'll never see it in the drive-ins.' Most of the bumpiness in this business comes from the inability of the system to accept anything new. Studio executives want what they feel safe with. Success is apparent only when it's a success.

"Coppola is a very gifted guy. After the experience we had on 'The Godfather,' it took a lot of chutzpah for him to come back and ask me to make 'The Godfather, Part II,' but I'm very glad he did. The personality things that seemed relevant to me at one time no longer seemed relevant, and we made a very good picture, with a lot of class."

"THE GODFATHER, PART II," which was released in 1974, is a fastidiously designed three-and-a-half-hour Mafia saga that exploits light and dark and color and composition as theme and symbol, but it is the visual beauty—frame after frame—that dominates the film, rather than the density of its implications.

"I shoot color as if it were black-and-white," Willis once remarked. "The problem with color is to control it. I hate blue. I wear it, but I mean on the screen. It's vulgar; it tends to take over. Certain yellows are overwhelming, too. I like earth tones—blacks and browns."

In "The Godfather, Part II," Willis is working from the rich, dark, subdued palette that he likes. With few exceptions, the primary colors are severely held down; when they appear, their appearance is calculated. Since it is a gangster movie, an inordinate number of people get killed—the film is a who's-next, not a whodunit—but the first time the blood of a victim trickles down his white shirtfront the impact on the audience is the result of more than just shock or revulsion at the gruesome sight: the audience is not conscious of having seen bright red before.

The film cuts back and forth between several generations and three basic settings, jumping from the brooding chiaroscuro of the young Godfather's house in Nevada to the harsh landscape of Sicily and on to the streets of New York's Little Italy in the days of the First World War. There are side trips to Miami and Cuba, too. Willis has imposed a distinctive look on each.

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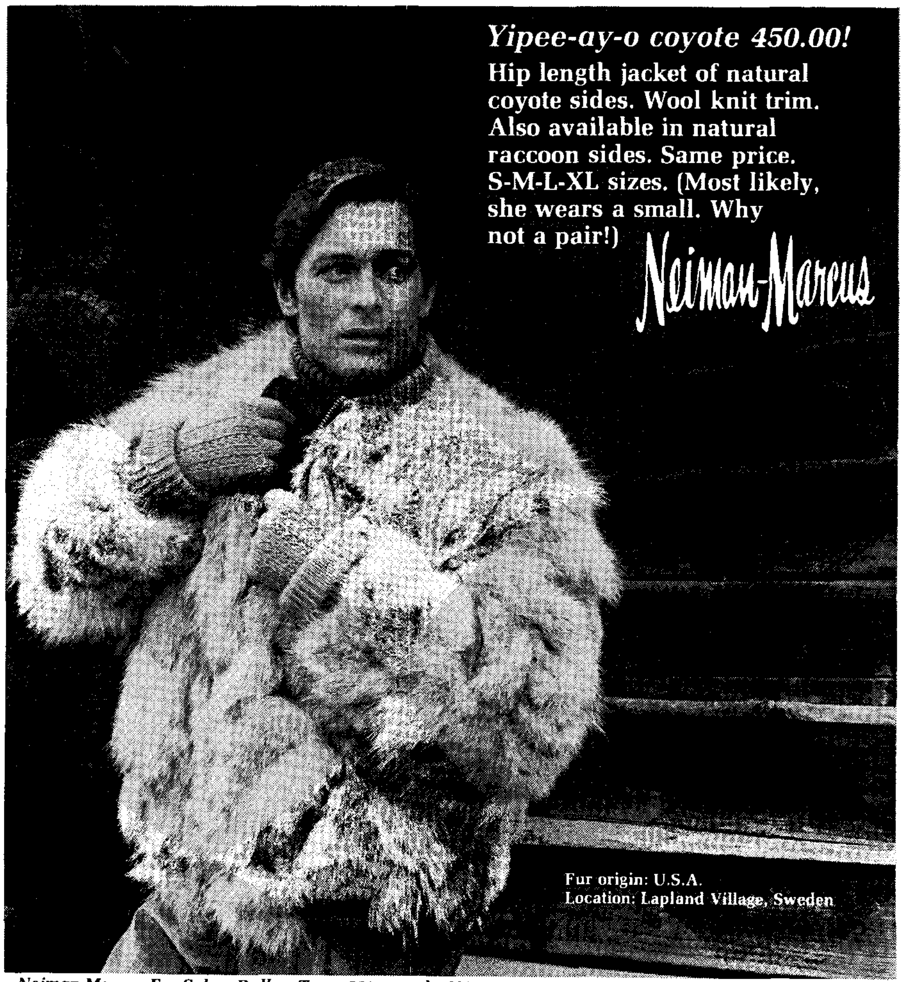
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ther's house, there is a stifled, airless, mausoleum quality; the idea of death dominates. Giant closeups crowd the screen, the faces emerging from blackness rather than from nature, and emphasizing isolation, inhumanity. The faces are lit primarily from above, with a yellow light; half-hidden in shadow, they glow with an unnatural red-orange hue, as if seared by a steady hellish flame. The camera hardly moves.

The scenes in the streets of Little Italy are, by contrast, open and full of vitality; the camera tracks joyfully through crowds of moving people and vehicles—a sightseer. The sky is held down to a very pale, foggy blue, and, against a carefully orchestrated progression of muted natural colors—brick walls, brown wool, burlap, canvas, black iron, wood—suddenly light-green lettuce on a pushcart jumps to life, white eggs gleam, lemons sparkle, golden loaves of bread glow. Interior scenes are hazy and radiant; sunlight comes through windows like a solid. There is, toward the end of the movie, a particularly stunning sequence on the rooftops of the tenements; it is without dialogue, and it combines a number of elements of extraordinary filmmaking. Robert De Niro, dressed in brown, is moving across the roofs. In the street below, there is a religious parade; De Niro is about to kill somebody down there—when he gets to the stairs of the right building. De Niro moves across the black tar roofs, past black pipes and brick chimneys, against walls of low rooftop structures—a brown figure in motion against constantly changing shapes, varying textures, and subtle, harmonious colors. Behind this is a broken panorama of softly rendered tenements.

The movie is full of splendid sights:

A rocky, barren Sicilian landscape occupying the entire screen, with the camera holding. Then, from the bottom left-hand corner of the frame, a tiny group of figures—a pathetic funeral procession—moving slowly into view.

A snow scene: a black car moving through a gate of vertical black bars and down a gray road past black tree trunks; everything else white.

Under a melancholy sky, windblown autumn leaves skittering across a lawn toward a dark house.

Ellis Island: massed brown figures in a huge, lofty room; light from the tall windows a pale green.

An outdoor lunch in Sicily: glasses of red wine on a white tablecloth.

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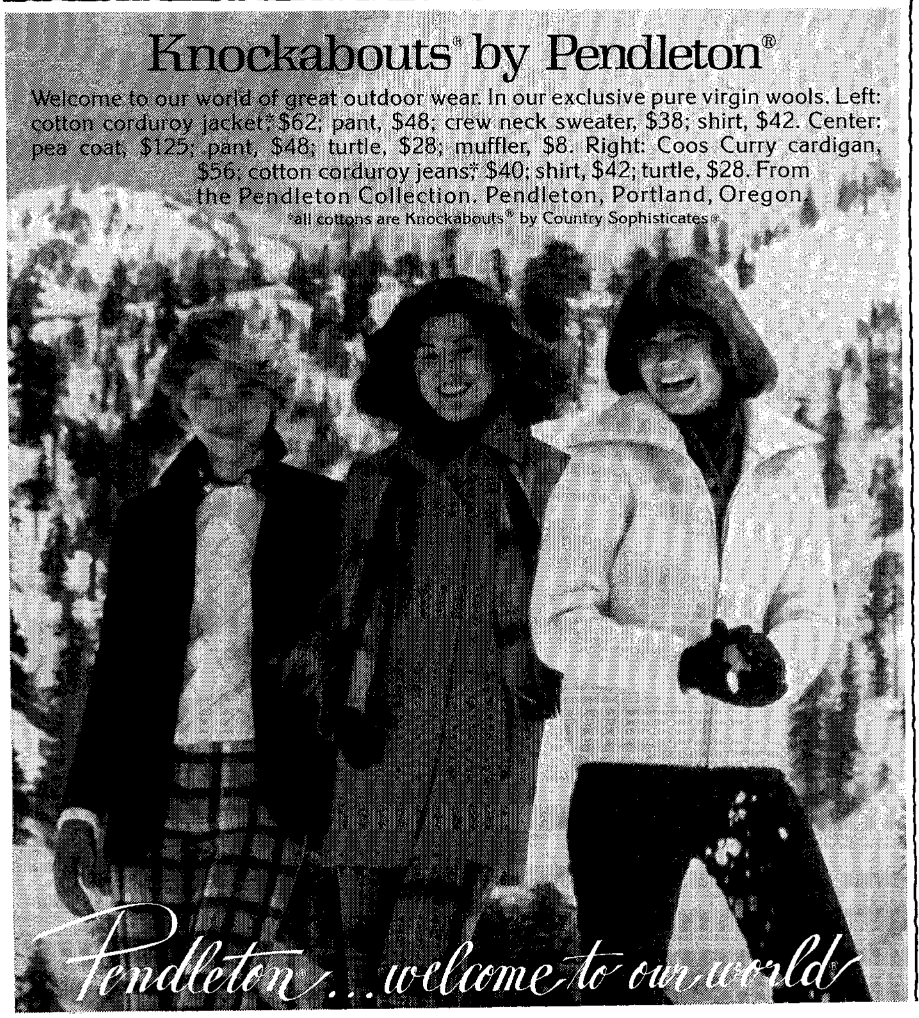
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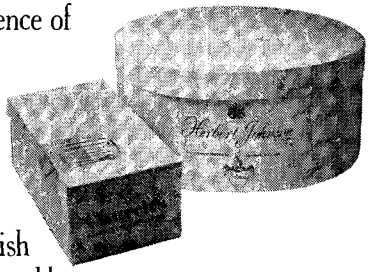

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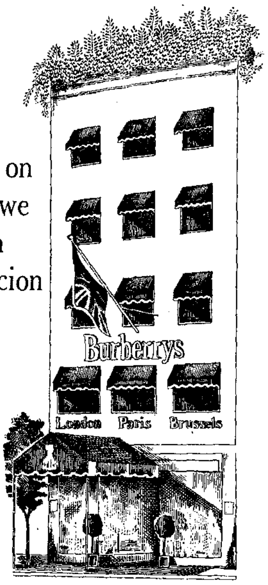

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ning figures; abrupt, blinding floodlights; dots of flashlights bobbing across a black screen.

A formal dance in Havana: a flowing arrangement of white dresses, black tuxedos, white jackets; then, between the dancers—appearing and disappearing—the gleaming red-brown surface of the dance floor.

A statue of Christ carried in a parade through Little Italy: the figure seen in fragments as the camera moves along the sidewalk, looking upward, its view intersected and interrupted by the black overhanging awnings of the vegetable stands.

A man murdered in the doorway of a penthouse at night, with white curtains blowing crazily around him, concealing the murderer.

A theatrical performance in Little Italy: the actors lit by wonderfully amateurish footlights.

Miami: sunlit pastel colors on a residential street; then the Godfather's car—a two-tone red-and-black—driving up.

An ambush in a city street, filmed from above: small black figures running, fanning outward in a swift ballet.

A man in a white suit and a black overcoat moving through a dark crowd, carrying an orange.

An outdoor party in Nevada, late afternoon: the ordinary guests in sunlight, the mobsters almost always in shadow.

A killing in Sicily: the camera pulling back, the frame becoming, in effect, a proscenium arch, lending the scene the formal staging of an opera.

Sicily: a greenish-black train at a gray platform puffing off-white smoke against distant pale-blue mountains.

Another train: the Godfather riding at night; an exterior shot of the train almost entirely black, except for a small lit portion of the screen where the Godfather is seated by the window, the curtains and the night looping around him like the drapings of a catafalque.

One of the few significant uses of blue in the film: a scene in which the Godfather condemns his brother to death, with the two figures indoors, silhouettes framed by windows overlooking a lake—rectangles of cold blue, with snow falling.

The Godfather at the end of the film: sitting alone outdoors in winter, and cast in a green light, as if he were already dead.

WHEN people tell Willis they have just seen "The Godfather, Part II," Willis does not ask them,

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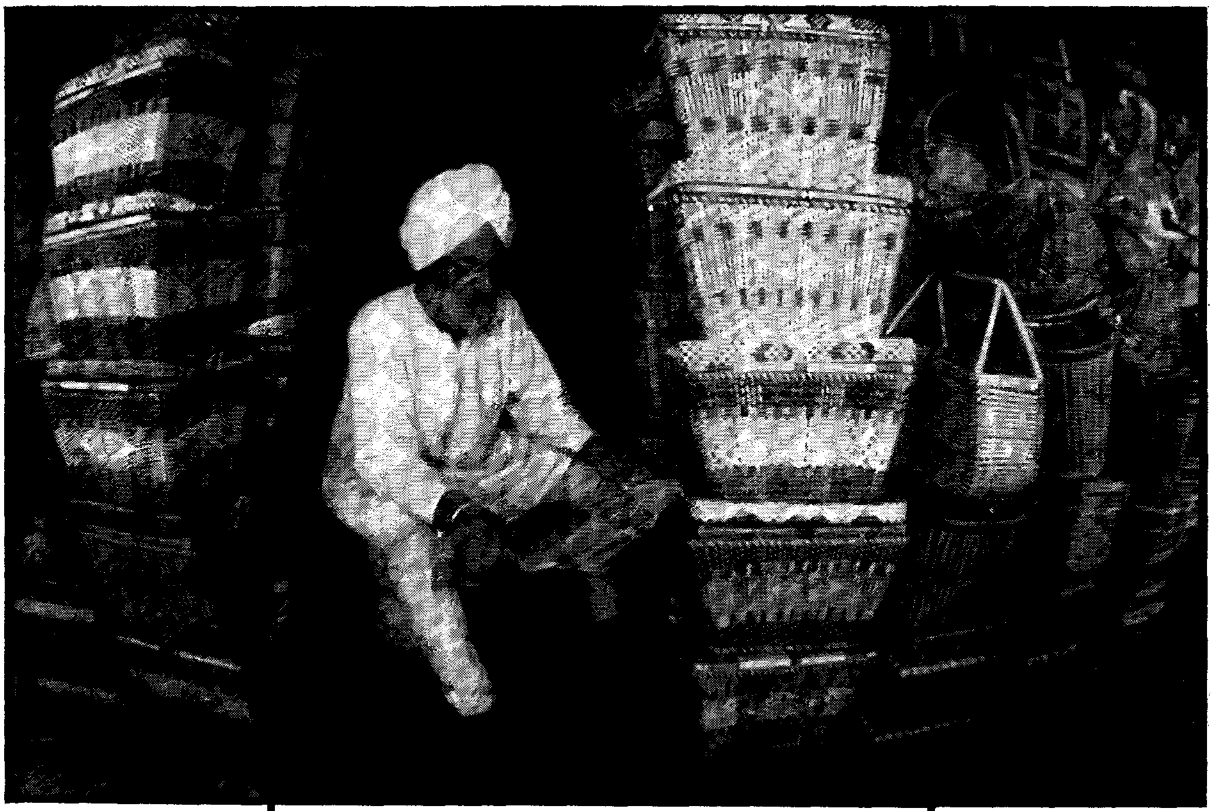

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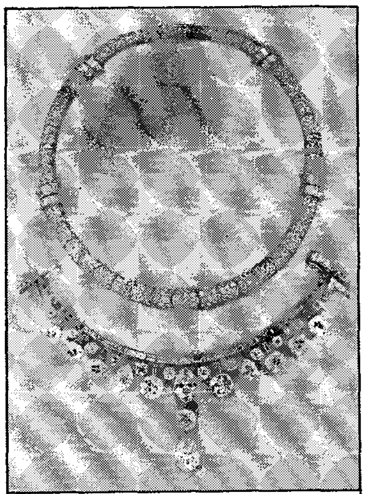
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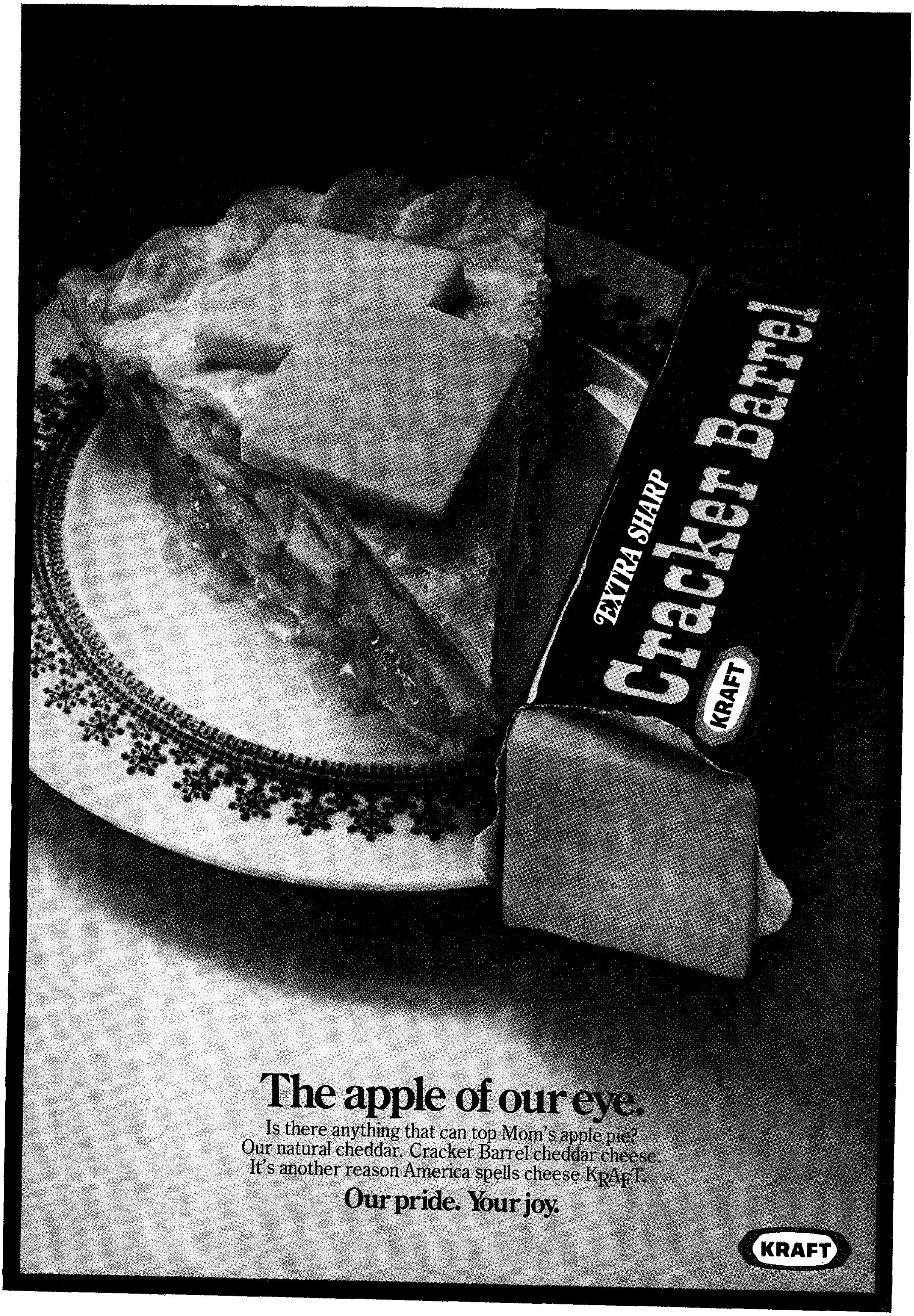
"How did you like it?" He says, "Was it a good print?"

WILLIS: "I've been accused of directing movies for directors. The truth is, I make movies *with* directors. Some of them have very special minds and may not be accomplished at the physical execution, but ultimately it's their idea that I'm executing. I find that most directors I work for are interested in making a better movie, and not particularly interested in presenting some ego projection. I admire a lot of them, and I know which directors I don't want to work with. This winter, I'm going to be directing a movie of my own.

"I don't make studies of movies. I don't even have particular favorites I see again and again. There's a lot of film mythology—one hundred people are making films today, and fifty thousand people are writing books about films—and a lot of it isn't true. I have very little patience with a director who remembers something from some other film and wants to do something using it as a reference point. I feel you're not on your own set of wheels.

"There are some of the finest technicians in the world in Hollywood, but the application of their mechanics is horrifying at times. They apply themselves badly in that town. Things that are wonderful, different, and exciting rarely come out of Hollywood. People there see things in a two-dimensional way; they reduce each other to doing the same old stuff. Mystery scares the hell out of them. Something happens to people's minds out there. They've forgotten that the rest of America is breathing or walking. Their bead on life comes from driving between the tennis court and the outskirts of Beverly Hills. It's not the way to live. When I go to Hollywood—I live in New York State—I run into people I know, and I say, 'How are you?' They answer, 'I'm shooting this or that film,' and they go on, and finally they say, 'When are you going to move out?' I never do get an answer to the 'How are you?'

"When the actors, agents, and lawyers began to take over the business, you began to see the destruction of motion pictures. Most of them are motivated by money. They're peddlers of crap. Men like Goldwyn and Selznick and Harry Cohn liked profits, too, but, whatever else you may say about them, they had great instincts for making entertainment, and they loved movies. I feel that in order to get movies back on the right track creative producers and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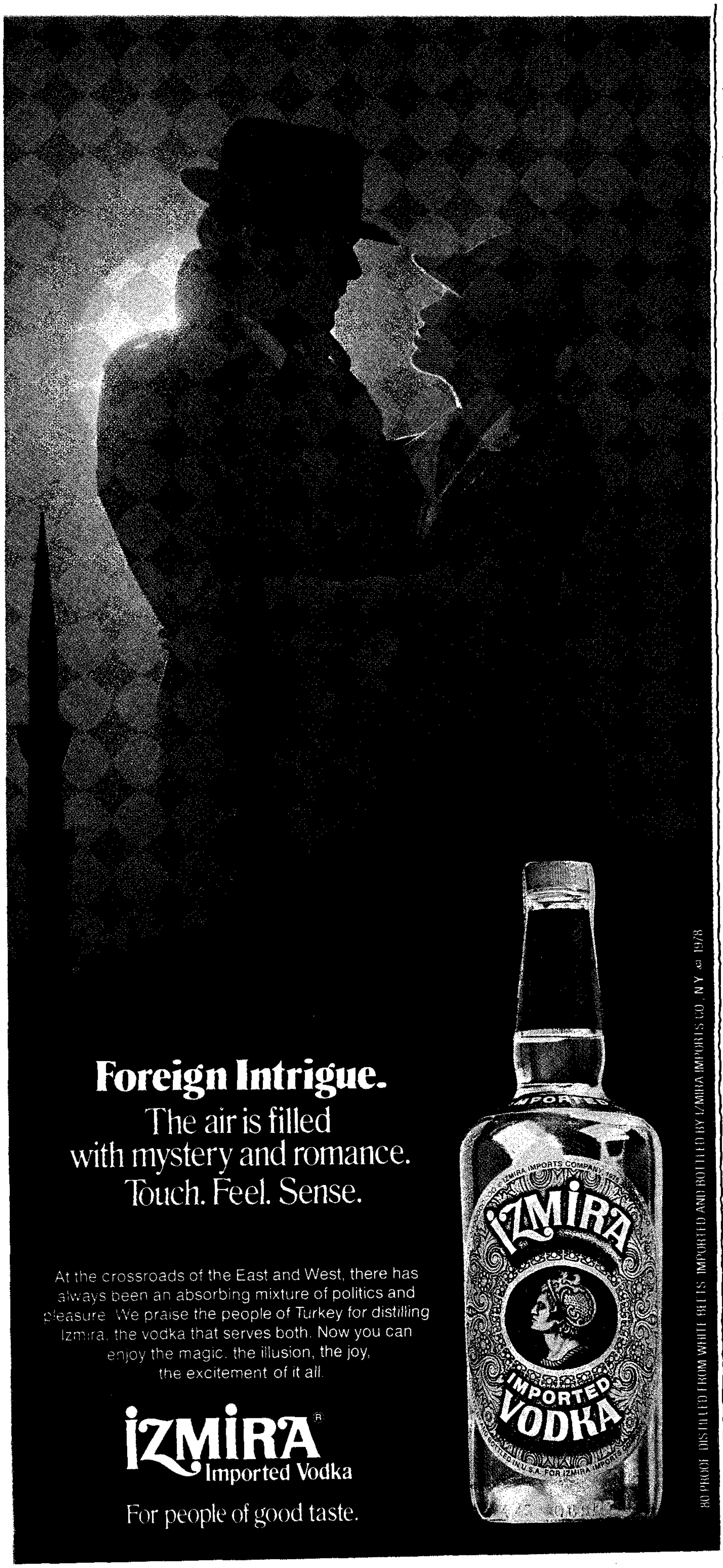
directors will have to regain control. Right now, what makes me unhappy is there's more and more hamburger and less and less steak."

A FILM lab on the third floor of a building in the West Forties is a smelly, bustling place where there are many small rooms, each with a pane of glass in the door through which a dark figure can be discerned peering at tiny pictures. The corridor winds this way and that, past rows of silvery film cans in six-foot stacks against the walls; rooms glitter with shelves of them, and carts piled high with them are pushed along, just missing other carts, similarly loaded, coming the opposite way. To stand in the corridor is like being in a fast-moving river with great schools of odd silver fish. Near the end of the corridor, in a dark and quiet fifty-seat projection room, Willis, the director, the assistant director, the producer, Hovey, Schuler, and several members of the production staff are watching the dailies—the bits of film that were shot the day before. It is early evening, and once again everybody is bone-tired. The crew has been shooting every day, often from early morning to late at night, and on weekends there have been locations to look at and other matters to deal with, and there are still nine weeks of production to go. "If we ever get the chance," Willis said earlier, "my wife and I drive up to a place we've got in the Adirondacks. I chop a lot of wood. We go on nature walks; watch the heavens. Just take it all in. If I ever take a picture, I go to Instamatics and Polaroids—just to record what's going on, and just for fun."

Willis sits in one of three big chairs behind a desk at the back of the dim room—Hovey and Schuler sit on either side—and the stream of light from the projector comes trembling out of a small window just above his head, catching idling trails of smoke from his cigarette. "I know what I'm going to see in the dailies," Willis says. "There are no surprises. It's what the lab has done to the film that I'm looking for. The labs today are the big problem. You can't count on them. Since television, they've become interested in yardage, not quality. There used to be good people working in labs, but they've mostly left—in disgust. If you give a lab something good, they take it out; if you give them something bad, they leave it in. Tomorrow, we've got to go back and reshoot that big crowd scene with all the extras. Lab prob-



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lems. They always know which one to louse up." Willis laughs.

In the old days of Hollywood productions, each sequence of a film was shot in a number of ways, from several points of view, leaving the selection of the most effective shot up to the film editor and the director, at the end of production. Willis does not work like this. Whenever possible, he shoots a sequence exactly the way he wants it, offering no alternatives. To watch the dailies of a Willis film is to see the same sequence over and over again; the changes are mostly variations of pacing, dialogue, and performance. On the screen, a couple of arms reach out with the slate, the number of the take chalked in on it, and then—whack!—the slapstick is slapped, the arms and the slate disappear, and the sequence proceeds. Actors flub lines, change their timing and inflection, but it all happens within the same frame, seen by the same eye in the same way. Willis is in control.

On the screen now, it is dawn in Sutton Square. A couple are sitting on a bench by the railing. Behind them is the Queensboro Bridge. "I used a grad on the sky—a filter to darken it a little and keep the bridge strong," says Willis, watching. The couple on the screen talk, and then they rise and walk away from the bench toward the camera. The slate and arms appear; the slapstick is slapped. Another take, and then another. Each is slightly different, but one element remains the same: the soft, subtle beauty of the scene, perfectly composed and rendered; the actors cutting across the landscape in precisely the right way; the delicate suffusion of dawn. No tricks, but a lot of magic. —JAMES STEVENSON

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ERRATA

The Table of Contents, January 1978 issue, should include in the Book Review section: Peter Unger, *Ignorance: A Case for Skepticism;* by John Koethe (p. 154 ff.).

p. 81, second line from bottom: " " should be " ".—*Philosophical Review.*

May as well look at it philosophically.

•

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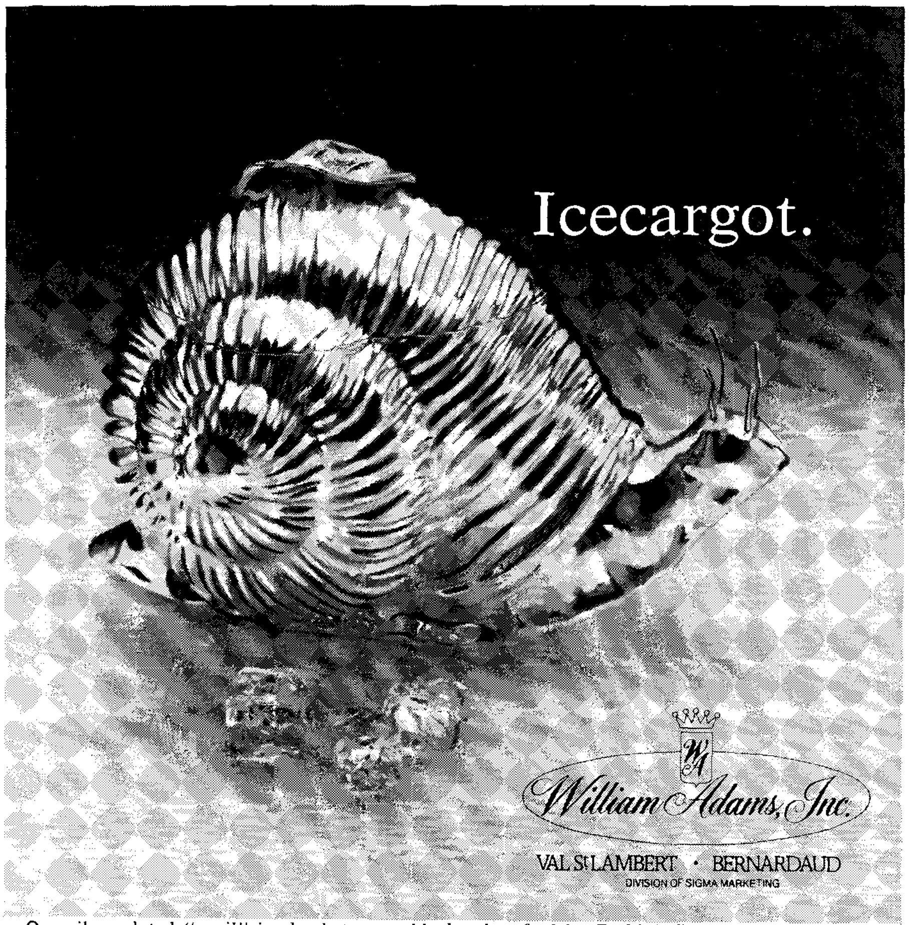

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THE THEATRE

JUSTICE AND JUSTESS

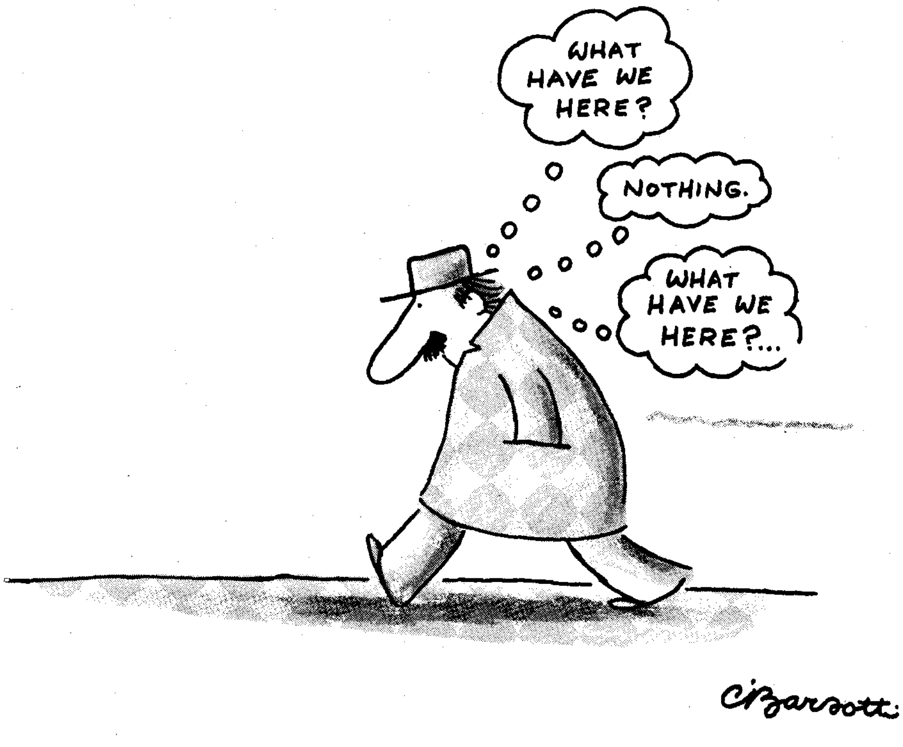
THE most notable attribute of "First Monday in October" (at the Majestic) is its sheer pleasingness. From first line to last, the audience is being continuously wooed by the working out of a sturdy, old-fashioned, peppered-with-minor-surprises plot, by dialogue that takes care to provide funny one-line wisecracks at frequent intervals, and by the charm of the three leading players—Henry Fonda, Jane Alexander, and Larry Gates. They give performances that are, in two words, irresistibly seductive, and if Mr. Fonda and Miss Alexander, depicted in the play as relentless natural enemies, hadn't been allowed by the authors, Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, to reach an accommodation of mind and heart by the final curtain, I think the audience on opening night would have burst into tears. As it turned out, we had nothing to fear; the Messrs. Lawrence and Lee are old hands at tidying up emotions as well as plots, and when, at the very last moment, Mr. Fonda held out his hand to Miss Alexander—a gesture he had refused to make at the beginning of the play—the audience leapt to its feet and cheered. Nor is this a response to be despised; as the best of teachers let his pupils know long ago in the shady purlieus of the Lyceum, the completing of an action is one of the most fruitful functions of drama, all the more welcome to us for the reason that it is so rare in real life. How we hunger for patterns where no patterns can be seen to exist!

The setting of the play is the United States Supreme Court building, in Washington, and the time is said to be "the imaginary now." (The title of the play refers to the fact that the term of the Court begins by law on the first Monday in October.) Mr. Fonda is Associate Justice Daniel Snow—an elderly, crabbed, candid liberal, whose years on the bench far exceed those of any other Justice. Miss Alexander is Ruth Loomis, a newly appointed Justice—the first woman to attain this high post, and one who, to Snow's dismay, is as conservative as he is liberal. They clash at once, first in regard to an obscenity case and then in regard to a case in which a multinational corporation may or may not have been engaged in high-level hanky-panky. Larry Gates, as Chief Justice James Jefferson Crawford, does his bewildered best to keep Snow and Loomis from upsetting the prized decorum of his court. He is not much helped by Snow's sneering habit of addressing Loomis as "Madam Justess" and by Loomis's determination, as an opponent of the First Amendment rights of pornographers, to join her colleagues in the screening of a hard-core pornographic movie called "The Naked Nymphomaniac" and, when her colleagues leave the screening in disgust, to remain to the very end in duty's name.

At seventy-three, Henry Fonda is at the peak—or at *a* peak—of his career; I wouldn't be surprised to find him playing Snow at eighty-three or even, in emulation of Oliver Wendell Holmes, at ninety-three. Miss Alexander has the most demanding role in the play, that of a sternly self-disciplined and at first unsympathetic woman, and she brings it off with easy mastery. Little by little, she draws us to her and lets us take the measure of her unexpressed warmth, but just at the point where we are faced with the prospect of finding her winsome she breaks off and keeps us coolly, exquisitely at bay. Tom Stechschulte plays the part of Snow's law clerk, deferential to Snow but not above arranging to play early-morning tennis with Loomis, who regularly trounces him.

The characteristically elegant scenery by Oliver Smith includes the robing room outside the courtroom, a couple of Justices' chambers, and a screening room, which I hadn't supposed the immense marble pile of the Supreme Court building would deign to contain—perhaps it's a part of the authors' "imaginary now." The lighting is by Roger Morgan, the costumes are by Ann Roth, and the direction is by Edwin Sherin. My only objection to this admirable production is that every voice we hear is miked. No doubt for reasons of economics, the play has been booked into a house far too big for it; even so, I would rather have heard the authentic voices of Mr. Fonda, Miss Alexander, et al., with difficulty than to have heard their canned, distorted voices with difficulty. Damn the miserable technology of phony sound! It is a plague that deserves extinction and that gains ground daily.

—BRENDAN GILL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* * *

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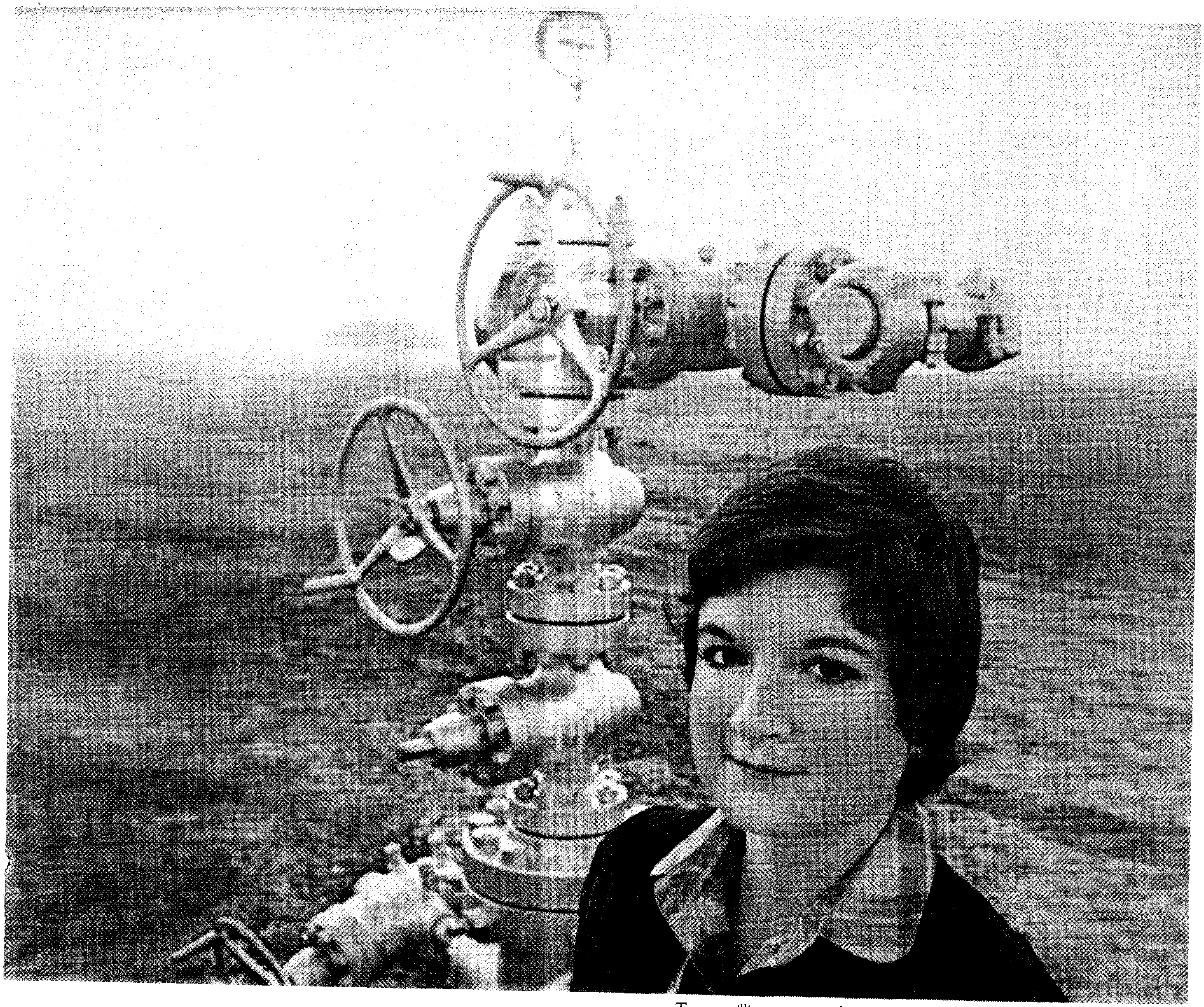
U.S. JOURNAL: ON THE ROAD

WAY OF LIFE

"GOOD morning, caravanners!" Charlie Bye said into the microphone. "Open your doors. Open your windows. Let the cool Lunenburg air come in. It's eight-thirty, Tuesday, and you're in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia." A public-address system carried Bye's voice clearly through the Lunenburg exhibition grounds—grounds best known as the site of the annual Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition and Fishermen's Reunion. Covering most of the open space on the grounds, lined up in absolutely straight, uniform rows, were the two hundred and forty-five trailers that made up "Airstream Wally Byam Caravan #120"—huge, gleaming, rounded silver bombs made of aluminum panels riveted together. Hitched to the front of each Airstream trailer was a large American sedan or a pickup truck or, most often, a Chevrolet Suburban. Connecting links of white water hose tied the trailers into a gigantic chain. Long before Charlie Bye stepped to the microphone in front of his own Airstream, a lot of doors and windows were already open. The morning walking group had, as usual, left at six-fifteen. Participants in the rise & shine exercise group had been back in their trailers for half an hour. Carlton Commander, the caravanner in charge of communications, had already raised the towering antenna on top of his trailer and talked by shortwave to Airstream ham operators in Michigan and Texas. A number of caravanners—all of them people in their sixties and seventies—were already milling around the bulletin board and signup table near Bye's trailer. On the table were signup sheets for boat and bus tours of Halifax, the next stop, as well as brochures on the sights of Lunenburg—the shipyards that can still turn out a great wooden sailing vessel if someone like the producer of "Mutiny on the Bounty" happens to want one, the ship chandlers and the marine blacksmith, the huge repair docks, the fish plant, the fisheries museum, the multicolored Victorian houses, the splendid wedding cake of a school on top of the town's highest hill, overlooking the harbor. The bulletin board held notices concerning the pets committee and the skits committee and the bridge committee and the Oklahoma Breakfast and the choir and some hobby items for sale and a rally for Airstreamers that would take place in Herkimer County, New York. There were also some thoughts for the day posted by the recreation adviser: "Don't Expect Your Ship to Come In If You've Sent None to Sea" and "There Is Nothing Wrong with Taking Time Out to REST. EVEN a Race Horse is NOT Always Running." Some activities for the day were chalked on a blackboard that was headed "Wally Byam Caravan #120—'Charlie's Angels.'" At the microphone, Charlie Bye, the leader of Caravan #120, went on, "We will have a propane call tomorrow morning at nine in the center. We will have a maintenance meeting tomorrow at eight-forty-five." Propane and communications and pets and skits and even the public-address system were handled by volunteers from the caravan. Bye and the recreation adviser and an advance man and a serviceman had been hired by the Airstream company. They work for the Way of Life Division.

After spending some time with the people on Wally Byam Caravan #120—they camped in Lunenburg for four days during a forty-eight-day tour of eastern Canada—I decided that the Way of Life Division is not badly named. Some followers of the late Wally Byam—the founder of the Airstream company, who is said to have invented, at about the same time, aluminum trailers and the notion that they should travel in packs—are almost as devoted as some followers of Karl Marx or Adelle Davis or Baba Muktananda. They are aware of the Wally Byam Creed ("To lead caravans wherever the four winds blow . . . over twinkling boulevards, across trackless deserts . . ."). They belong to a unit of the Wally Byam Caravan Club International. They carry a directory of twenty-six thousand Airstreamers—listed by name and by CB call letters and by the large red identifying number that adorns the front and rear of a trailer belonging to anyone who has joined a Wally Byam Club or travelled with a Wally Byam Caravan. While on a caravan, they sometimes wear the sort of blue beret that was affected by Wally himself. Every month, they read *Blue Beret*—a magazine published by the Airstream com-

"I finally realized what I hated about Edmond. He's seamless."



Twenty million years ago, the site of Marsha's discovery was a seashore. Now it's 40 miles from the sea, and half a mile down.

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Spotted a trend

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Marsha persuaded Gulf management to drill a series of exploratory wells.

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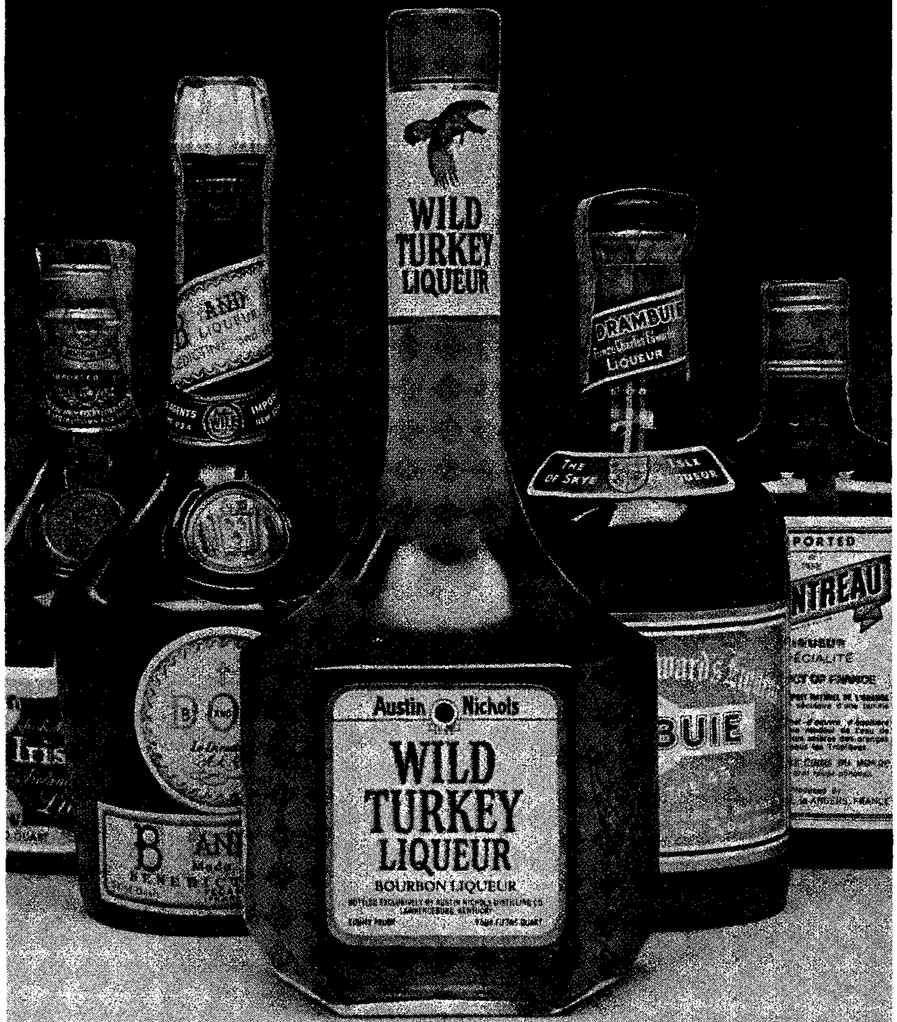

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pany as part of its subsidy of the clubs—for news of other Airstreamers and announcements of events like the Oregon Unit's Pendleton Round-Up National Rally or the San Bernardino Unit's annual National Orange Show Rally. Some of them spend months "rally-hopping" across the country. A number of the people I met on Caravan #120 had, not long before they showed up at the rendezvous point in Quebec, finished a thirty-five-day company-sponsored caravan through Mexico. A number of others expected to go from the closing banquet of #120 in Bangor, Maine, to join the Fall Foliage Caravan sponsored by the New England Unit of the Wally Byam Caravan Club. Perhaps as many as a third of the people who were on Caravan #120 never leave the Airstream Way of Life. They live in their trailers all year round. Their mailing address may be in care of a daughter in the San Fernando Valley; their license plates may say Oregon only because Oregon has cheap vehicle registration and no sales tax. They do not simply wander constantly around the country—they may rent space in the same trailer park for a few months every winter in some place like Harlingen, Texas, or Homestead, Florida, or Mesa, Arizona—but their Airstream is their home. They are known as full-timers.

Anyone with any sort of trailer can be a full-timer, of course, but the ticket of admission to the Wally Byam Way of Life—to the Grand Ole Opry Rally and the club elections and the company-sponsored caravans to Central America and the blue beret—is an Airstream trailer. Although a lot of people who buy Airstreams simply drive off on their own, without beret or companion trailers, most of the people I met on Caravan #120 said they chose an Airstream mainly for the programs that surround it. Some of them, in fact, seemed to take pleasure in saying that there would be no other reason to choose one. Although a lot of caravanners praise the Airstream for its towability, a lot of them grumble that it is, in comparison to some other trailers, not particularly comfortable or especially well made. One man, who talked of having had to re-rivet the doors on his new Airstream, referred to it as "a twenty-thousand-dollar do-it-yourself kit." Some of the criticism of the trailers and the grumbling about how the caravans are managed and the gossip about sagging Airstream sales may be prompted by the widespread American belief that being manipulated is all right as long as you are perfectly well aware of what is going on and can demonstrate it now and then by making some nasty cracks about the manipulator. "It's all just a great marketing device," a retired salesman told me of the Airstream Way of Life as we walked through the port of Lunenburg. "Everybody but a few of the silly women understands that."

Some caravanners speak of caravans as simply a convenient and relatively inexpensive way to travel. On a company-sponsored caravan, caravanners pay a prorated share of the common expense—although on #120, for the first time in caravan history, they were also asked to pay twenty-five dollars per trailer toward the cost of the staff. A couple travelling on #120—which consisted almost entirely of couples, except for a dozen or so single Airstreamers, known as freewheelers—paid two hundred and ten dollars to a kitty that covered parking and a certain number of "kitty treats" like steak fries and bus tours and the final banquet. Travelling without the caravan would cost that much in trailer-park rentals alone. Although camping with a caravan of trailers in a field or a shopping-center parking lot lacks some of the convenience available at modern trailer courts—hookups for sewage disposal and electricity, for instance—it carries the essential convenience of not having to search for the trailer court in the first place. And would the mayor of Lunenburg come out to a trailer park to greet a single couple that had pulled in that afternoon from Yarmouth? Would a Lunenburg policeman deliver, on the appointed afternoon, a well-scrubbed young member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in full-dress uniform for what the White House press people used to call a "photo opportunity"? In Mexico, an Airstream caravan is ordinarily accompanied by three representatives of the Ministry of Tourism and a man from the insurance carrier.

I doubt whether many people who travel regularly by caravan choose to do so as a result of carefully weighing the convenience of having a serviceman along against the inconvenience of having to line up after breaking camp in order to empty their sewage-holding tanks down a manhole. They like the Way of Life. They like the bingo games and the bridge and the fashion shows and the drivers' meetings and the pet shows. They like being on the parking committee or the de-parking committee or the campsite-mapping committee or the birthdays & anniver-

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saries committee or the farewell-card-addressing committee or the checkers & dominoes committee. They like the established customs of the Wally Byam Caravans—the skits night, the jokes making fun of the leader or the members of the manhole committee, the routine of starting just about any gathering by drawing names and trailer numbers out of a pot as a way of giving away souvenir pens or yarn donated by a craft shop or even bottles of ketchup left over from the kitty-treat cookout. They like meeting people and then running into them again on another caravan or at another rally. They tend to follow the advice printed in large block letters below the list of committees in the handbook of Caravan #120—"HAVE FUN . . . GET INVOLVED." They tend to believe that for people of their age and circumstances activity of any sort is preferable to inactivity. "They call it a Way of Life," I was told by one caravanner in Lunenburg. "But I call it a way of staying alive."

ALTHOUGH caravanners are remarkable for their friendliness—the old-fashioned American first-name, come-in-and-have-a-cup-of-coffee sort of friendliness—a lot of people become irritated at the sight of several dozen Airstream trailers on the same road. If the sighting is made from the rear by someone who is trying to make his way down a winding two-lane road on the coast of Nova Scotia, the irritation may turn to exasperation and strong language. Airstream caravanners never travel in convoy, but a car going from Yarmouth to Lunenburg on the same day that two hundred and forty-five caravanners are making that journey is not likely to travel much faster than one travels while hauling a four- or five-thousand-pound trailer. There are, of course, people who consider trailers more objectionable parked than moving—a blight on the landscape that ought to be avoided by forcing them to keep in motion, the way a basketball center is kept out of the keyhole by the three-second rule. Anyone who considers a permanent trailer park an abomination is likely to be struck with horror at the sight of two or three hundred Airstreams parked in what had been a quiet field the day before—parked, if space permits, in a wagon-wheel formation, as if attack by the redskins were imminent.

Even on foot, a large group of caravanners—some of them wearing the symbolic blue beret, almost all of them

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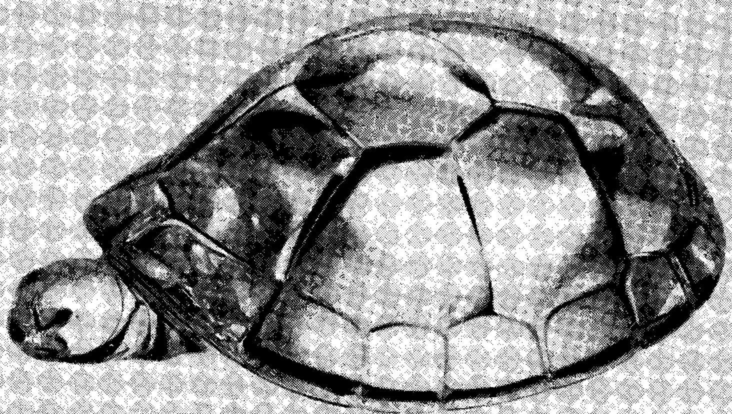

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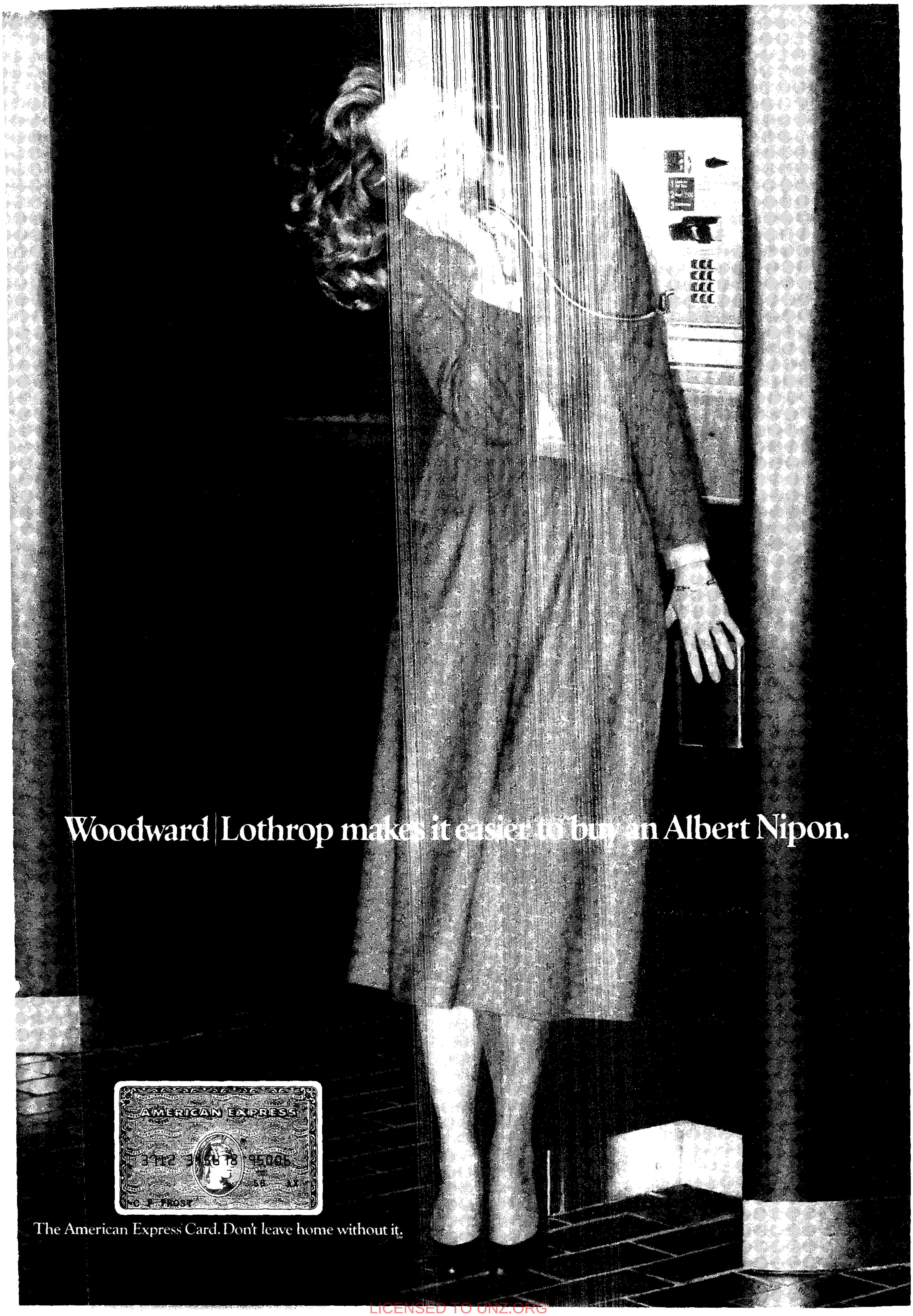
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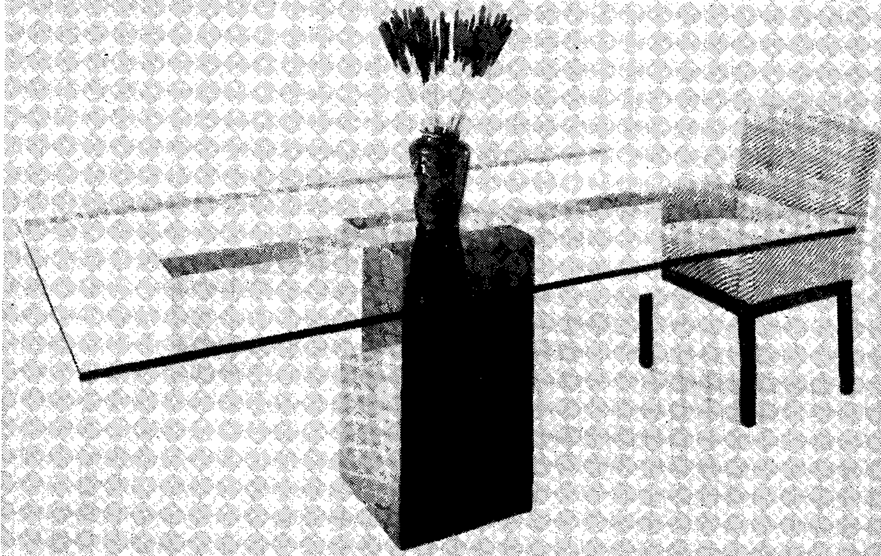

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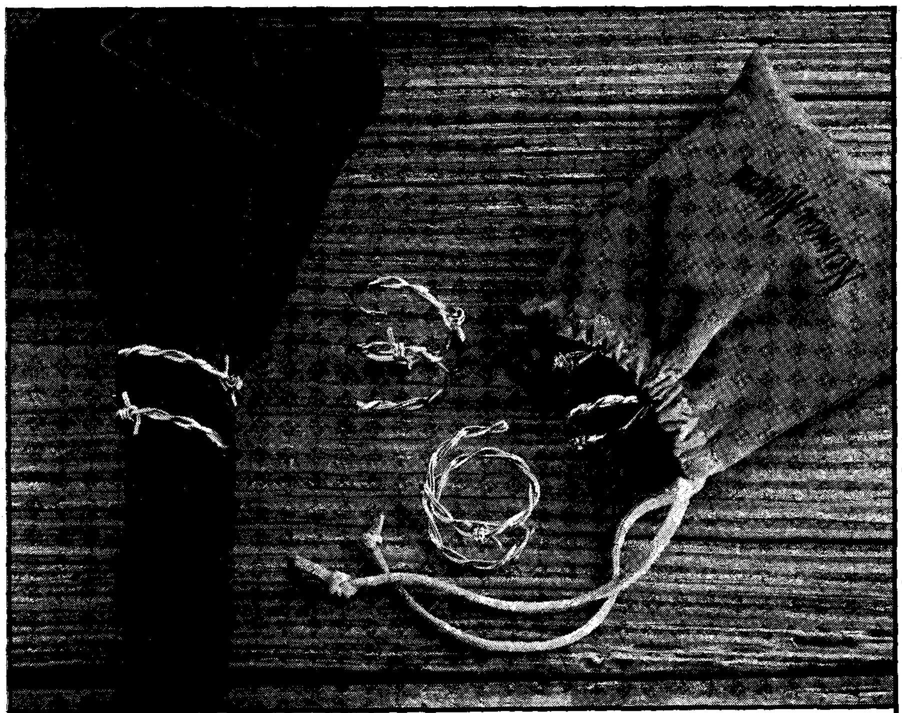

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wearing name badges hanging from chains or ribbons or macramé holders around their necks—may cause locals who are not in the grocery or gasoline business to roll their eyes toward the sky. I have seen the same sort of expression in the local café of some once exotic spot when a huge tour bus spills out a load of well-cared-for American grandparents who, it turns out, have all been to the Ngorongoro Crater and the outer islands of Tahiti at least once. Travelling in a group may mean being greeted as a group by the mayor of Lunenburg but it also means being dismissed as a group by a lot of other people. Walking in a large group of Airstreamers through the shipyards and marine-supply houses of Lunenburg, a man who once never let a winter pass without building a boat himself appears to be simply part of a horde of elderly American trinket-buyers. It is possible, of course, to consider Wally Byam caravanners some staggering multiple of those elderly Americans who show up in all sorts of places on round-the-world tours—the people whose conversation about foreign travel has to do mainly with the quality of the accommodations, the people who seem to like Australia best of all because it's the farthest-away clean country. Airstreamers, after all, "camp" in machines that have the most modern kitchens and bathrooms and even television sets. No matter which "trackless desert" they camp on, they can cook in the same microwave oven inside the same shiny aluminum cocoon.

For a lot of the Airstreamers I met in Lunenburg, though, travelling in a caravan is not principally a way to deal with the difficult business of travelling but a way to deal with the even more difficult business of being retired. After a couple of days in Lunenburg, I remembered why the notion of a corporation's offering its customers a Way of Life seemed familiar to me: the Del E. Webb corporation, dealing with pretty much the same audience in its attempt to develop retirement communities in Florida and Arizona, used to offer prospective home buyers "An Active New Way of Life." There is no lack of documentation on the perils of being retired in America—the economic problems and the psychological problems and the social problems and the health problems—and it is tempting to judge any Way of Life adopted by a retiree in the same way one might judge any strategy adopted by a peaceful peasant who happens to find himself living in a particularly nasty war zone: if it permits you to survive, it probably beats whatever alternative you were considering.

In a way, Airstreamers do haul a compact version of American middle-class comfort behind them, getting eight miles to a gallon as they go. In another way, though, some of them seem to have outgrown the dreams of American materialism. A full-timer on a caravan has limited his property to a car and a silver trailer—a silver trailer that looks exactly like the one parked on either side of it. In Lunenburg, it occurred to me that some of the friendlier caravanners may owe their openness partly to having found some relief from the anxieties that in America are often tied to property and possessions—the concern about who is going to tramp across the lawn or who is going to move in next door or who is going to scheme to inherit the most treasured family heirloom. As the caravan was about to leave Lunenburg, I brought up the subject of property with the chairman of the manhole committee—a man who, like the rest of his committee members, was wearing a rose and a clothespin on his hat as a badge of office while he supervised the emptying of sewage-holding tanks into manholes at the edge of the exhibition grounds. He turned out to be a former chicken farmer from California of philosophical bent, and it was obvious that he had thought about the matter before. Considering his Airstream trailer and a car large enough to pull it, he was probably travelling around with thirty thousand dollars' worth of property, but he thought of himself as having divested himself of most belongings. "I used to have a three-car garage that I couldn't get any cars into—it was so full of my toys," he said. "Some people can't get rid of those things. They can't give them away. They can't sell them. But giving up all the things we worked for all our lives—this, for us, is freedom."

—Calvin Trillin

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UH-HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From the San Francisco Examiner*]

"Lookout Officer!" students in the McAteer High School hallway yelled as the thrown bottle zoomed past patrolman Tony Arnold's head before shattering at his feet.

That warning, which possibly saved Arnold from serious injury, is typical of the overwhelmingly favorable reception uniformed police officers assigned to San Francisco high schools have received from students, according to S.F.P.D. Youth Services Division Sgt. Thomas Mazzucco.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Bertrand Blier

THE French writer-director Bertrand Blier has an authentic, lyrical impudence in "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs," which was shown at the New York Film Festival on September 29th and 30th. This is the third in his series of male erotic fantasies. Blier, who is a novelist and the son of the well-known plump character comedian Bernard Blier, started to direct movies in the sixties, and then in 1974 made "Going Places" (the original title is "Les Valseuses," French slang for testicles), and in 1976 "Calmos" (it turned up, without publicity, in New York last year under the title "Femmes Fatales" and disappeared almost immediately). Perhaps "Handkerchiefs," a more subdued, deeper variation on the themes of those two films, will make it easier for audiences to respond to what he's about and to look at his earlier work without becoming incensed. When "Going Places" was released here, in 1974, it was variously described as "sordid," "loathsome," and "disgusting," and just this past March it was taken off the Home Box Office schedule because of complaints from affiliate stations. What is the picture's crime? Probably that viewers find themselves laughing at things that shock them. At one point, the two young roughneck protagonists (Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) board a train and observe a beautiful, pure-looking young mother (Brigitte Fossey) nursing her baby in an otherwise empty car. They offer this madonna money to give them a sip and, apparently terrified of refusing, she accedes. When she gets off the train, her husband, a scrawny, pasty-faced soldier on furlough, is waiting, and as she walks to join him she has a silly, happy grin on her flushed face. Audiences have come to accept the dirty joking in Buñuel films; the years, the honors, the press have given it a pedigree. But Blier's joking is so unself-conscious that it makes Buñuel's seem preconceived, almost pedantically outrageous. Blier gives us the kind of joke that can't be done by implication or symbolically—that has to be absolutely literal. This kind of joke has found only verbal form before, yet Blier visualizes it—as if that were the most natural thing in the world to do. The two roughnecks act out their sex reveries—in which, no matter what a woman says, she's really begging for it, so they're doing her a favor if they force themselves on her. And people watching this may be so fussed about the disreputability of what excites them that they can't accept the humor of their own situation. "Going Places" is an explosively funny erotic farce—both a celebration and a satire of men's daydreams—and some people find its gusto revolting in much the same way that the bursting comic force of the sexual hyperbole in Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer" was thought revolting.

WET
PAINT
Bernard Schoenbaum

"Going Places" shakes you up and doesn't seem to leave you with anything to hang on to. It's easy to find it upsetting and degrading. But that's part of what makes it funny. The two men's crude energy is overwhelming, grungy, joyous. Life to them is like a big meal: they go at it like hungry workmen tearing at a carcass of beef, with greasy fingers. They aren't hippies rejecting middle-class materialism; they have none of the sanctimonious counterculture glamour of the pals in "Easy Rider." They're closer to the joyriding lowlifers in "The Wild One." These two pals talk in rough lower-class accents and don't fit into modern urban France, with its homogeneous middle-class culture. They're outsiders without jobs or money who want to live the life of the rich and satisfy their appetites. So they help themselves to things: they snatch purses, steal cars, pilfer shops, and make passes at almost every woman they get near. They're not professional criminals; they just rip people off. They harass shopkeepers and work them up into a rage, but, in terms of the film, this is the only excitement the smug, bored shopkeepers get, and it's way in excess of any damage that the boys actually do. The atmosphere is that of classic farce, as in Ben Jonson: these two are no worse than the respected members of the bourgeoisie, they're just less skillful in their methods. It takes a half hour or so before a viewer grasps that the two pals (one is twenty-five, the other twenty-three) are guileless raw innocents and that almost everything they do backfires on them.

The tone of "Going Places" is startling, both brutal and lyrical. The men are barnyard characters with the kind of natural magic that the kids have in Vigo's "Zero for Conduct" and that Jean Renoir's Boudu has; there's a poetic logic in what they do. They pick up a compliant scraggly-blond waif, a beautician (Miou-Miou), who is so used to being treated as something inanimate—as garbage—that she thinks she is garbage. The two guys beat her up and abuse her. Yet they also like her, and they take turns trying to bring her to orgasm—one of them even encouraging and coaching the other. But she remains sad and frigid, and they become furious with her. In between their heterosexual episodes, Depardieu jumps Dewaere (he yelps); he has also suffered the indignity of being shot in the groin, sustaining what the doctor calls "an abrasion of the left testicle." After the failure with Miou-Miou, the two go off to find an ex-

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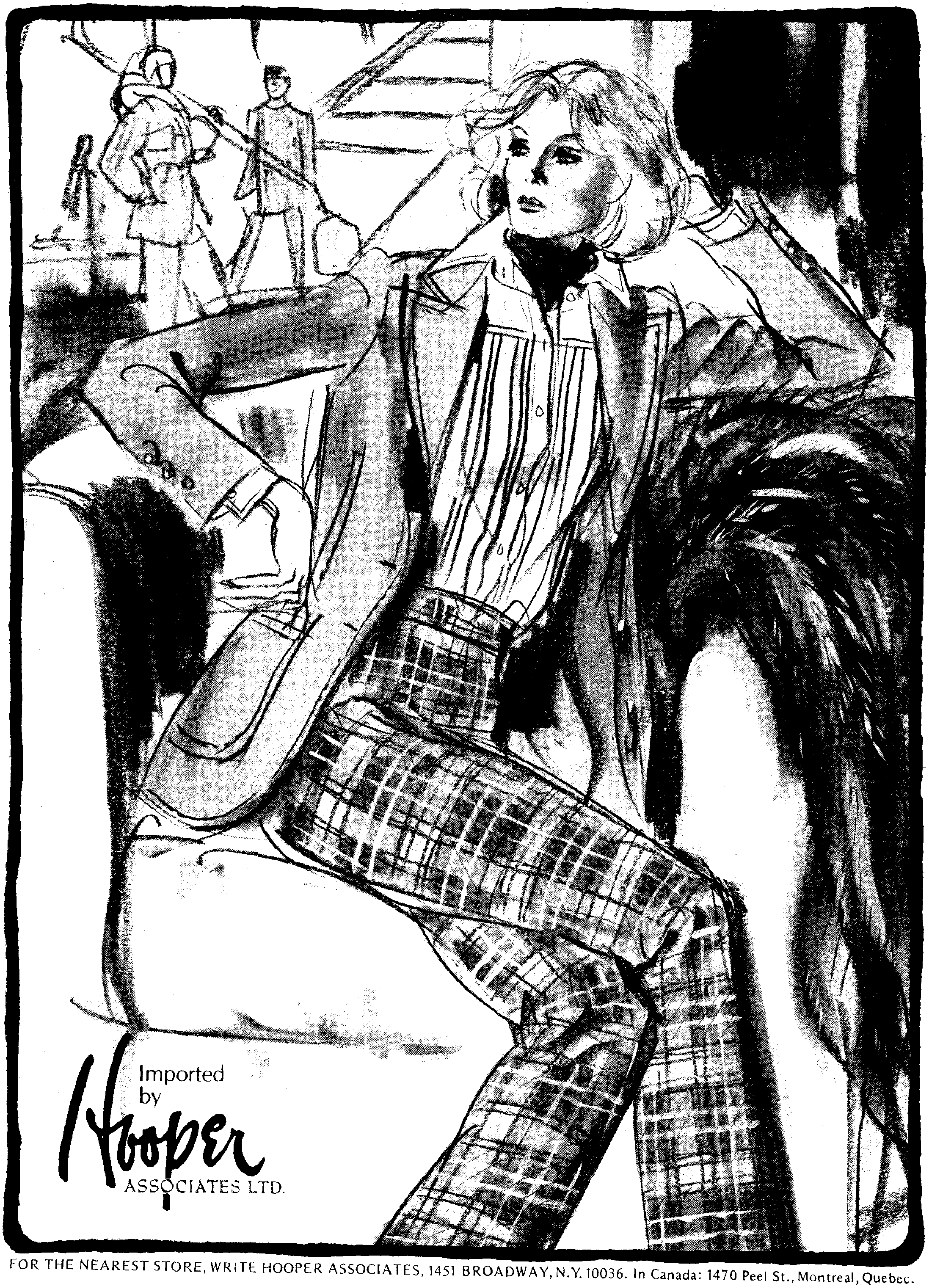

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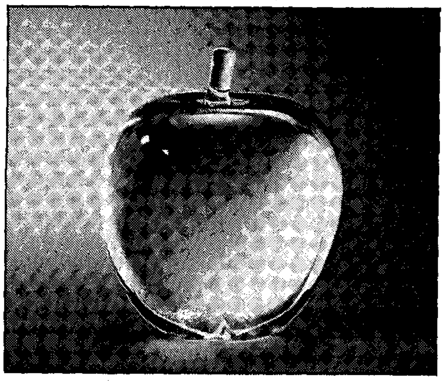
perienced older woman who will feel something; they wait outside a women's prison, confident that discharged prisoners will be sex-starved, and a middle-aged woman (Jeanne Moreau) who has spent ten years inside emerges. They treat her royally, with food and attention, and she gives them a great night of sexual maternal passion. But in the morning she kisses them both as they sleep and commits suicide by putting a gun to her vagina. Shocked by this first encounter with real madness and pain, they go back to their frigid little beautician; they weep and she comforts them, and then, out of a sense of responsibility to the dead woman, the three of them travel to another jail to await the release of her son. He turns out to be physically unappealing and not quite right in the head, but when the four of them are off in the country at a hideaway and the two pals are fishing they hear their frigid girlfriend, who is in bed with the crazy jailbird, making cries of sexual arousal, and in a minute she rushes out, radiant, to tell them the happy news of her first orgasm. (They pick her up and dunk her in the river.) Once aroused, she is always eager, and the two pals keep swapping places in the back seats of stolen cars.

The social comedy in Blier's work is essentially sexual comedy: sex screws us up, we get nicked in the groin or jumped from behind, idiots make out better than we do, and some people are so twisted that no matter what we try to do for them they wreck everything. And sex between men and women is insanely mixed up with men's infantile longings and women's maternal passions. Sexually, life is a Keystone comedy, and completely amoral—we have no control over who or what excites us.

"Going Places" was perhaps the first film from Europe since "Breathless" and "Weekend" and "Last Tango in Paris" to speak to us in a new, firsthand way about sex and sex fantasies; it did it in a terse, cool, assured style influenced by Godard, yet with a dreamy sort of displacement. (Godard achieved something similar in the postcards sequence of "Les Carabiniers"—also a two-pals movie.) When Blier's two pals are not in movement, they're disconsolate; they can't think of what to do with themselves from day to day. The landscapes without other people, the deserted places they go to, suggest a sex-obsessed dream world. These are cavemen who give women what in their exuberant male fantasies women want. The dialogue is slangy, the



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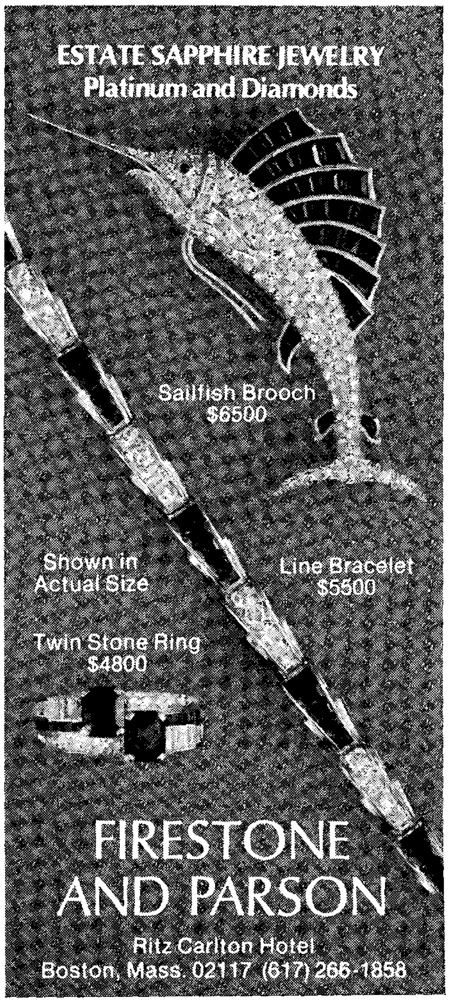

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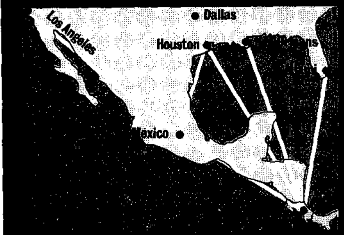

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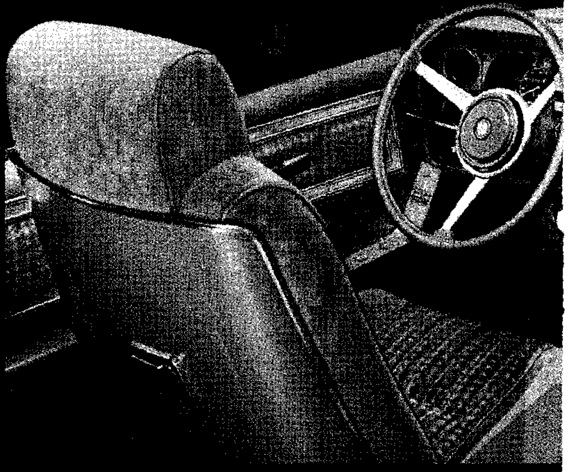

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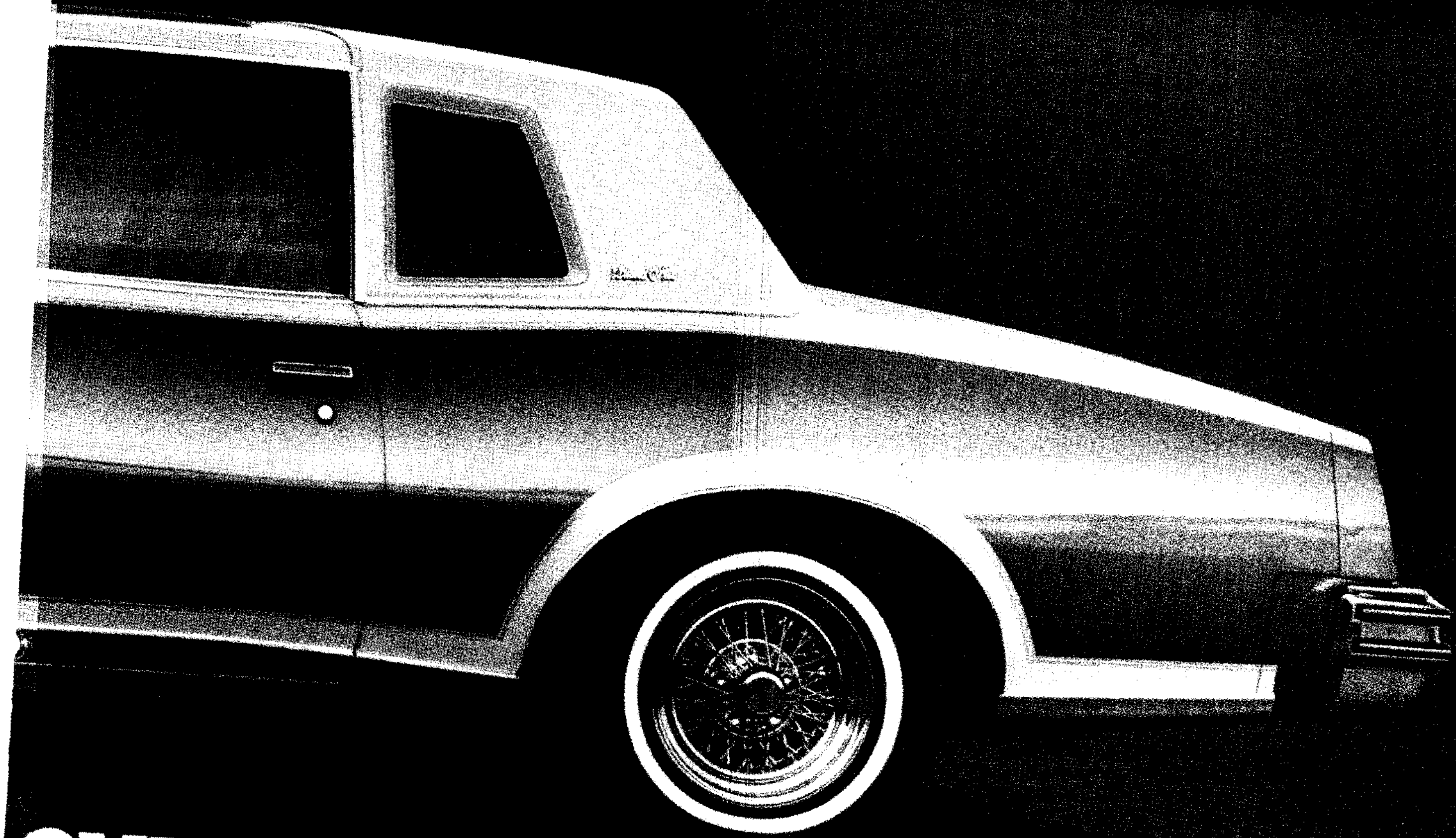

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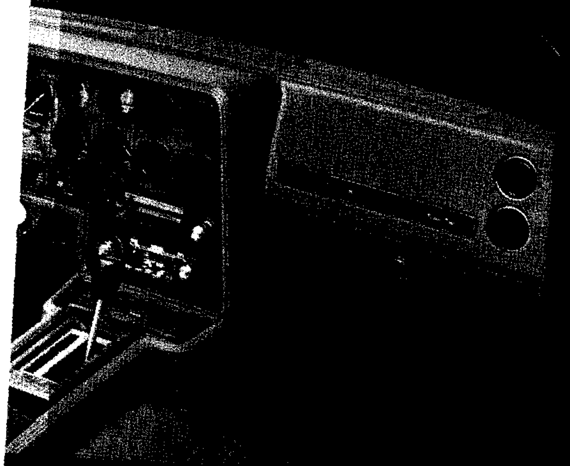

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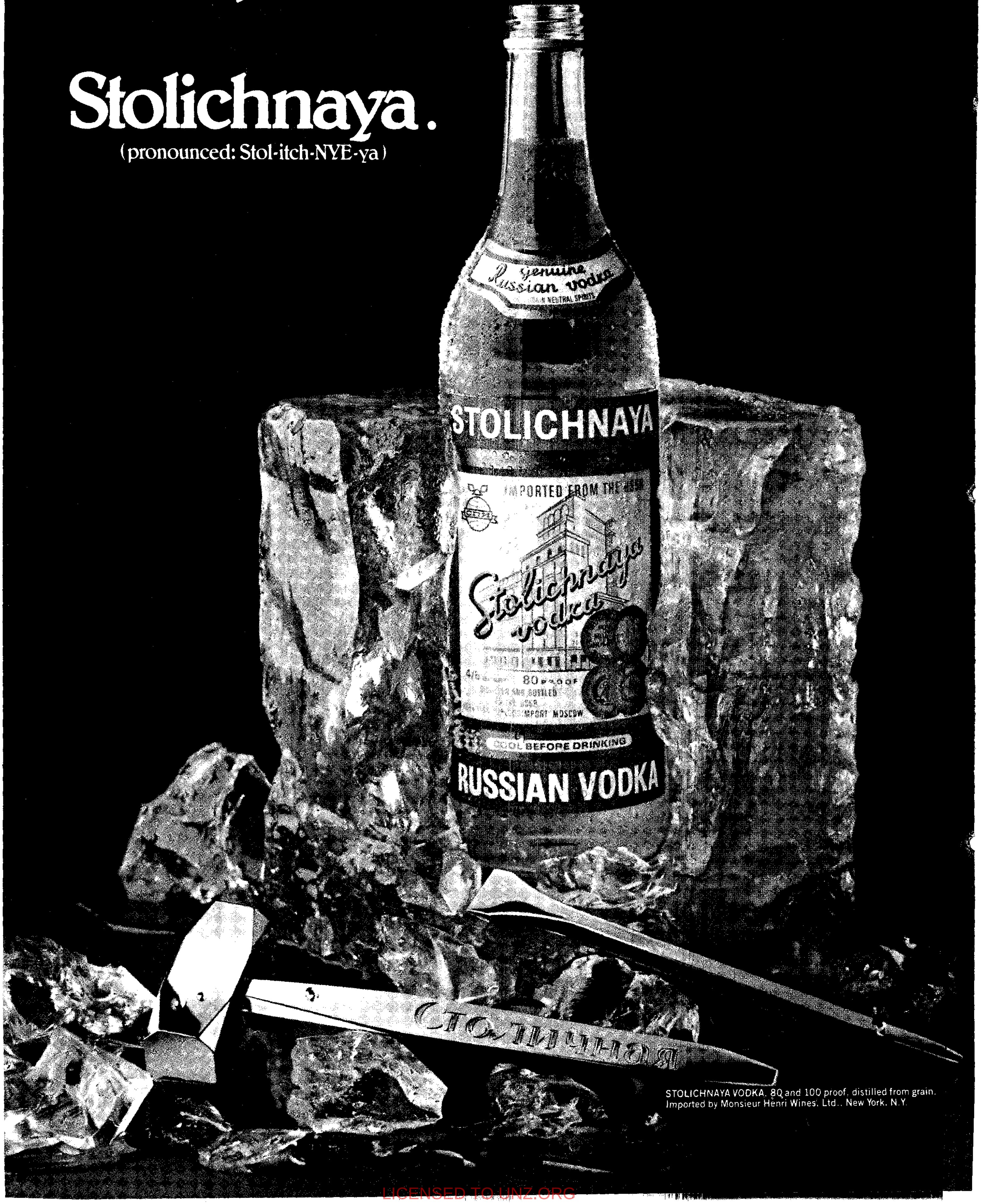
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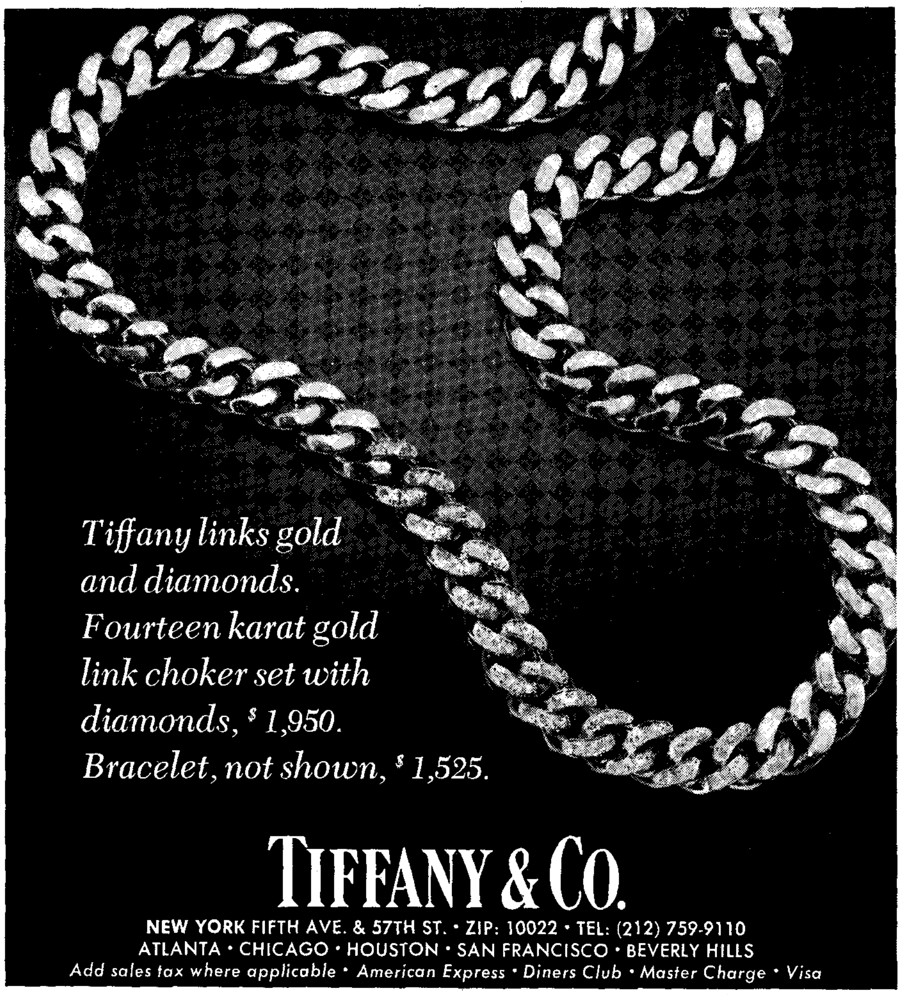
mood buoyant—flagrantly funny in a special, unpredictable way. You have no idea what may be coming. The distinctive aspect of Blier's method of work is that although his scripts are completely written in advance of the shooting—and he doesn't improvise—he writes in an improvisational manner. Most scenarists, like dramatists, think out their structure in terms of the development of a situation—with conflict and resolution. They instinctively plan it out and know where they're going. Blier writes psychological picaresques: he begins with a group of characters and a certain tone, and then he may veer off and go wherever his subconscious takes him. Where he ends up probably surprises and partly mystifies him, as it does us. But generally he's right to trust his impulses, because they take him somewhere we might not have got to in any other way. Crazy connections get made—things unexpectedly tie together. And there is, finally, an underlying set of themes which emerges, and it's much richer than if he'd stuck to a conscious plan. The limitation—if one chooses to regard it as that—of Blier's go-with-your-subconscious method is that, naturally, his films all have the same themes. But he has the wit to treat his own subconscious as a slapstick fantasy land.

Blier's method worked in "Going Places," and it works in "Handkerchiefs," but something went wrong in his sexual extravaganza "Calmos" (and the picture failed, even in France). The first half hour or so of "Calmos" is a hilariously scandalous dirty-boy romp. Blier has such economy that he goes right into the comedy; there are no preliminaries, no waste—you're laughing before you've settled into your seat. There are two pals again, but now they're forty-year-old boulevardiers who look like wax grooms on a stale wedding cake. One is a gynecologist (Jean-Pierre Marielle), and the other a baby-blue-eyed pimp (Jean Rochefort). The doctor can't bear to look at women's genitals anymore; the pimp is exhausted by women's sexual demands—he feels women are chasing him even in his sleep. When the doctor's wife (Brigitte Fossey), hoping to tantalize him, offers herself for bondage—tells him she's ready for *anything*—he asks for foie gras. It's a dumb joke, but her nudity and his uncontrollable disgust make it lewdly, visually funny. The comedy is derived partly from a banal premise, a reversal of women's saying they have



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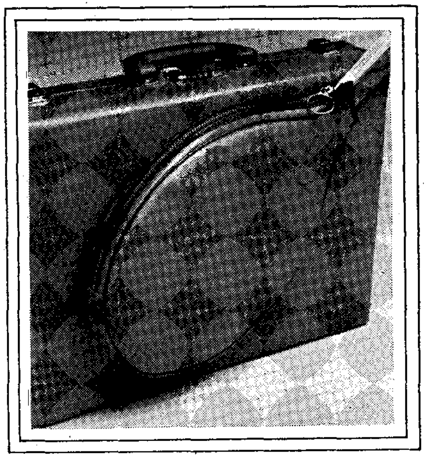

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a headache. But the men's satiation—their demonstration of revulsion against sex—has real comic conviction. The two men run away together into the countryside, to a village where they eat and drink and wear old clothes and begin to stink. Calm, that's what they want. Eating is the only thing they can get excited about. They sit at a Rabelaisian feast, along with the local curé (Bernard Blier) and his helper, in an old house, and the cinematographer, Claude Renoir, makes the house, the food, the landscape sinfully beautiful. This opening is an inspired exploitation porno fantasy, with Renoir's images (and the music, by Georges Delerue) providing a feeling of grandeur and folly. But then the story enlarges and takes a science-fiction turn. It shifts from the lunacy and regressions of these two men to the sexual revulsion of men en masse. Blier and his co-scriptwriter, Philippe Dumarcay (who also worked on "Going Places"), lose the flavor and the characters, and the picture falls back on the stored-up debris of mass culture. The two men are joined by other escaping men; women demanding gratification come after them with guns, and it's a full-scale tedious war of the sexes until, finally, the two pals, old men now and shrivelled in size, are dropped out of a cloud onto an island, where they walk through the pubic hair of a giant black woman and slip into her vagina just as her giant black lover arrives to deflower her, and crush them. "Calmos" is an overscaled back-to-the-womb satiric fantasy—a male daydream about the impossibility of escape from the sexual wars.

How much distance does Blier have from his characters' foolishness? Well, at least enough to make us laugh at them. In a sense, "Calmos" is about sex rather than about women. A couple of guys coming out of a bar late at night might talk like this—about wanting to go home just to sleep but knowing that there's a woman waiting up for them, and not being able to face it. It's about the demands of sex on men who spent their youth chasing women and now—jaded—want a break from it. There's no macho in the male bonding of the Marielle and Rochefort characters; they just want to be left alone for a while—they want to go off and live like pigs. It's a funny idea, and though "Calmos" abandons it, there are still things to look at all through the picture. It was a stroke of genius to use Renoir and Panavision: the images have clarity, depth, richness, sweep, and the color is deeper even than

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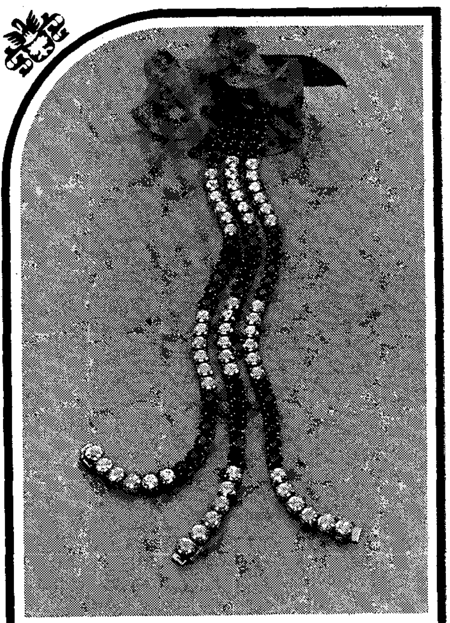

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Decae's. Early on, there's a streetcar full of avid women—a not too bright idea that is given a redemptive comic intensity by Renoir's lighting. Throughout, the women are made repellently beautiful—they have a neon voraciousness. Brigitte Fossey, a blond cat with a perfect tiny mouth, is like sensual porcelain. The light on her is so metallic and cold that her makeup seems to be dry ice. Any man would fear to come to her: who could live up to the glittering desire in her cat eyes? And even the idea of the giantess (shot on a beach in Guadeloupe) is almost redeemed by Renoir's use of Eastman color and Panavision. No one but Blier has matched such raunchiness and such visual beauty; you have to have a true respect for raunchiness to do that.

THE title "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" suggests a mockery of such movies as "Love Story," but it also carries another suggestion—that we *should* be prepared to weep at the perplexities of love. It's a gentler, more refined comedy than either of the others; our laughter is never raucous. The wildness of "Going Places" hasn't disappeared, though—now it's underneath. The impression that the film gives is of freshness and originality, and of an unusual serenity. Feelings are expressed that haven't come out in movies before, and in a personal voice of a kind we think of as novelistic, yet nothing is wasted in the shots. Everything is to the point, and so we sit trustingly as things drift along and work themselves out. Here, as in the two other pictures, we never know where the story is going, and there's a considerable shift of direction midway, but this time it's all reassuringly quiet. The music is by Mozart, by Delerue (writing in the spirit of Mozart), and by Schubert, and this has an additional modulating, controlling effect. The style is almost chaste.

The two protagonists are played by the stars of "Going Places," Depardieu and Dewaere (it was written with them in mind), but they're not the boors they were before—there's no violence in them. They're polite, harmless workingmen—Depardieu a driving-school instructor, Dewaere a playground supervisor. The picture opens at Sunday lunch in a Paris café. Jug-faced and serious, the powerfully built Depardieu is eating robustly while his lovely dark wife (Carole Laure) pecks at her food. Suddenly, he begins expostulating; he explains to her that she doesn't eat because she's sick of his face. He says that he loves her and

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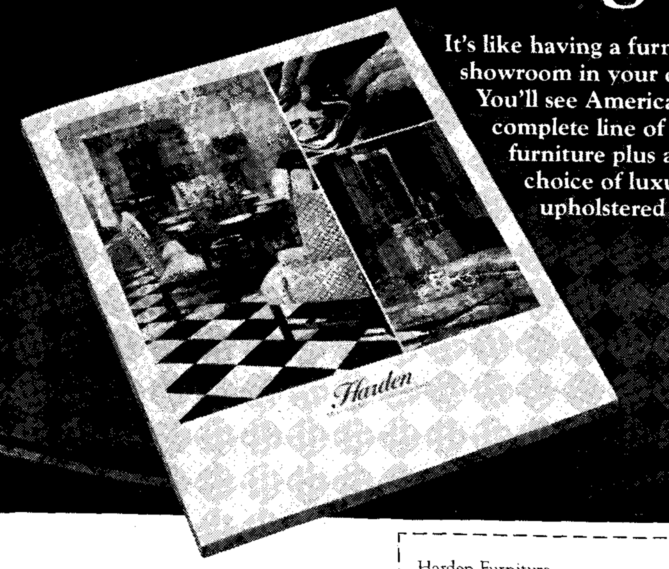

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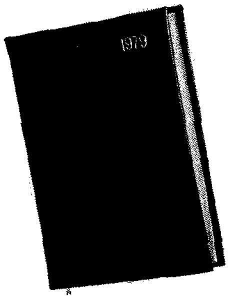
wants to make her happy, so he'll bring her the man sitting opposite her whom she's been staring at and wants to go to bed with. There's something Neanderthal about his clumsiness; he's telling her of his consideration for her while making a public spectacle of her misery and their sexual failure. He goes over, introduces himself to the bearded stranger (Dewaere), propositions him, and says, "If you get her to smile, you'll be my pal." From this first scene—which is as deft and quick and funny as scenes in Sacha Guitry's comedies, such as "Lovers and Thieves"—Blier is playing with his characters and with us. The wife certainly looks bored and depressed, but we don't see her eying Dewaere—who wears glasses, and looks rather vague and self-absorbed. He accepts the invitation, though, and becomes the wife's lover, and the men then take turns trying to impregnate her—it being their theory that she is silent and morose because a woman needs a child. What we do see once the two men become pals (without Dewaere's getting her to smile) is that neither one makes any emotional contact with her. Dewaere has the complacency of a literate simpleton. He owns five thousand of the Livre de Poche paperback classics; reading them and listening to Mozart are his life. And he proselytizes, and converts Depardieu to his interests, while the wife scrubs and knits. When a neighbor (Michel Serrault, the star of "Lovers and Thieves") bangs on their door at night to complain of the sound of a Mozart record, Depardieu sits him down and converts *him*.

So far, it's an enchantingly quirky sex comedy. The situation of the sterile wife and the rattled husband has its classic-farce overtones; the cuckolded husband is generally rich and decrepit, of course, but this is a classic farce in modern slang, with a barrel-chested, virile young husband who cuckolds himself with complete casualness, on the spur of the moment. Yet the film's texture is soft and sensual; there's a velvety underlayer to the scenes. Jean Penzer's cinematography suggests another world—like something shot from a diving bell. Because of Blier's method, nothing is ever explained. It's clear the two men are chumps. But if they don't have any idea what's going on in the wife's mind, neither do we. And the secret of the film—its essence—is that Blier doesn't, either. Carole Laure, with her neat little choirboy head and her slender, sinuous body, is treated as an object throughout. But never with contempt. And Carole Laure is a won-



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derful reactor. Her elusive, doleful shades of feeling delight us, even though we can't be sure what they mean; we can't tell if her knitting is a way of escaping the men's idiocy or if her mind is blank, or both, but we enjoy entertaining the possibilities. Are the men right to think she will be happy only if she has a child? Maybe so, but they go about trying to give her one without ever getting through to her. Their obtuseness—their clumsiness—may be the reason they can't reach her, but then perhaps it's her unreachability that makes them so clumsy. She has the natural, yielding grace of a sapling.

In the second half, the classical elements vanish, and the picture becomes more mysterious, leisurely, and meditative. In all three of these films, the movement is from the city to the country—to the primeval wilderness—and it's always the men's propulsion. This time, the two men decide that the wife they've been sharing needs country air, and the three of them go off to be counsellors at a summer camp for the underprivileged. The camp has one wealthy child, a thirteen-year-old boy (the child who plays the part is billed only by his nickname, Riton, to protect him from notoriety); he has been sent there by his parents to obtain experience of the underprivileged, whom he will be dealing with when he takes over the family's industrial enterprises. He's a smart brat, with a genius I.Q., though he looks unformed; there is no suggestion of horniness about him, and the first time we see him, when the other children are picking on him, we might easily take him for a girl. But he's far more clever than the two pals, and he hasn't had any reason to feel that he's clumsy; he has his child's guile and seductiveness. He says and does the shrewd things that thirteen-year-olds must want to say and do but don't have the courage for, or the knowledge, except in their dreams. He uses entreaties drawn from Cherubino in "The Marriage of Figaro." And he gets through to the wife. The men were right: she wanted a child.

The woman takes this little boy to her bed, and can't live without him, even if that means he must be kidnapped. When he has been sent away from her to boarding school, and is in the dorm at night telling his awed fellow-students the story of his conquest, and the woman herself tiptoes in and, in full view of all those boys, kisses him, we're watching a mythological romance. There are all the obstacles, such as the boy's parents, to be taken care of, but the two men

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(who turn into her clown attendants) help her, though it lands them in jail. How can they not help? The boy prodigy is like their Mozart. The film goes off in this weird direction, yet it all seems uncannily logical and prepared for. At the end, the woman has her child lover and is pregnant as well.

It's bewildering yet mysteriously right, satisfying, down to the pensive sounds of Schubert at the end. There's a gravity to this film—to Blier's generous, amused giving in to a sense of defeat. At some level, he has the feeling that what women want men for is to perpetuate the species—that they *really want a child.* And he has compounded this fantasy by having a child father the child, thus eliminating the need for men altogether. "Handkerchiefs" is a farce that turns into a fable. Now we recognize why everything about the young wife is so ambiguous—that melting look in her eyes, her shimmering beauty. Now we can understand Dewaere's double take when he was spending a night with her and said he wondered what her husband was doing, and she said "Who?" This is a sleeping-beauty fable, but told from the point of view of a man's erotic fears. This woman is to be awakened not by a prince but by a princeling. At the moment that her child lover is seducing her, in the sleeping quarters at the summer camp, the two chumps come down the hallway, pause outside her door, and discuss whether to go in. They decide that there's no reason to worry—the boy is too young. It's a funny moment, yet there's poetic tension in it, and the hallway has a palpable sensual beauty. They're losing out forever.

All three of these films are about two pals who don't really understand women—and their not understanding women is part of their bond. The teamwork of the actors is the true marriage. Depardieu, with his beautiful long jaw and his loping walk, and Dewaere, with his nearsighted vagueness (he's like a more delicate Timothy Bottoms), move together rhythmically. Marielle and Rochefort twitch and grimace and drop their eyelids in perfect counterpoint; their show of revulsion at women is the flirtation dance of impotent roués. The pal teams in these movies have intuitive rapport. They hang loose when they're together.

In "Handkerchiefs," Blier's fantasy themes seem to turn against the male fantasist. There's pain along with the humor. The thirteen-year-old who arouses the wife is a variation of the jailbird who aroused the beautician, but,

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once aroused, the lovely wife does not want the men—she wants only the child. The two men who were so happy with the mother figure played by Moreau, and who wanted to be suckled on the train, are now rejected by the mother. Marielle and Rochefort at least found their way back to the womb, but Depardieu and Dewaere seem to be locked out. All they've got is each other, and at the end they're going off together, maybe to live happily like pigs. But that's not how it looks. Discharged from jail and carrying their belongings, Depardieu and Dewaere peer through an iron gate into the window of the solid, rich home where the wife they have lost sits contentedly knitting baby clothes, and then disappear down the road.

Blier's poetic logic is so coolly, lyrically sustained in "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" that nothing that happens seems shocking. You feel you understand everything that's going on. But only while it's happening—not afterward. Afterward, you're exhilarated by the wit, and by your own amusement at how little you understand. What does the woman respond to in the child? His need? His foxiness? His strength? His childishness? It's a mystery. Sex is emotional anarchy.

Blier doesn't attempt to present a woman's point of view; he stays with the man's view of women, and that gives his films a special ambience. For a woman viewer, seeing "Handkerchiefs" is like a vacation in a country you've always wanted to visit. Reading a book such as "From Here to Eternity," a woman enters an area of experience from which she has been excluded; seeing a Blier film, a woman enters a man's fantasy universe stripped of hypocrisy. Blier's films have no meanness about women; the wife in "Handkerchiefs" isn't neurotic—just elusive. Women are simply seen as different. A man friend of mine used to say, "If the first Martian who lands on earth is a male, I'll have more in common with him than I do with all the women on earth." Blier's is an art of exaggeration: he takes emotions and blows them up so big that we can see the things people don't speak about—and laugh at them. "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" makes you feel unreasonably happy. —PAULINE KAEL

•

Rumors and innuendo in Colorado's 5th Congressional District GOP primary race have escalated so much that the Republican National Committee has come in to meddle.—*Denver Post.*

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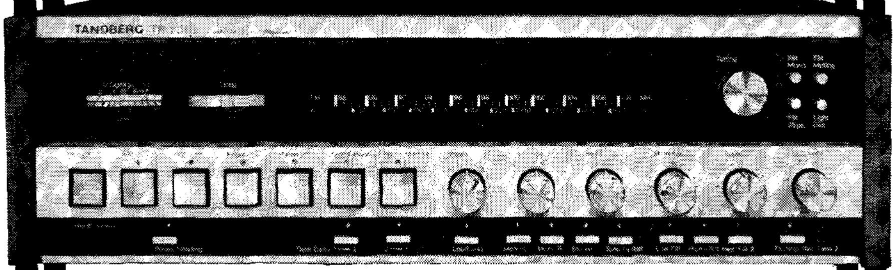

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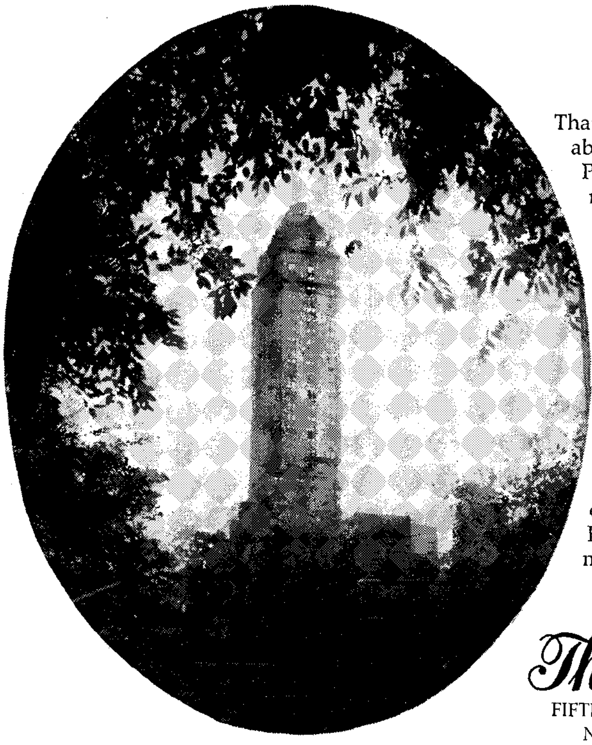

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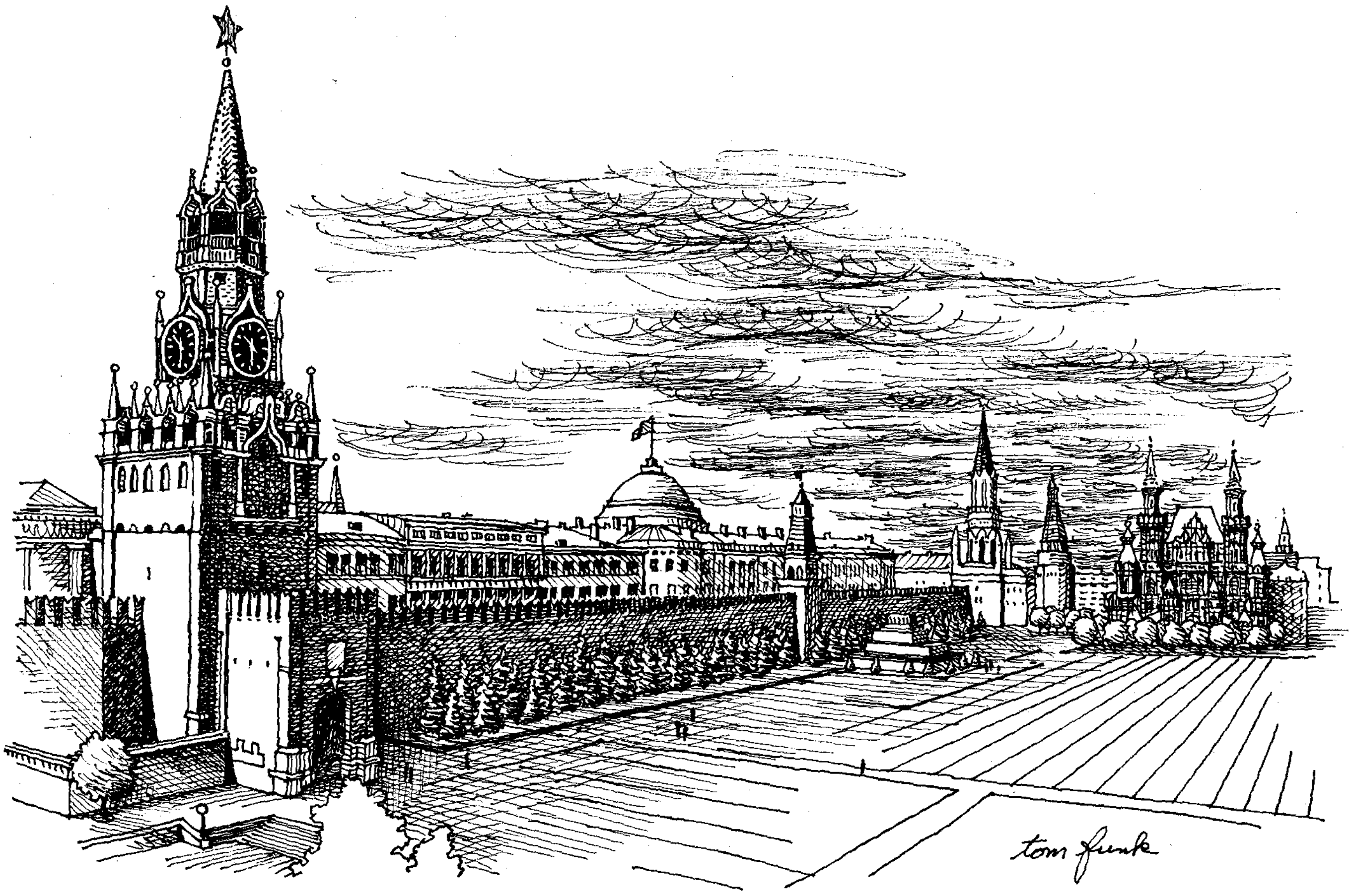
LETTER FROM MOSCOW

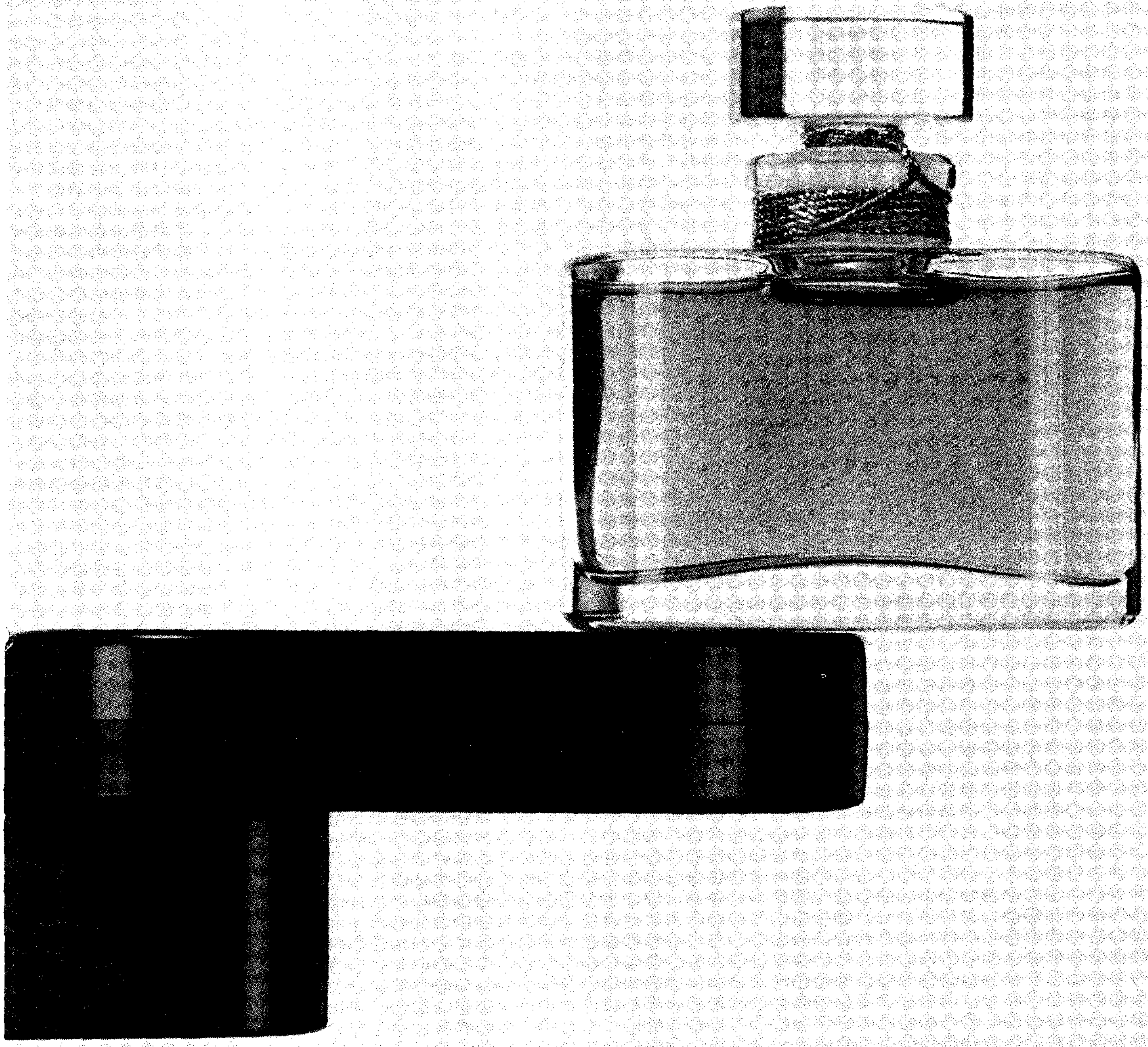


ONE fine morning, according to a story going the rounds here in Moscow, Mikhail Suslov, the chief Communist Party ideologist, called up Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko with a piece of news. "Brezhnev is dead," he said. Gromyko was speechless at first. Then he asked, "In person?"

That question expresses—and perhaps explains—the situation in which the Soviet Union now finds itself. The process of leadership transition has begun here, and all the interested parties know it. As a result, the country is stuck with its present policies. But while these policies are making progress, they are advancing toward goals that are receding even more rapidly. So crazy incongruities characterize economic and foreign affairs, and even more the recent spate of political trials. If events are not out of control, the reins lie awfully loose, and the scene in Moscow is weird.

To be sure, Leonid Brezhnev—as the General Secretary of the Party and also, since last year, the Chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, and thus head of state—is the top dog. He gave the major speech, a report on agriculture, at the summer plenum of the Party Central Committee, on July 3rd and 4th. He led the leadership to the rostrum at the sessions of Russia's rubber-stamp parliament, the Supreme Soviet, which followed, on July 5th and 6th. He, and he alone, was cited repeatedly—often fulsomely—in speeches by the other leaders. For example, Gromyko, in his report to the Supreme Soviet on foreign policy, referred to Brezhnev as "the universally acknowledged leader of the Party of Soviet Communists and of our Socialist state and outstanding political figure on a worldwide scale, on whose every word the attention of all world capitals and all peoples is fixed."

Brezhnev's primacy is set off dramatically by the weakness of all possible challengers. Of the twelve other full members of the Politburo, three—all older than Brezhnev, who is seventy-one—are believed to want out more than up. They are Suslov, the veteran Party Secretary, who is seventy-five; Prime Minister Alexei Kosygin, who is seventy-four; and A. Y. Pelshe, of the Party Control Committee, who is seventy-eight. An almost exact contemporary of Brezhnev, A. P. Kirilenko, who has just turned seventy-two, seems to act as his surrogate in domestic affairs and is believed likely to succeed him on an interim basis. Of the younger men, several are constrained by the special character of their experience. Among these are Gromyko; Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov; the internal-security chief, Yuri Andropov; and the Moscow Party boss, V. V. Grishin. Two other members who are regarded as candidates for the top job have regional bases but little strength in Moscow: V. V. Shcherbitsky, the First Secretary in the Ukraine, and G. V. Romanov—at fifty-five, the youngest full Politburo member—who is the First Secretary in Leningrad. Until last summer, the inside track was generally accorded to Fyodor Kulakov, sixty, the only Politburo member below the age of seventy who was—along with Brezhnev, Suslov, and Kirilenko—also a senior member of the Party Secretariat. Kulakov had responsibility for agriculture. Brezhnev, in his latest report on that subject, not only delivered some unpleasant home truths but also announced that the Politburo had felt obliged last year "to set up a competent commission" to prepare discussions on agriculture for the Central Committee. The revelation that a "competent commission" had invaded Kulakov's turf caused "Kremlinologists all over town," as one diplomat put it, "to downgrade Kulakov's chances." On July 17th, two weeks to the day after the Brezhnev report, Kulakov died of



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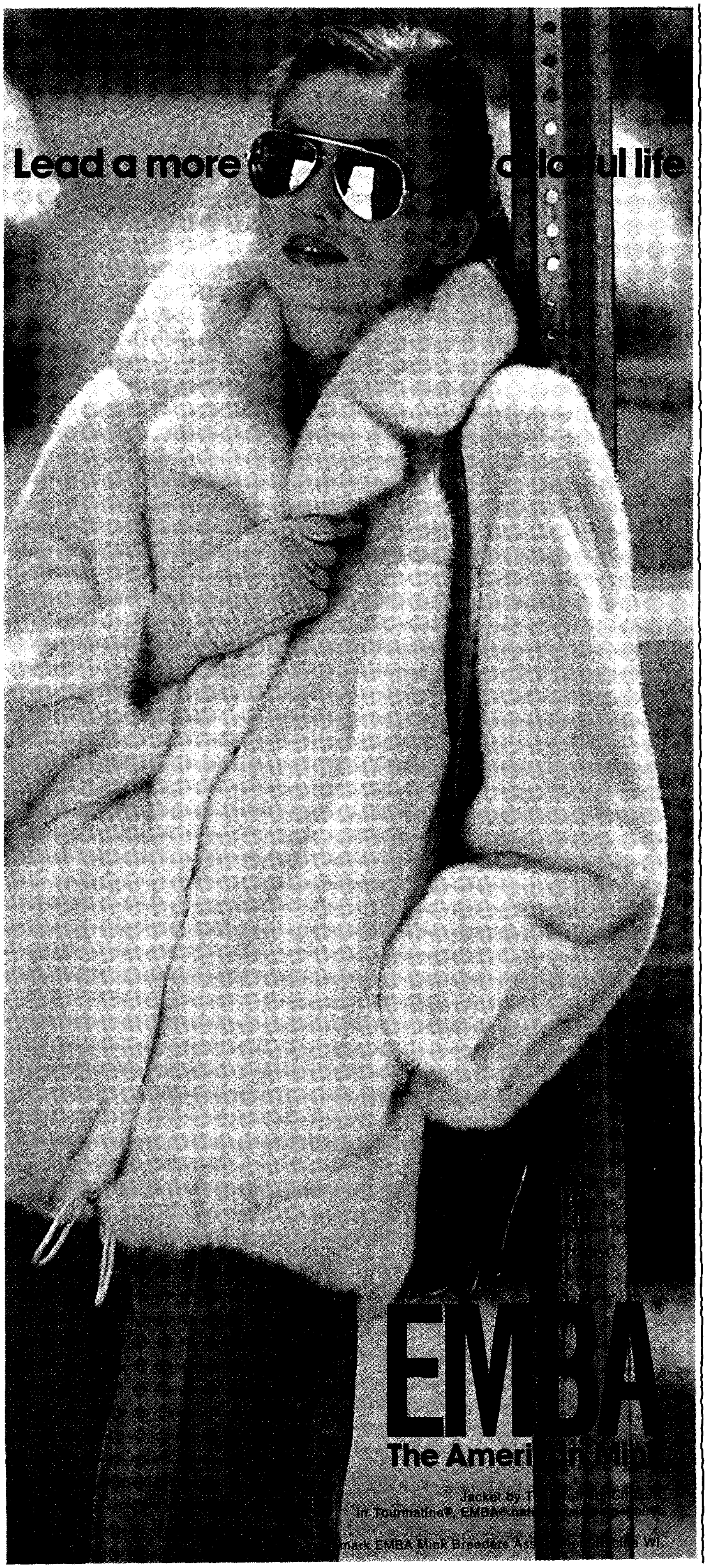


a heart attack. His funeral rites verified the judgment of a fall from grace: Brezhnev was not present; neither was Kosygin or Suslov. "That shows you what the actuarial tables are worth as a guide to the succession," one foreign official said.

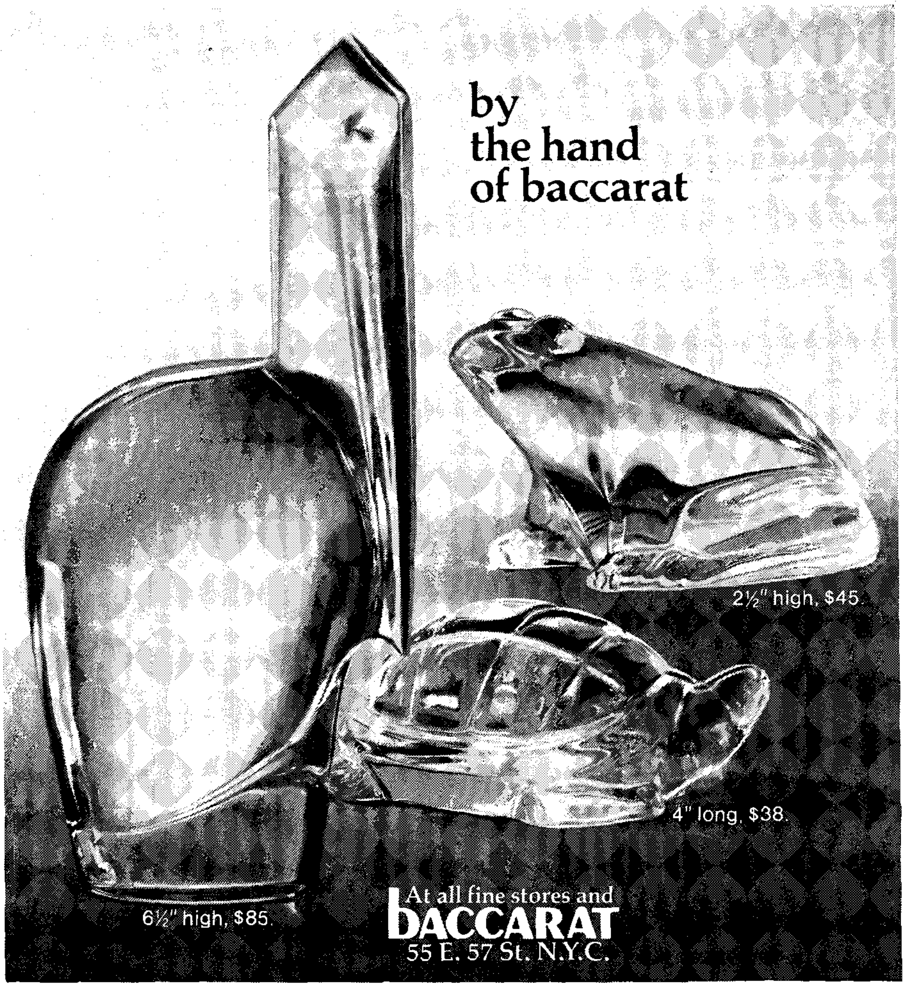
But if Brezhnev's supremacy is unchallenged, his health is clearly poor. Leonid Zamyatin, the former director of the Tass news agency, who now works for Brezhnev at the Central Committee as director of the Department of International Information and has accompanied him on all his recent trips, both in Russia and abroad, acknowledged to me that his boss suffered from both respiratory disease and trouble with his gums and teeth. Most of the resident diplomats scorned as superficial impressions the reports of Brezhnev's supposedly terminal ailment which came out of Paris and Bonn at the time of his state visits to France in June of 1977 and Germany last spring. But now even they acknowledge that Brezhnev's health is in decline. Just before leaving Moscow for his summer vacation in the Crimea, for example, he appeared on television in ceremonies honoring a Polish cosmonaut. "The Pole seemed to speak better Russian than Brezhnev," one diplomat who has long been in Moscow observed. "Brezhnev looked terrible and sounded worse. I couldn't even understand him. He talked as though he were underwater." Senator Edward Kennedy, who saw Brezhnev on September 9th, the day after he came back from vacation, found him looking tan and healthy. But Kennedy also noted that Brezhnev needed prepared notes even when speaking on such familiar subjects as arms control, China, and the dissidents.

To some extent, Brezhnev's disability is camouflaged by an increasingly important staff of assistants. The group, headed by G. E. Tsukhanov, includes an expert on the United States and a speechwriter, Andrei Alexandrov-Agentov; an expert on Europe, Anatoly Blatov; an expert on Asia, Yevgeny M. Samoteykin; a lieutenant for Party affairs, Konstantin Chernenko; a lieutenant for agriculture, Viktor Golikov; and Zamyatin, the former Tass chief, who described his job to me as "propaganda in the best sense—finding out what others are saying about us and coördinating our responses to them." As the joke about Brezhnev's dying in person implies, the staff is shouldering more and more of the load. For example, the Russian response to the speech on Soviet relations given by President Carter at Annapolis on June 7th is known to have been a staff product. It came relatively rapidly (it was published in the June 17th *Pravda*), and dealt with a wide range of issues (among them relations with China and developments in Africa). It delved into internal American arguments, and—taking a swipe at Zbigniew Brzezinski, the President's National Security Affairs Adviser—described the retreat of the Carter Administration before "the representatives of groups that would like to undermine détente." Far from being smothered in Marxist jargon, it scored some sharp points in graphic language. "The Soviet Union," it said, "is not accepting the American invitation to attend the funeral of détente."

NO staff, however aggressive, can make innovative decisions, though. The Soviet leadership now continues along the course set in the early Brezhnev years, even when the policies are clearly not working well. A nice example is agriculture. Brezhnev began his most recent report to the Central Committee on that subject by citing the occasion of the report he made just after taking over from Nikita Khrushchev. "The present agrarian policy of our party stems, as is known, from the March, 1965, plenary meeting," he said. He then produced a spate of statistics to show that agriculture had progressed hugely between 1965 and 1978.

Despite the improvements, however, Brezhnev demonstrated that Soviet agriculture was farther than before from the goals he had set in 1965. He singled out meat and dairy products as central to "the whole course of economic development of the country and the steady rise of the material well-being of the people." He acknowledged that "in spite of a noticeable increase in the production of meat . . . the present level of development of livestock farming does not meet the swiftly growing requirements." Part of the reason was poor transport and inefficient use of machinery. But the essential cause was that "shortages of grain, especially feed grains, still occur," for "the demand for them grows more rapidly than production." Devastating though this admission was, Brezhnev had nothing to offer in the way of policy except more of the same. "A logical conclusion," he said, "[is] that the policy formulated by the March, 1965, plenum . . . must be continued."

Agriculture shapes foreign policy. Four of the past six harvests in Russia have yielded less grain than the country



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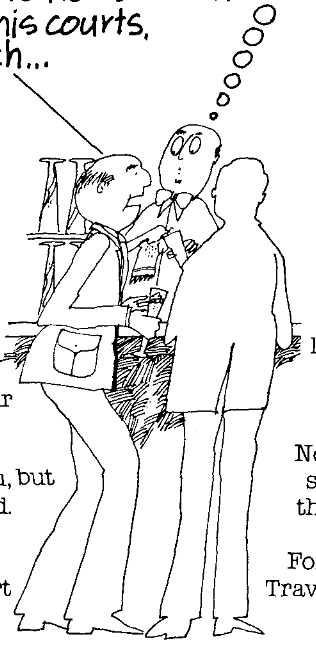
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consumes, forcing large imports, mostly from the United States, which have to be bought with hard currency. In the year of October 1, 1977, through September 30, 1978, the Russians imported twenty million metric tons of grain, including fifteen million from America, at a cost of well over two billion dollars. The demand for hard currency is intensified by the slowdown of Soviet industry (from an annual growth rate of six per cent in the early nineteen-seventies to four per cent now), and its inability to produce high-technology items like computers. Add to that the inflamed relations with China and you have the prescription for the Brezhnev foreign policy.

Détente may seem a fuzzy concept to Americans, but here its chief features are well understood. The emphasis is on avoiding direct confrontation with the West, the better to promote Soviet economic vigor and to give Russia a free hand for dealing with China. In the past half-dozen years, the Russians have signed commercial and technological exchange agreements with all the leading industrial countries. A series of other accords preserves the status quo in Europe and holds down competition with the United States in the nuclear-arms field. In the Moscow pact of 1970, West Germany agreed not to use force to regain territories taken during the Second World War. In the Helsinki agreement of 1975, the United States, Canada, and all the countries of Europe—in return for Soviet commitments on troop movements and certain human rights—accepted the principle that force should not be used to change frontiers on the Continent. At the Moscow summit in 1972, Brezhnev and President Nixon signed treaties (known as SALT I) that put a temporary lid on offensive nuclear weapons and limited the number of anti-ballistic-missile systems that the two nations would build, thus making the civilian population of each country hostage to the missiles of the other. In 1974, at the Vladivostok summit, Brezhnev and President Ford set guidelines for SALT II, which would continue until 1985 and make equal the number of launching systems available to the two sides. But while avoiding direct confrontation with the West, especially in the strategic-arms field, the Russians have felt that détente entitles them to compete in the rest of the world, notably Africa and Asia, and to continue a worldwide buildup of conventional ground and naval forces. As Brezhnev said to the Twenty-fifth Party Congress, in

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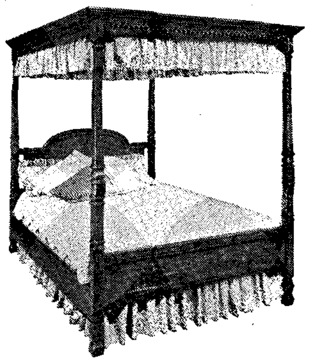

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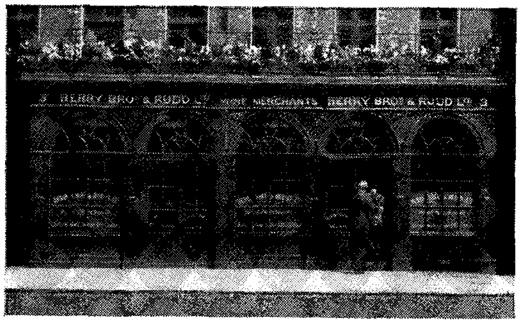

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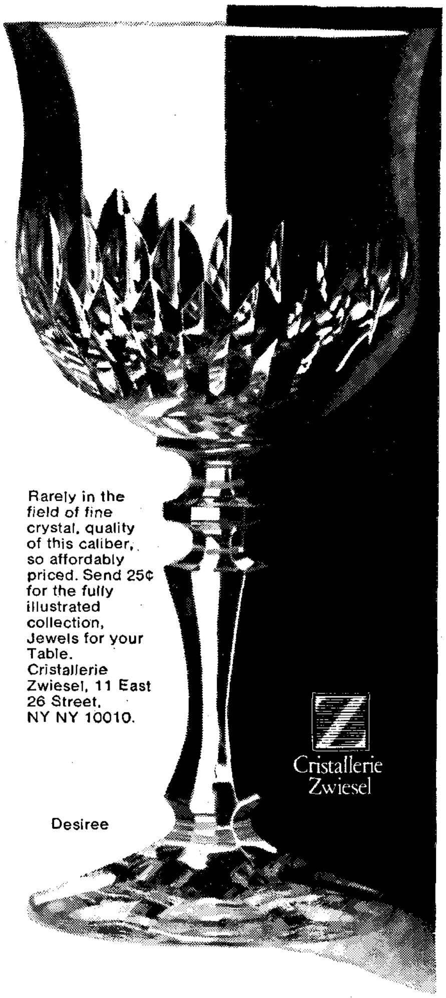
1976, "We make no secret of the fact that we see détente as the way to create more favorable conditions or peaceful Socialist and Communist construction."

Many Western ambassadors here feel—some of them far more strongly than their home governments—that in the last year the détente policy has yielded good results for the Soviet Union. The foreign diplomats cite the Soviet-*cum*-Cuban presence implanted in Angola after that country won independence from Portugal, in 1975; the seventeen thousand Cuban troops ferried by Russian airlift into Ethiopia in the fall of 1977; the coups that brought Communists to power in Afghanistan this April and confirmed their hold over South Yemen in June; and the high ground the Russians now hold for exploiting internal troubles in Iran and southern Africa. Some of the local ambassadors even see in this chain of events the step-by-step unfolding of a master plan. One West European ambassador says of Soviet foreign policy, "A pointillist painter ends up painting a portrait."

Soviet officials, however, show no signs of cockiness or exultant élan. Gromyko's speech to the United Nations General Assembly on September 26th was notable chiefly for the spell of dizziness that caused him to stop in the middle. His July report to the Supreme Soviet on foreign policy seemed almost to caricature his usual deadpan style. From the gallery, which has recently been opened to foreign journalists, I saw many of the delegates yawning, reading papers, scratching, doodling, whispering, and occasionally even dozing as he spoke. The only upbeat moments came when Gromyko mentioned the improvement of relations with two historic enemies—West Germany, which Brezhnev visited in May, and Turkey, whose Prime Minister, Bulent Ecevit, came here in June. It was perhaps most notable that, sixty years after the Revolution, the Soviet Foreign Minister still sounded the defensive, arriviste tone of the outsider wanting in. Gromyko claimed as a major accomplishment "ties of various kinds" with "more than a hundred" states. "The U.S.S.R.," he said, as if it were a big deal, "is now party to almost ten thousand existing international treaties and agreements."

THE defensive note dominated a long interview I had with Brezhnev's chief press aide, Zamyatin. He is a tall, good-looking man, with a cowlick of white hair which he constantly



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tosses back from his forehead. He received me in a spacious corner office in the headquarters of the Central Committee. After an exchange of formal courtesies, he plunged into a point-by-point refutation of the charges that Russia was pursuing an assertive policy in Asia and Africa. He claimed that the coups in Afghanistan and South Yemen were undertaken by local leaders in self-defense against efforts to wipe them out. He argued that the Russians and Cubans had supported a faction in Angola against factions backed by the United States and South Africa. The Russians had come to the aid of Ethiopia only after the United States tried to undermine Soviet influence in neighboring Somalia and flashed the Somalis a green light to invade Ethiopia. "The stories of Soviet interference in Africa are just propaganda," he said. "We have always supported decolonization in Africa. When advisers are invited in that context, we send them. But suddenly this effort is exaggerated by the Carter Administration. For us, it is impossible to take seriously the charges of Soviet interference in African affairs. It is difficult to believe that Carter believes it. Either he has unreliable sources of information or he is trying to undermine the process of détente by carping about Soviet interference. Why would he do that? Well, all this occurs just as the American electoral campaign begins. The Administration has a need for an extremist line to counter right-wing demands that Carter stand up to the Soviet Union. So Carter's aides are now becoming more Catholic than the Pope."

Zamyatin, of course, is, by his own admission, a propaganda specialist. The Moscow line comes trippingly off his tongue. Yet there was at least one slip that suggested to me that Russian officials attach to Africa something less than top priority. Twice, Zamyatin spoke of the Sudan when he meant Somalia. When I pointed out the mistake, he shrugged, as though it really didn't make much difference. His shrug recalled a shrug from a Russian friend of mine when I aired American suspicions of Soviet gains in Africa. "We were invited into Africa," my friend said, with the same what-difference-does-it-make gesture, "and we'll be invited out."

Another reason that Soviet officials may not be overjoyed by gains in Angola, Ethiopia, South Yemen, and Afghanistan is that the progress goes hand in hand with setbacks in the Near East and three of the most important coun-

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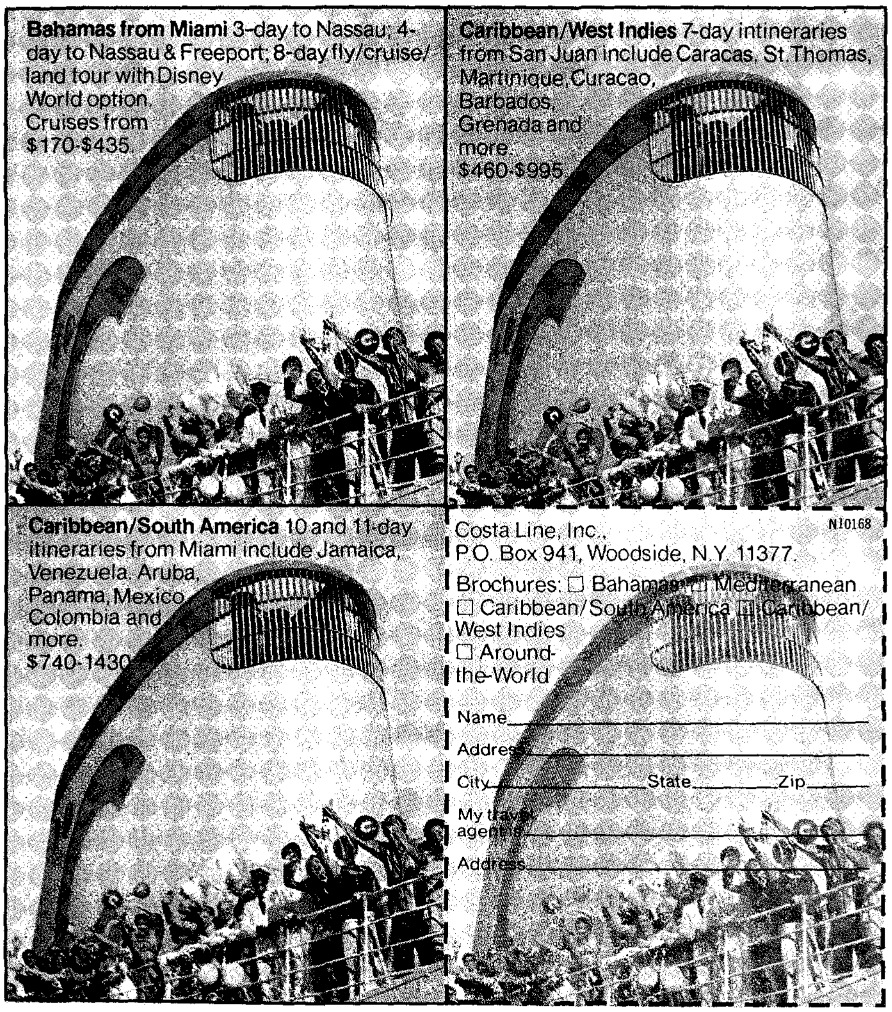

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tries in the world—China, Japan, and the U.S.

The Russians have been seeking reentry to the Near East ever since President Anwar Sadat expelled their military advisers from Egypt, in 1972. They were jubilant when Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and Gromyko, after reaching agreement on a set of principles for a comprehensive peace between Israel and the Arabs, issued, on September 30th of last year, a call to reconvene the Geneva peace conference. But President Sadat ditched that prospect by moving, in his visit to Jerusalem on November 19th, toward a separate peace with the Israelis. The Camp David summit last month virtually assured peace without the Russians. Brezhnev himself confirmed Soviet unhappiness. In a speech at Baku on September 22nd, he said of the Camp David summit, "No matter what 'framework' is used for a separate collusion that covers up the surrender of one side and consolidates the fruits of aggression of the other side—the aggression of Israel—it can only make the situation in the Middle East even more explosive."

As for China, before Mao Tse-tung died Moscow feared that he would be succeeded by Mme. Mao and her associates, who later became stigmatized as the Gang of Four. That group, as a China expert in the Soviet Foreign Ministry once explained to me, would not only inherit Mao's anti-Soviet prejudices, they would also act in a "hot, even capricious way." As it turned out, the Russians got something much worse. The policy followed by Chairman Hua Kuo-feng and Vice Premier Teng Hsaio-ping applies Mao's anti-Soviet position in a cool, deliberate, and deadly rational way. Peking now challenges Moscow not only in Asia and Africa but even in its own back yard. The Russians were especially irritated by the trip Hua made in August to Rumania and Yugoslavia. *Pravda*, on August 25th, for instance, said Hua's trip was "a deliberate provocation."

The Russians have been even more concerned by Japan's dealings with China. Ever since Peking and Tokyo exchanged ambassadors in 1972, the Soviets have applied their not inconsiderable bullying skills to blocking the normal followup to renewed relations—a formal peace treaty ending the state of war that had obtained between Japan and China since the Mukden incident of 1931. To that fell end, the Russians strongly protested a clause opposing "hegemony" by any single power in Asia which the Chinese insisted on inserting into the treaty draft. The Russians reinforced the protest by leaning on the Japanese in the matter of fishing rights, and by building security installations on one of the four small islands north of Hokkaido, which Japan has always claimed, despite their occupation by Russia after the war. In May of this year, just after a visit by Brzezinski, the Chinese signalled their intention to be flexible about the anti-hegemony clause. In July, the Sino-Japanese talks were reopened in Peking on that basis, and on August 12th the peace treaty was signed by the two foreign ministers. There was an anti-hegemony clause, but it was muted by a declaration that the treaty had no bearing on third countries. Still, the Russians remained dissatisfied. The Soviet press evoked images of a billion Chinese armed with Japanese computers. The Ambassador to Japan, Dmitri Polyansky, was withdrawn, as a mark of displeasure. The Soviet troop presence on the four disputed islands was strengthened, and Russia announced that naval maneuvers would be held in the vicinity of the islands later this year. The toughest note in Gromyko's speech to the U.N. General Assembly last month was a reference to "some disquieting trends" followed by Japan.

Far more serious for the Russians than the fraying of ties with China and Japan—indeed, a prime reason for that trouble, the Russians believe—is the state of relations with the U.S. While moving in fits and starts, Russia's American connection has clearly been in trouble ever since the summit at Vladivostok. Because the Russians face a hostile China as well as the West, Moscow believed that the acceptance by Brezhnev at Vladivostok of equal numbers of launchers for the United States and the Soviet Union was a concession. But the Vladivostok agreement received only grudging support in Congress. The Russians came to the conclusion that their concessions were discounted in advance, and so they moved to withdraw one that they had implicitly extended. In 1972, Brezhnev had negotiated with Nixon a trade agreement according Moscow easy access to credit under the most-favored-nation principle. An amendment introduced by Senator Henry Jackson, of Washington, and Representative Charles Vanik, of Ohio, into the 1974 trade act tied this credit to a liberal Soviet policy on persons seeking to emigrate—which in practice meant Russian Jews wishing to go to Israel. The Russians seemed prepared to swallow this stipulation until after the sour congressional reaction

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to Vladivostok. At that point—in January, 1975—the Russians unilaterally abrogated the trade agreement, citing as a reason the *diktat* of the Jackson amendment. The Ford Administration never regained momentum. After the defeat in Vietnam, and the development of Panama as an issue against him in the Republican primaries, Mr. Ford even stopped using the word "détente." So when Jimmy Carter became President the only continuing United States-Soviet Union project of importance was the marathon negotiation for SALT II.

Relations lurched downward almost at once. Mr. Carter enunciated his new emphasis on human rights by actions—including a personal letter to Andrei Sakharov, the great physicist and leading Soviet dissident—that seemed to make Russia the chief villain. In March, 1977, he sent Secretary of State Vance to Moscow with proposals for new limits on nuclear weapons which would have undone the Vladivostok guidelines in ways prejudicial to the ongoing Soviet defense program. The Russians, seeing the concessions they thought they had made at Vladivostok being discounted once again, reacted sharply. They rejected the new United States proposals out of hand. They also initiated a series of actions—against both general dissidents and *refuseniks*, as Jews who are refused permission to emigrate to Israel are called—that were clearly designed to show tough resistance to the human-rights program. In May, Vance presented to Gromyko a new set of SALT proposals, more in line with the Vladivostok guidelines. Gromyko made a positive response in September, and though the SALT I accord on offensive missiles lapsed on October 3rd, the two sides agreed to maintain their forces at the previously stipulated levels until a SALT II agreement could be concluded. But in the spring of this past year relations took a dramatic turn for the worse. In March, the Cuban troops airlifted to Ethiopia showed their mettle by helping the regime in Addis Ababa rout an invasion from Somalia. In April, an invasion of Zaire by forces from Angola, the other African site of a big Cuban presence, brought a sharp American reaction. President Carter, in a news conference in Chicago on May 25th, strongly implied that the Russians and the Cubans shared the blame for the invasion. He said that actions like that could "make it much more difficult to sell to the American people and have a ratification in Congress of a SALT agreement." Five days

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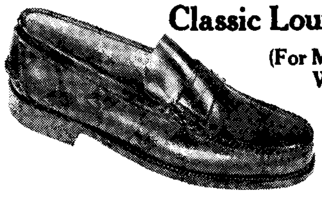

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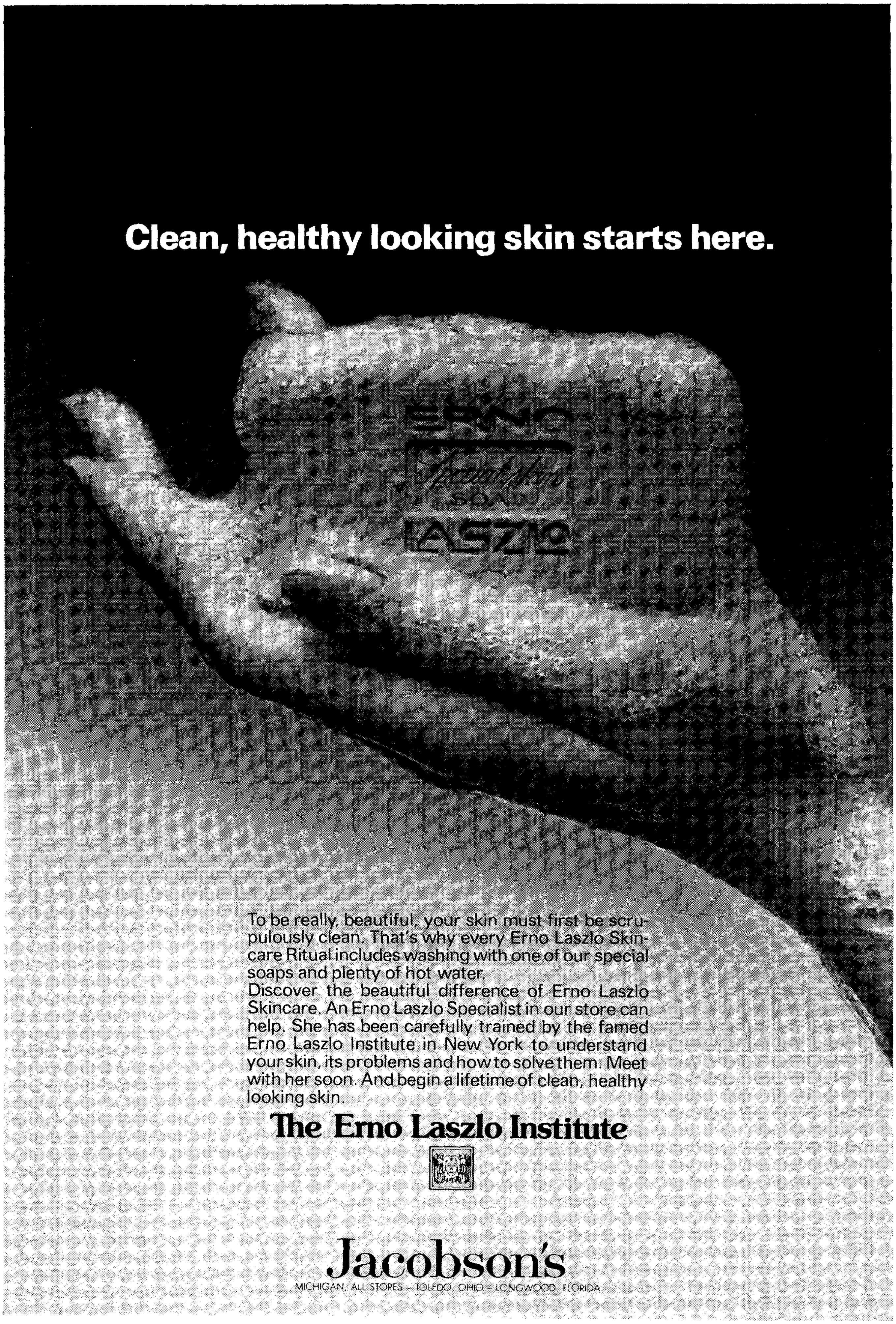

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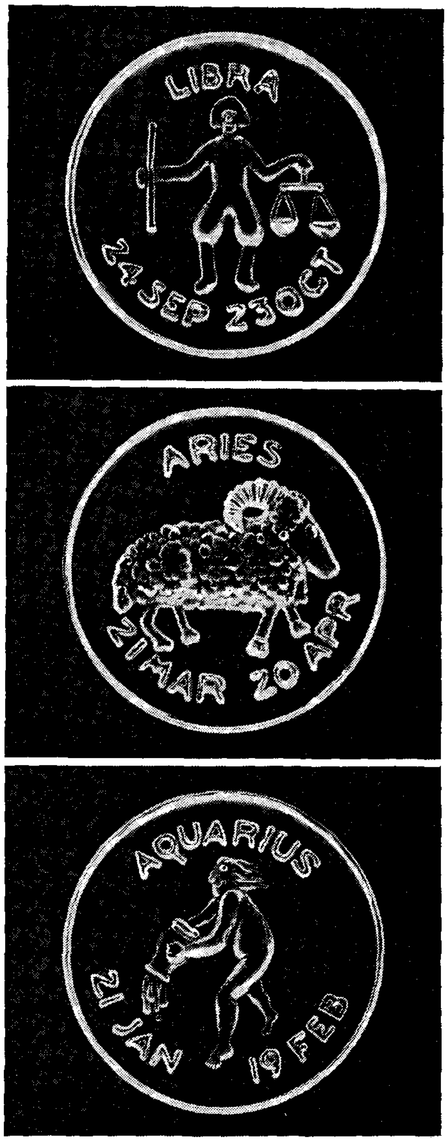

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before that, Brzezinski had begun a three-day trip to China which featured talk of "strategic" harmony between the two countries in what seemed to be an anti-Soviet context. Brzezinski, by his own account, encouraged the Chinese to play an anti-Soviet role in Africa. He went from Peking to Japan, and shortly after his visit Tokyo announced the resumption of negotiations for the peace treaty with China. Back in the United States on May 27th, Brzezinski sat in, with the President and Vance, on a White House meeting with Gromyko. The Soviet Foreign Minister presented what the Russians claim were constructive proposals on SALT. These were brushed aside, and the President went on to lecture Gromyko about the Soviet role in Angola. A few hours later, Brzezinski taped an interview for "Meet the Press." Among other things, he said that the Russians, by their behavior in Africa and Afghanistan, were "violating the code of détente." Though another SALT session between Gromyko and Vance was fixed for July 12th in Geneva, the Russians had the impression that the United States was backing away from SALT, just as it had backed away from the negotiations.

That version of the events was given to me by Georgi Arbatov, a Russian expert on the United States who, as head of the U.S.A. and Canada Institute, is at once a sophisticated man and an official with a clear vested interest in good relations between the Soviet Union and the United States. Arbatov, an acquaintance of many years' standing, made no bones about his feelings. "I feel a bit frustrated," he said at the outset when I greeted him with a perfunctory "How are you?" Then he went on, "There have been worse times, but these are not good. The trouble didn't begin just a few weeks ago. There has been a standstill since 1975. In U.S.-Soviet relations, a standstill isn't a standstill. The forces undermining good relations get to work. So in a standstill you go backward."

Arbatov seemed especially concerned by the turn in Sino-American relations. "Worst of all, there is the China affair," he said. "If you move toward an informal military alliance with China, we will find ourselves in an absolutely different situation. Most of the agreements and understandings reached over the past years will become irrelevant. There will be no need to limit armaments in Europe if you are simply

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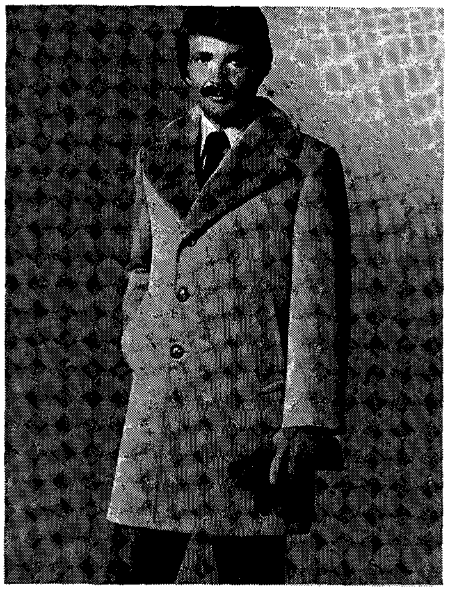

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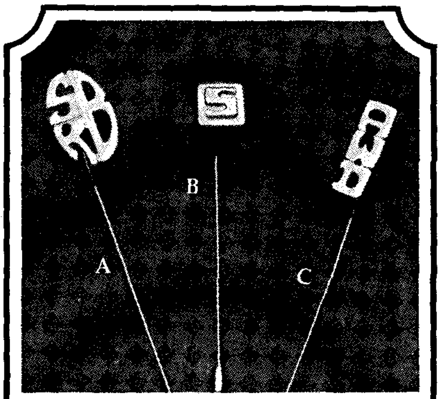

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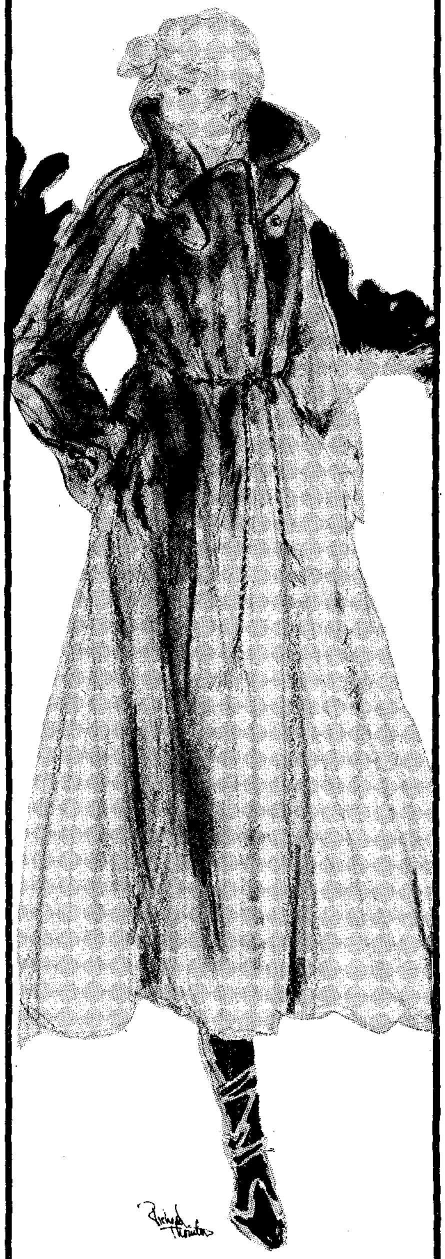

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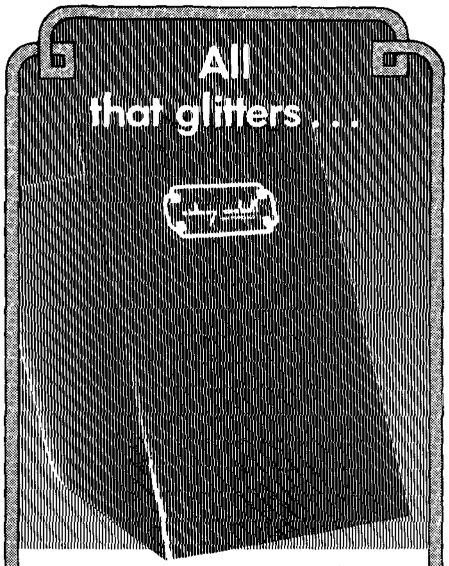
smuggling them in against us by the back door. The gist of détente is to bind our two countries not to go against each other. Now China becomes a hot issue, a point of no return. There is no way of playing innocent games with China. A military connection with her is the difference between a moderate position toward the Soviet Union and an absolutely hostile one."

Before taking my leave, I reminded Arbatov that many Americans thought the Russians were winning in Asia and Africa while disarming the United States with talk of détente. He repeated the arguments about Russia's only reacting to events in Angola, Ethiopia, Afghanistan, and South Yemen. As he escorted me out, he said, "I can promise you, we don't feel like winners."

THE sense of not feeling like winners in foreign policy combines with the leadership weakness to provide the background for the recent flurry of political trials. If only because Brezhnev and his colleagues at the top cannot give steady attention to detailed matters, the various bureaucratic interests have acquired new scope and power. Among them, of course, is the secret police, or K.G.B. The event that triggered the trials was the arrest of two alleged K.G.B. agents in the United States. The final disposition of the trials seems to depend on release of those two men. The K.G.B.'s bureaucratic interest, in other words, has been a decisive factor, and the police apparatus in Russia seems so little sensitive to how matters look that even the fabrication of evidence for the trials has been shoddy. The secret police have the more leeway because those who urge the importance of Moscow's foreign connections have lost influence as a result of the decline in relations with the U.S. The Foreign Ministry and the Ministry of Foreign Trade have not been able to argue that Moscow had much to lose in Washington if it dealt harshly with dissidents. On the contrary, the police were able to claim that only by cracking down could Russia show the U.S. that it could not expect Soviet concessions on the treatment of dissidents as a price for arms control. The most important of the trials began just before the critical foreign ministers' meeting on SALT that took place in Geneva on July 12th and 13th. When I asked Zamyatin why these trials were timed to coincide with the July meeting between Vance and Gromyko, he said, "It is not our intention to worsen relations with the United States. But these relations are being spoiled by certain circles in America.



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To judge by some of the testimony, the questioning of witnesses for the trials began as early as December, 1976. A public hint of what was in store surfaced just after the Carter Administration unveiled its human-rights program. The issue of *Izvestia* for March 4, 1977, carried an open letter from one Sanya L. Lipavsky to the Supreme Soviet. Lipavsky declared that he had been recruited as a spy for the Central Intelligence Agency by officers working for the United States Embassy in Moscow. He claimed that he had passed messages from them to several Soviet dissidents and *refuseniks*. He said the dissidents and *refuseniks* had then passed information back through American correspondents. All the Americans and Soviets named in the open letter were Jewish. One of these, Anatoly Shcharansky, had, in fact, shared quarters with Lipavsky. Eleven days after the *Izvestia* article appeared, Shcharansky was arrested, amid rumors that Lipavsky had indeed done some work for the C.I.A. and was in a good position to finger Shcharansky. Rumors that Shcharansky would be tried for treason kept cropping up. But while U.S.-Soviet negotiations on SALT moved forward in the fall of 1977 and the winter of this year, the trial was held off. On May 20th, however, two Soviet officials attached to the United Nations—Valdik Enger and Rudolf Chernyayev—were arrested in New Jersey by the F.B.I. and charged with trying to buy secret information about American defense against submarines. The two were booked with publicity—unusual for spy cases—and held on extremely high bail: two million dollars apiece. The stormy meeting between Carter and Gromyko at the White House came eight days later. Three days after that, at a meeting in New York, Gromyko told Vance that Russia considered the publicity and the bail excessive. He warned that there would be reprisals if the two Russians were not released. On June 12th, *Izvestia* carried a story, undenied by United States sources, that an American Embassy official working for the C.I.A., Martha Peterson, had been expelled from Russia after being caught

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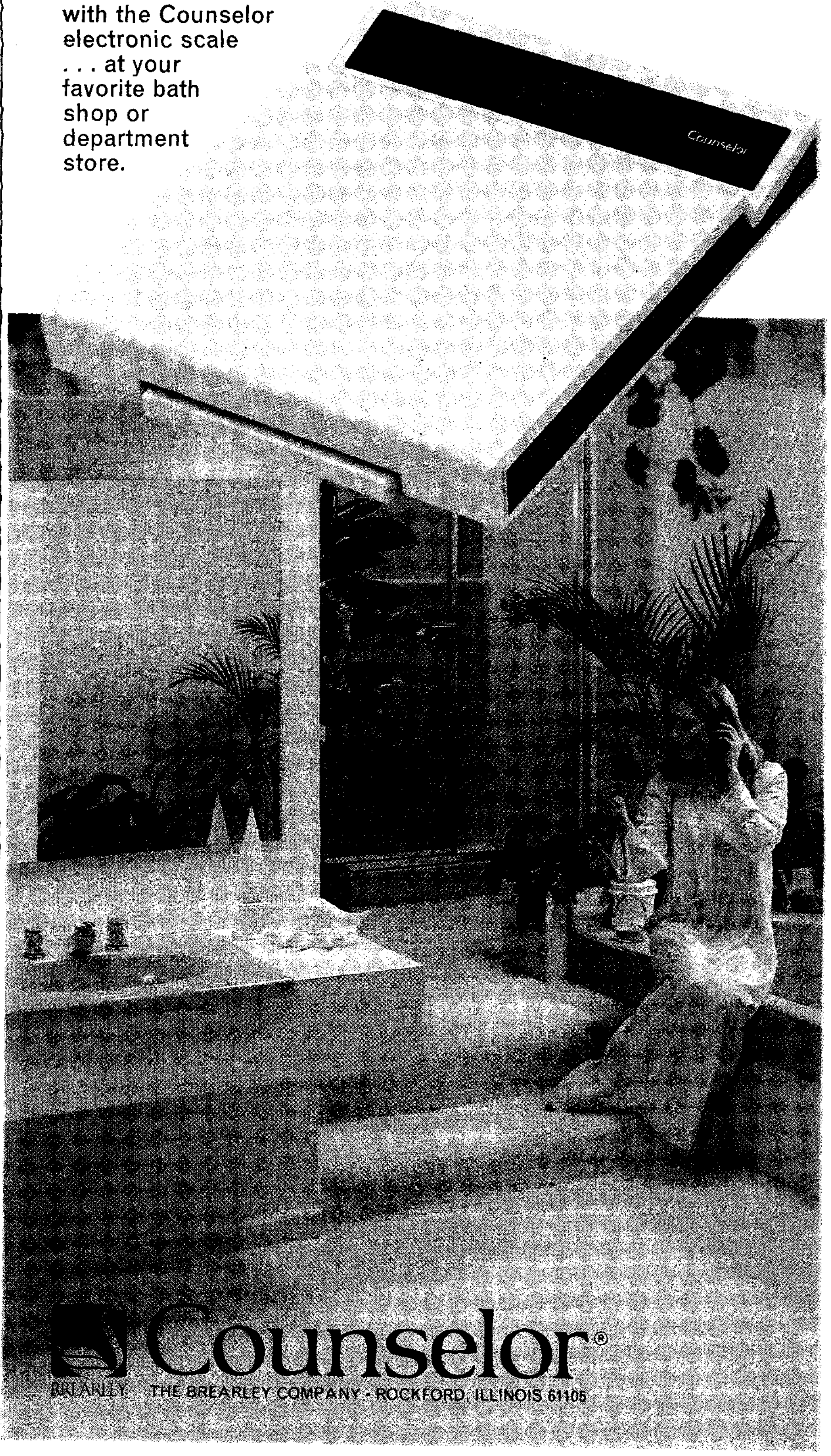

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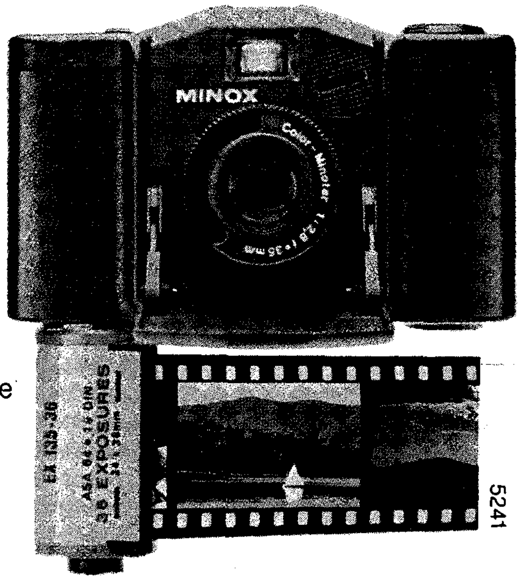

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in the act of dropping messages and equipment to an agent. That same day, plainclothesmen arrested an American business representative here in Moscow—F. Jay Crawford, of the International Harvester Company. Though Crawford could easily have been picked up at his apartment or his office, he was apprehended while he was out driving with his fiancée, an American who serves as a secretary and archivist at the United States Embassy. He was dragged from his car and bundled off to the Lefortovo prison. He was released two weeks later, in the custody of the American Embassy here, as part of a bargain: at the same time, the two alleged Soviet agents were released in the custody of Russian diplomats.

The next day, June 28th, slander charges were filed by a Soviet television editor, Viktor Lubovtsev, against two American journalists—Harold Piper, of the Baltimore *Sun*, and Craig Whitney, of the New York *Times*. The charges centered on the case of Zviad Gamsakhurdia, a well-known Georgian dissident, who had established in his native republic a committee to monitor Soviet compliance with the human-rights provision of the Helsinki accord. In May, Gamsakhurdia had been tried for anti-Soviet activities and sentenced to five years of labor camp and internal exile. He confessed in court, and later a televised confession was broadcast on the evening news here. Relatives of Gamsakhurdia claimed that the television appearance was fabricated, and Piper and Whitney, after a visit to Georgia, published stories detailing those claims. The slander action charged that in publishing the stories the two American reporters had damaged the reputation of Soviet television. On July 3rd, the two correspondents appeared in Moscow city court. They contended that Soviet law had no jurisdiction over what they reported in the American press. The judge set July 18th for a ruling on that claim. The two reporters left Moscow on vacation. On July 10th, in an atmosphere murky with charges of spying and slander, three major trials got under way.

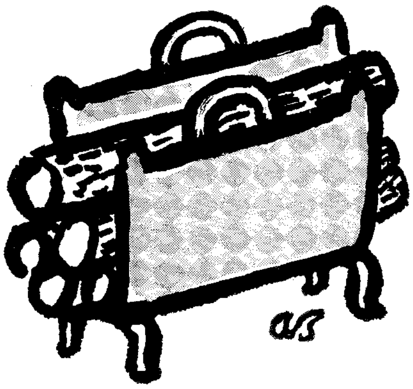
The most widely publicized of the trials was that of Shcharansky, a thirty-year-old computer specialist who had been vainly seeking to follow his wife in emigration to Israel. Shcharansky was tried in a Moscow court on charges of treason growing out of contacts with Robert Toth, a reporter for the Los Angeles *Times*. The prosecution asked for a fifteen-year sentence, however, and not for the death penalty, which can be meted out in treason cases.

Shcharansky was found guilty on July 14th, and was sentenced to a thirteen-year term—three years in prison and ten in labor camp.

In the trial that probably had the broadest implications, the defendant was Alexander Ginzburg, a Russian of the Orthodox Church, who took his mother's name in protest against the anti-Semitic campaigns of the Stalin era. A longtime dissident, Ginzburg had been arrested in 1960 and again in 1967 for publishing anti-Soviet material. He had been sentenced on the first occasion to two, and on the second to five, years in a labor camp. After his release in 1972, he became treasurer of a fund of several hundred thousand dollars, earned from the proceeds of writings by Alexander Solzhenitsyn, which was used to help families of dissidents all across the Soviet Union. Ginzburg was arrested again in February, 1977. His trial was held in Kaluga, a provincial city about ninety miles southwest of Moscow. He was accused of anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda—the same charge on which he was found guilty in 1968. Instead of the maximum sentence of ten years in prison, the prosecution asked for eight years in prison and three in internal exile. Ginzburg was found guilty on July 13th, and was given a sentence of eight years in prison and no exile.

The third trial took place in Moscow with almost no publicity. It was an espionage case against Anatoly Filatov, a Russian diplomat who had been recruited into United States service while he was on post in Algeria in 1974. Filatov had apparently been caught red-handed in September, 1977, receiving equipment and instructions from an American official working for Major Robert Watters, the former military attaché in the United States Embassy in Moscow. According to Soviet press accounts, Filatov pleaded guilty. He was sentenced to death on July 14th.

At first glance, the trials seemed to be a brilliantly contrived smear. The



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dissident movement, of which Ginzburg was a leading member, was mixed in with the issue of the *refuseniks*, such as Shcharansky. Their case was then tied to that of a genuine spy. An article printed in all Soviet press organs on July 15th, and broadcast on Soviet television, linked Shcharansky and Filatov as "criminals, traitors to the homeland, and spies." Moreover, the chief pipeline of the dissidents to the outside world, the Western press, was put on notice by the proceedings against Piper and Whitney. The two papers paid the costs, but refused to print retractions. Subsequently, Whitney and Piper returned to Moscow without difficulty. The television slander complaint was withdrawn, and the judge referred the case back to the Foreign Ministry. The Foreign Ministry allowed the correspondents to stay but warned them—and, in effect, all other correspondents—that they could easily be expelled.

All these blows against the dissidents and the Western press were struck rapidly, and without serious adverse consequences to Russia's interests in limiting the arms race. There were sharp protests from President Carter and Secretary Vance, and even sharper ones from Senators Daniel P. Moynihan, of New York, and Henry Jackson. The Administration cancelled a planned visit to Moscow by an American scientific delegation that was then in Peking. Mr. Carter also suspended the sale of a computer to Russia and reconsidered a projected sale of oil-drilling equipment. But Vance and Gromyko met in Geneva on July 12th and 13th. The talks kept the SALT negotiations moving forward, and the momentum was maintained when Gromyko met with Vance at the U.N. in New York and with President Carter at the White House last month. The prospect now is for a SALT agreement and a Big Two summit meeting within several months. But the door opened only after Brezhnev had allowed the internal-security forces to prove their toughness in the trials. The Russians implied that the trials had put the United States to the test on human rights and had forced, in the continuation of the SALT talks, an American climbdown. A *Pravda* article on July 15th said, "The campaign of interference in the internal affairs of Socialist countries is becoming an uncontrollable process, a tide that is carrying those who swim in it toward the cliffs of confrontation." That claim will look better still if, as seems likely, Shcharansky and Ginzburg are traded for the two alleged

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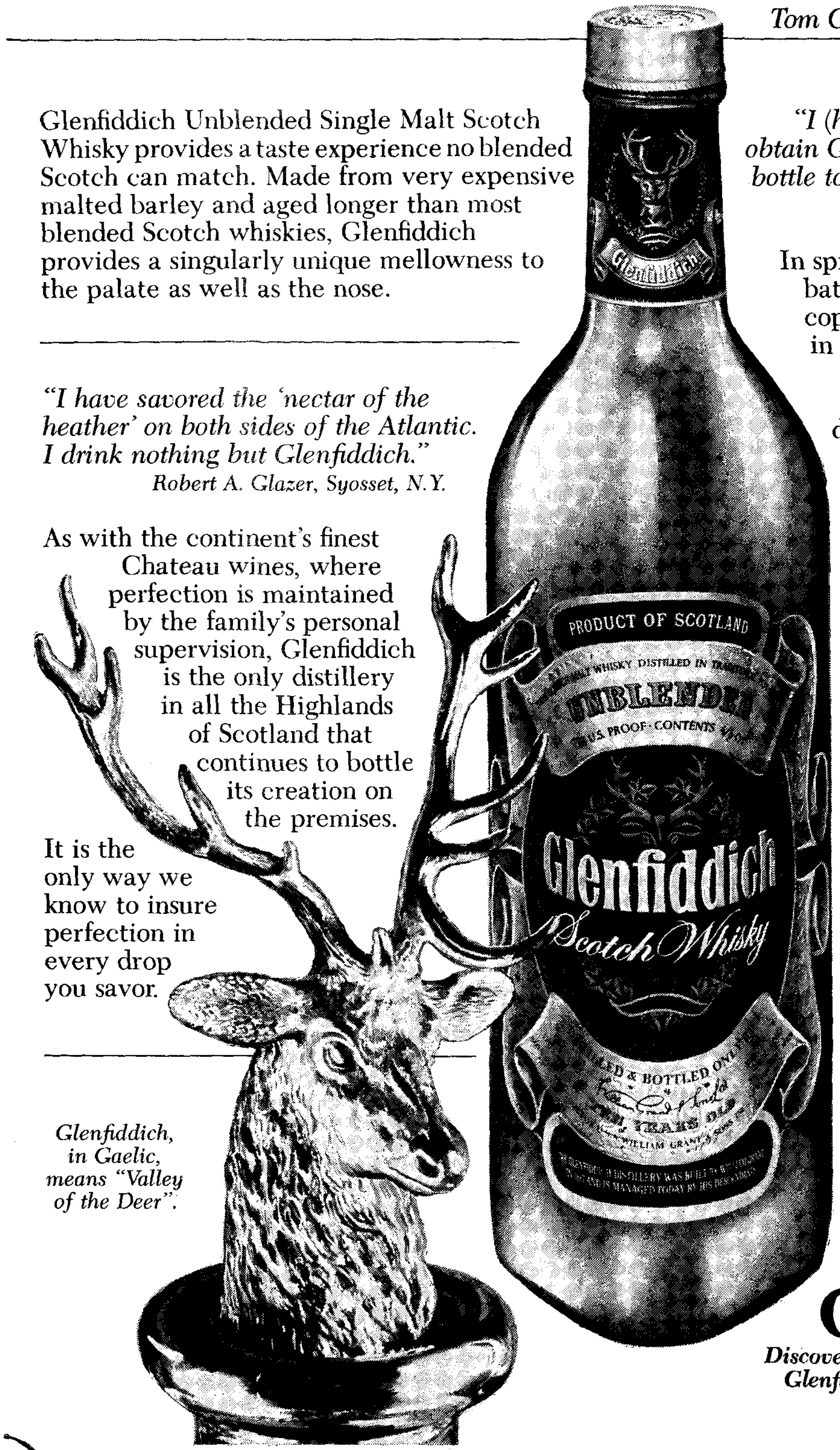

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Russian spies apprehended in the United States in May.

At second glance, however, the trials also showed the degree to which the Soviet leadership is constrained by past events and present circumstances. The Russians do, and want to do, business with much of the world, including the United States. Thanks to foreign connections and, even more, to the relative liberalization of the Khrushchev years, many Russians doubt the claims of the state, and are prepared, in one way or another, to resist the authorities. In consequence, the leadership is not free now to crack down with anything like the arbitrary brutality of the Stalin years.

Thus, in apparent deference to the American connection, the Soviet press reported the trials of Shcharansky and Filatov without mentioning the country for which espionage was supposedly being conducted. The meting out of milder sentences in the Ginzburg and Shcharansky cases than the prosecution had sought also suggests a sensitivity to foreign opinion. The case of the two foreign correspondents would never even have arisen if the Soviet authorities hadn't been making a special effort to shape domestic opinion. As for the Crawford case, some needling by the State Department caused International Harvester and other American corporations doing business in Moscow to move from a position of acquiescence to one of outrage. Strong corporate representations that harassment of private businessmen would cause the companies to withdraw from Moscow brought quick results. In early September, Crawford was given a two-day trial in Moscow on charges of illegal currency dealings. He received a five-year suspended sentence, and was allowed to leave Russia. The K.G.B., having been obliged to yield up the hostage taken against the two Russians seized in New Jersey, did not even bother to fabricate a convincing case against Crawford. During his trial, it developed that the prosecution had mixed up the "in" and "out" entries on the currency forms; did not know how foreigners paid bills in Russia; and was misinformed about the number of Crawford's room in the Intourist Hotel. With Crawford gone, the K.G.B. seems to be pinning its main hope for a trade to get back its own agents on the convicted American spy, Filatov. Filatov has been able to send a plea for help to President Carter through his wife, who conveyed that plea in an interview with Western reporters. Presumably, the Russians would be prepared to trade

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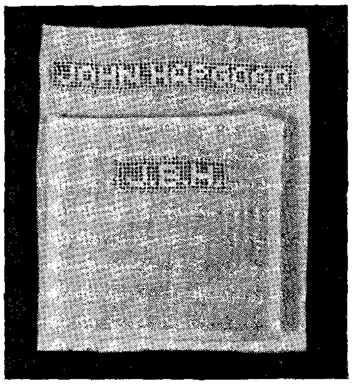

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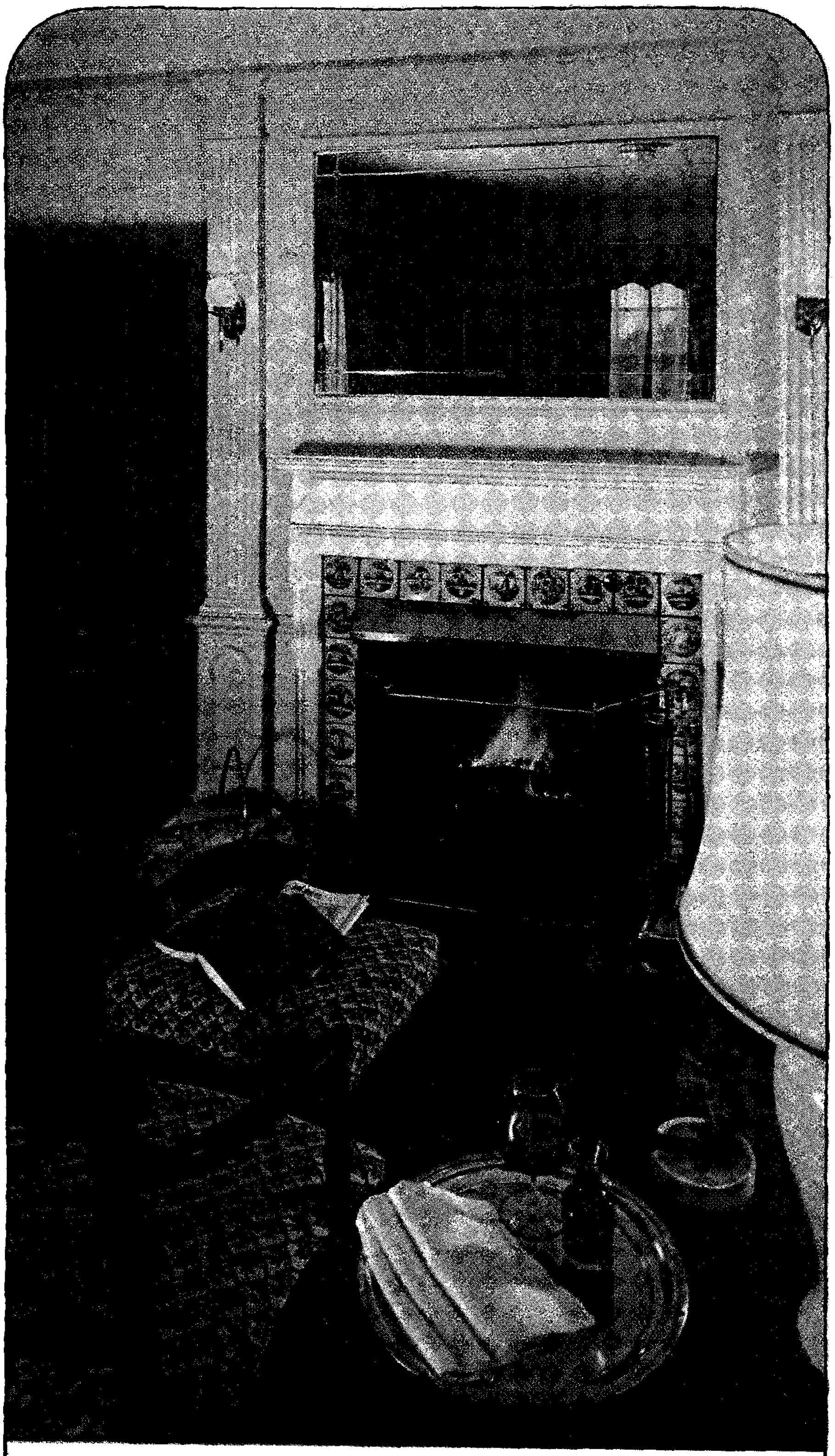
Filatov and some of the dissidents for the two alleged agents, once their case, which is now going forward in New Jersey, is decided.

With the authorities cracking down, but not hard, the trials became a showcase for the weird surrealism that now characterizes the Moscow atmosphere. The accused, far from being submissive, turned on the accusers. Shcharansky called his trial "absurd," vowed to spend "next year in Jerusalem," and told the judges, "To you I have nothing to say." Ginzburg told his judge, "I do not consider myself guilty, and I decline to ask for a lessening of sentence." At least one witness, a woman, was asked if Shcharansky had used her telephone to arrange secret meetings with Robert Toth; she replied that she didn't have a telephone. Relatives of the defendants were allowed to spend some time witnessing the Shcharansky and Ginzburg trials, and held regular briefing sessions for Western reporters. Shcharansky's mother, Ida Milgrom, though denied admittance to his trial, was allowed to stand with a crowd of sympathizers outside the courthouse in Moscow, where she became an object of compassion. Andrei Sakharov, who stood with Mrs. Milgrom, at one point shouted to the police, "You are not human beings! You are Fascists! Hear me, a member of the Soviet Academy of Sciences—you are Fascists!" Not only did the leading figures in the cases show defiance but the Russians in general seemed not in the slightest cowed. At one point, a woman wandered into the crowd outside the courtroom where Shcharansky was being tried, and emerged looking confused. "I thought they had something to sell," she said.

ONE reason Russians are not cowed by the trials is that the crackdown is only on dissidents openly hostile to the regime. Cultural dissidents, however unorthodox their views, are tolerated as long as they do not explicitly confront the regime. But such tolerance poses problems when foreigners come on the scene. For example, Joan Baez, the folksinger, was invited, along with a number of other American performers, including the Beach Boys, to participate in a July 4th concert in Leningrad. The concert was cancelled when it became apparent that several hundred thousand people wanted to attend, and might well touch off a riot. As it was, several thousand showed up for the non-event, and, according to reports circulating in the Moscow diplomatic community, had to be dispersed by police using high-pressure water



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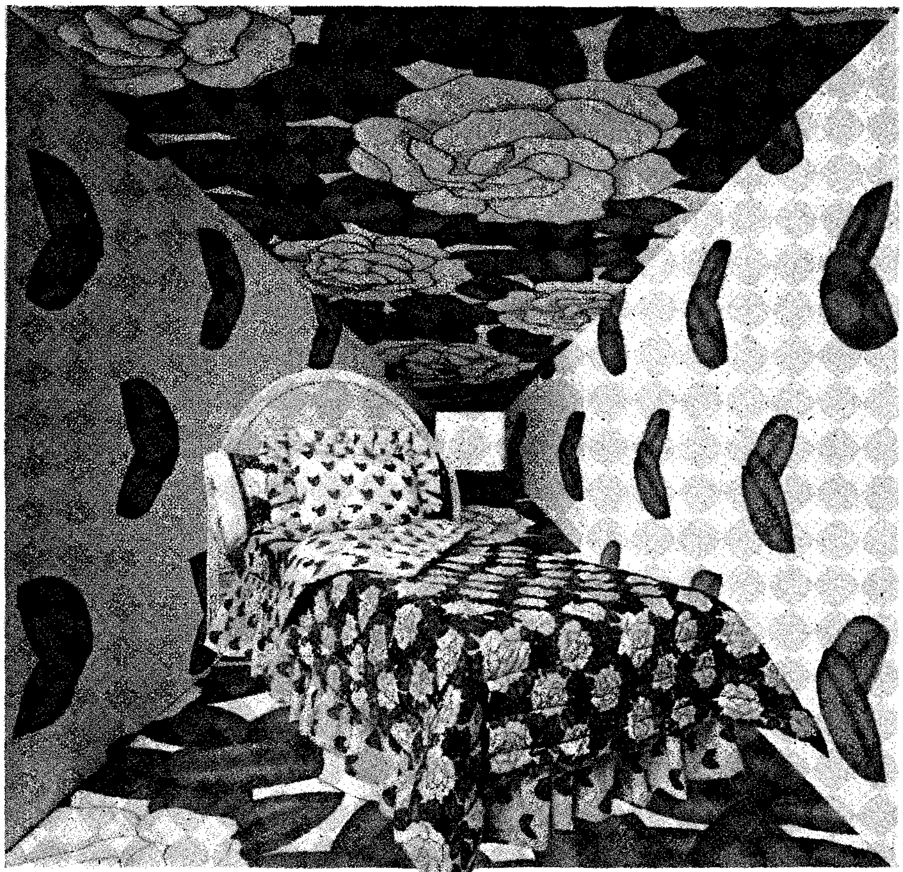

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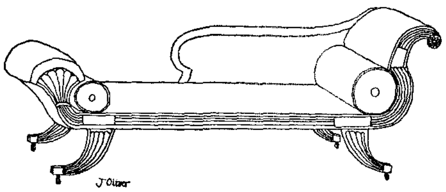
hoses. Miss Baez skipped Leningrad and came here to Moscow for a round of private meetings and musical sessions. She spent one evening with Dr. Sakharov. "It was wild," an American travelling with the singer told me afterward. "Joan came on strong about nonviolence and pacifism. Sakharov came back even more strongly, telling her the only hope for the world was the American nuclear arsenal."

I joined Miss Baez and her friends two nights later at a dinner given for her in the upstairs room of a Georgian restaurant some thirty miles outside Moscow. Andrei Voznesensky, Russia's most famous poet, had organized the affair, and acted as host. Bella Akhmadulina, whom many consider Russia's finest poet, was also there. So was a well-known Russian folksinger, Bulat Okudzhava. To translate for Miss Baez, Okudzhava had brought along a friend who obviously knew all the Russians present quite well. The friend translated with apparent ease—and, I was told by Russian-speaking Americans, with great skill—such numbers as "Blowin' in the Wind" and "Danny Boy." An awkward moment came when Miss Baez dedicated one of the songs to "the dissidents." The translator paused, and then came up with a smooth euphemism. Instead of using "*dissidenty*," the literal Russian word, which has nasty overtones of treason, he employed a circumlocution meaning "those who think differently." In view of the translator's identity, his ability to find the euphemism was perhaps not surprising. But his chumminess with the poets *was* surprising, and the fact that he was there with Miss Baez after her visit to Sakharov was positively astonishing. For he was Viktor Sukhadrev, Leonid Brezhnev's official English translator.

Even sharper contradictions, as Marxists like to say, are thrown up by cultural dissidents who express the traditional feelings of Russian nationalism, on which the regime is increasingly dependent. A striking case in point is that of the most successful painter in Russia, and perhaps in the world—Ilya Glazunov. For most of June and early July, Glazunov had a one-man show at the Manezh, a huge stone-and-wood structure across the street from the Kremlin which was built in czarist times as an indoor exercise ground for the imperial horses and was named after the French word for horsemanship, "*manège*." Lines longer than those waiting to visit Lenin's tomb in the Kremlin Wall formed daily around the Manezh. According to Glazunov himself, some people waited as long as seven hours to see the show, and as long as an hour simply to buy a catalogue. Glazunov reckons that about half a million people—over twenty thousand a day—saw his pictures.

The paintings did not strike me as very good or, with a few exceptions, as particularly unusual. Many were ordinary street scenes. There were several portraits—one, for example, of Dostoevski—that any salon painter might have produced. But there was one extraordinary showstopper—a painting of a young man in jeans on his knees seeking forgiveness from a Christlike figure. Behind the young man were symbols of modern—and largely Western—materialism: hogs swilling blood, a table piled high with wasted food and drink, concentration camps, burning buildings, and war scenes. Behind the Christlike figure were lined up all the symbols of holy Mother Russia. The good guys included not only Pushkin, Gogol, and Dostoevski but several noblemen and a heroic religious figure—St. Sergius, the founder of the Zagorsk monastery. The picture was entitled "The Return of the Prodigal Son."

A couple of days after the show closed, I went, with the Moscow correspondent of the Washington *Post*, Kevin Klose, and his wife, Eliza, to visit Glazunov. His studio occupies two large, high-ceilinged rooms, one of them hexagonal, and a couple of connecting passages on the top floor of a building just off the Kalinin Prospekt, which is Moscow's Fifth Avenue. The rooms are crammed with paintings, books, icons, and a spectacular collection of old samovars. Glazunov, a handsome, smooth-faced man in his forties who bears a resemblance to the late actor Alan Ladd, received us in what seemed to be an elaborately overprepared way. His detractors, who are not few, claim that he is a throwback to the old Pan-Slavic tradition, complete with its anti-Semitic strain. But with him when we arrived was a young man named Yuri Sherling, who claimed to be reviving the Jewish Chamber Theatre—an institution closed down by Stalin in the nineteen-forties. As a first production, Sherling was working on what he called a Yiddish rock opera, which was based on



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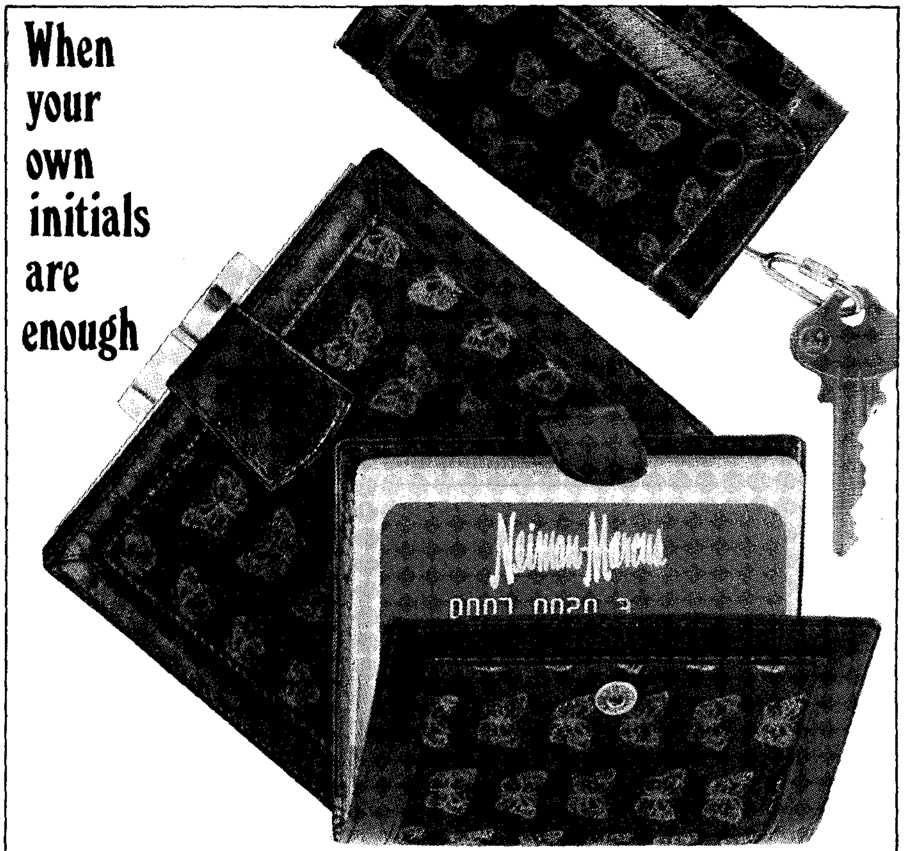

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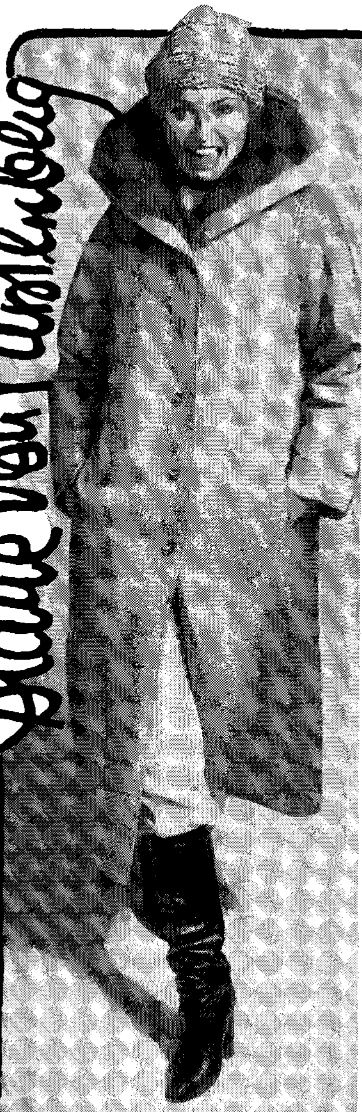
the stories of Sholom Aleichem and "evoked the mysterious life of the Jewish people." Young actors from all over the Soviet Union would participate. The opening would take place in the Jewish autonomous region of Birobidzhan, in Siberia, but Sherling hoped that eventually he could play in Moscow. Glazunov was helping him design sets and costumes.

I listened to this patently staged display of pro-Semitism for a few minutes and then told Glazunov that we had come to see him and his studio. After dismissing Sherling, Glazunov asked his wife to show us around. Mrs. Glazunov is a painter herself, and her English is better than her husband's, which is to say that it is quite good. She led us at once to a painting called "The Mystery of the Twentieth Century," which Glazunov considers his masterpiece but which has not so far been shown in public. It is a huge work, more than ten feet high and some forty feet long. It depicts the story of the century in a series of vertical segments. At the beginning, in the far left corner, is a portrait of the artist and a mirror, so that the viewer will understand that what follows is supposed to be everyman's picture. The first vertical segment shows the Russian Revolution: there are churches *toppling, but also heroic pictures of* Revolutionary leaders, including Lenin and—a figure never shown in the Soviet Union—Trotsky. There follows a panel of cultural heroes who Glazunov apparently believes issue from the Revolution. Picasso, Mayakovski (holding the gun with which he committed suicide), Jean-Paul Sartre, Albert Einstein (sticking out his tongue, a gesture that Glazunov later told me was a favorite of the physicist's), Louis Armstrong, and Charlie Chaplin are all portrayed. Next comes the Second World War, with large portrayals of Mussolini and Hitler over somewhat smaller ones of Churchill and Roosevelt, who are depicted—the first giving the V sign with his index and middle fingers, the second making a circle of his thumb and index finger in the O.K. sign—as lighthearted, almost frivolous, figures. Underneath them, stretched out on a crimson-covered bier, is a giant figure of Stalin. "He was the most important one," Glazunov said to me later. The next panel represents a hopeful postwar period. Mao and Castro are shown bringing the Third World onto the stage of history, and there are also portraits of Konrad Adenauer, Pope John XXIII, and a smiling John Kennedy. But that time of hope is darkened by Khru-



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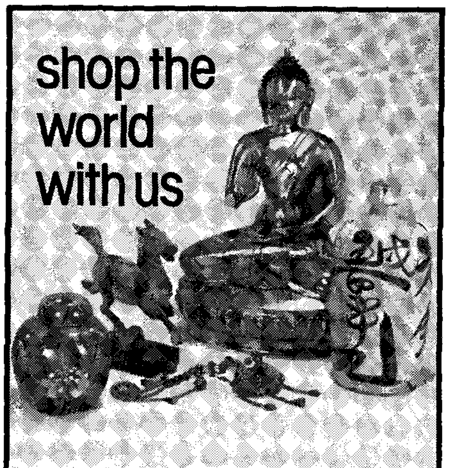

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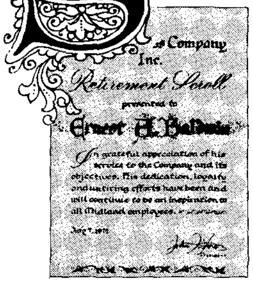

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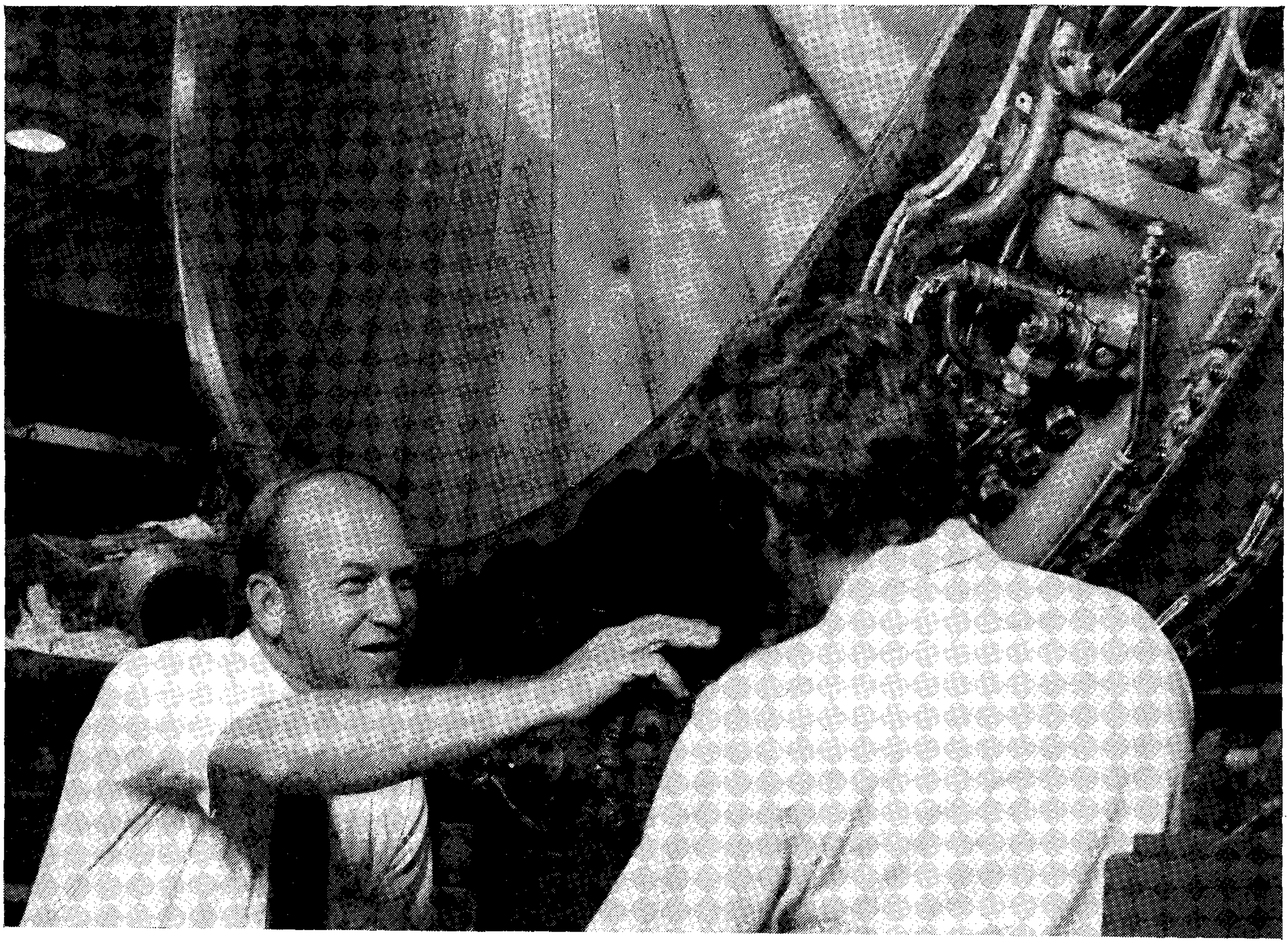

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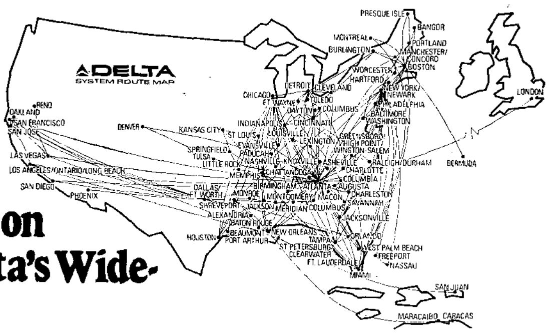
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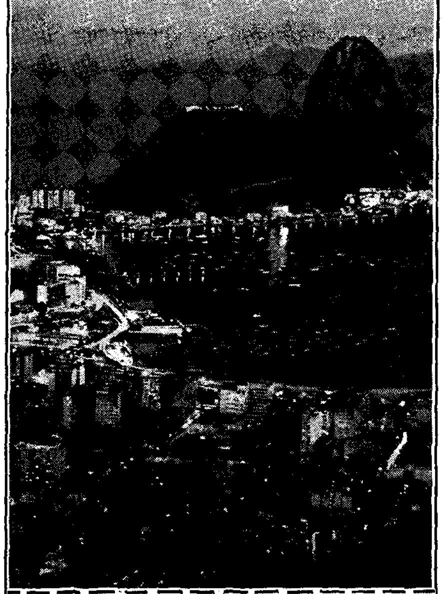

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shchev, who is pictured as a clownish figure balancing precariously on a missile while holding in one hand a sheaf of the corn he promised to the Russian people and, in the other, the shoe with which he beat upon his desk during the United Nations General Assembly session of 1960. The time of hope then yields to the here and now—a faceoff between the West and the Soviet Union. The West is represented by pictures of the Beatles, Mick Jagger, a nude stripteaser, and a young man and woman in a roadster. The young man is waving with his left hand. His companion, dressed in a décolleté white evening gown, is standing with her hands raised over her head and with her fingers waving in a hi-de-ho gesture. On the windshield of the car is inscribed the word "Weekend," indicating the supreme Western value. To the right of that tableau, representing the Soviet Union, is a brooding figure dressed in the garb of the prison camps and with his number barely visible on his uniform. That figure, the supreme representative of Russia, is Alexander Solzhenitsyn.

When we had finished drinking that work in, Mrs. Glazunov led us back to her husband. He showed us a series of scrapbooks that outlined his career. Probably the most striking feature was the foreign connection. He was discovered in 1961 by a visiting Italian delegation, including the actress Gina Lollobrigida, who later had him paint her portrait. In 1963, he visited Italy, where he did portraits of the film directors Visconti and Fellini. Subsequently, there was a period of intensive work in which he did portraits of the great, including Brezhnev, Indira Gandhi, and the King of Sweden; and, finally, the triumphant show at the Manezh.

I told Glazunov that many of the Western correspondents in Moscow believed him to be an official painter, with sponsorship from on high. He replied, "The foreign journalists in this country study two things. In the morning, they get up early and read *Pravda* and the rest of the official press. That way, they know the official line. In the evening, they go out and they meet with people who want to emigrate from Russia. That way, they know what the dissidents think. But there are millions of Russians who can't emigrate and don't have any contact with foreigners. They want to live in Russia and, at the same time, to improve the spiritual climate here. The truth about Russia is not in the official press or in the dissidents. It is in between. I speak for the in-between."

I observed that many Soviet artists

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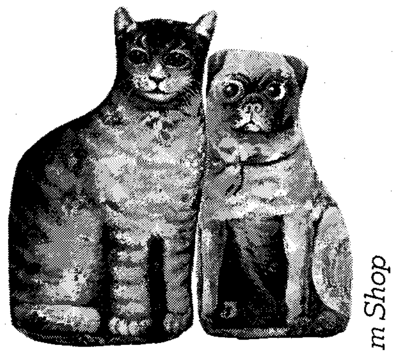

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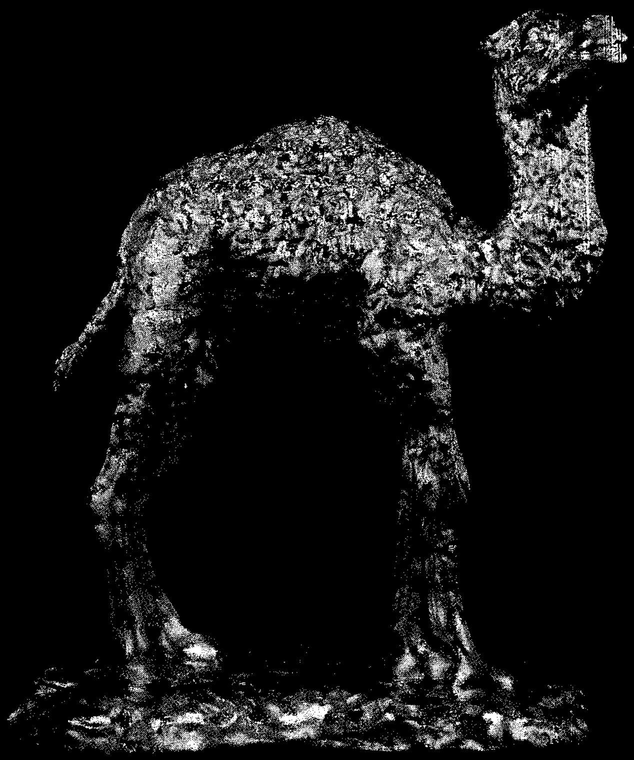

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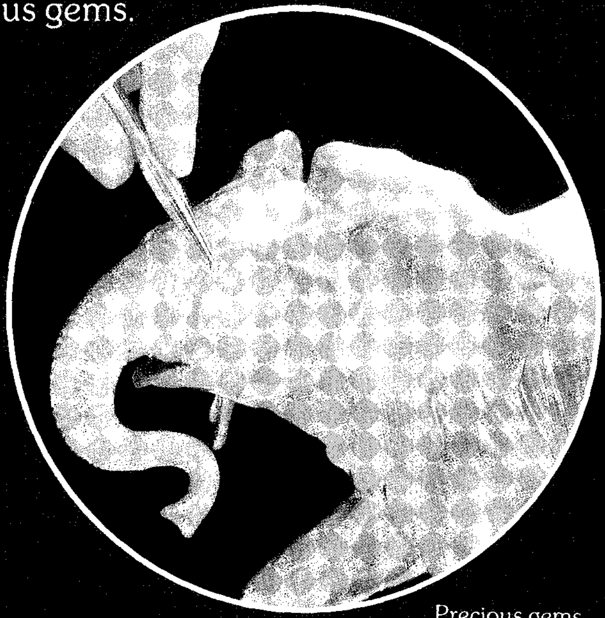

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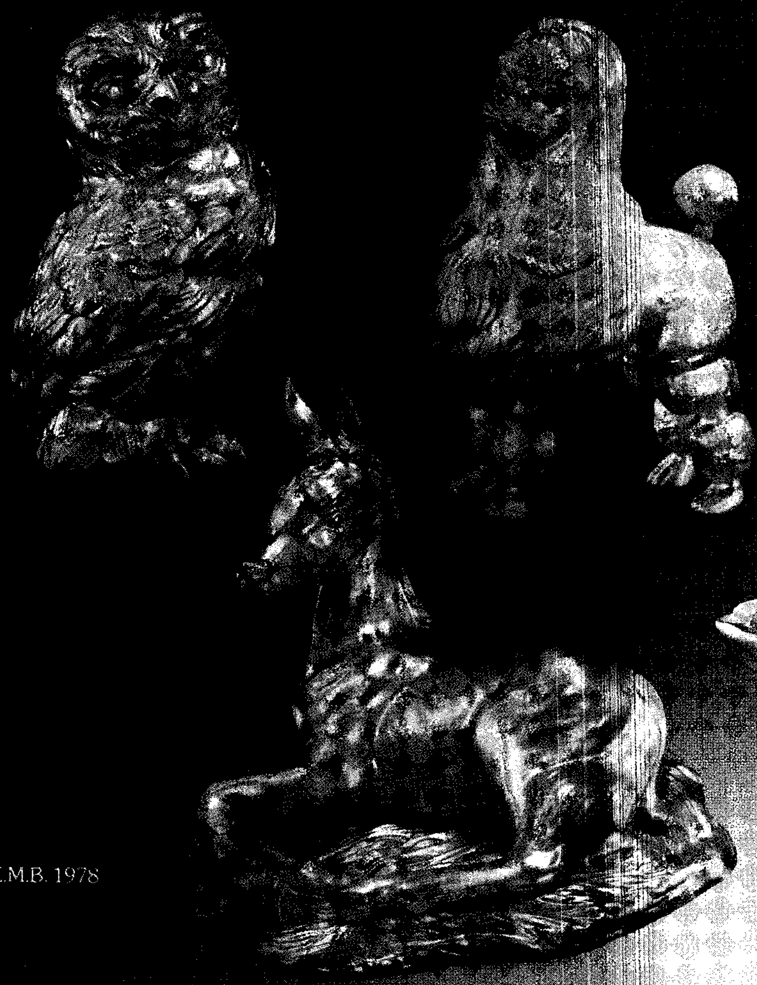

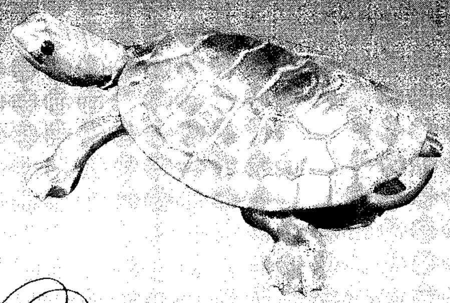

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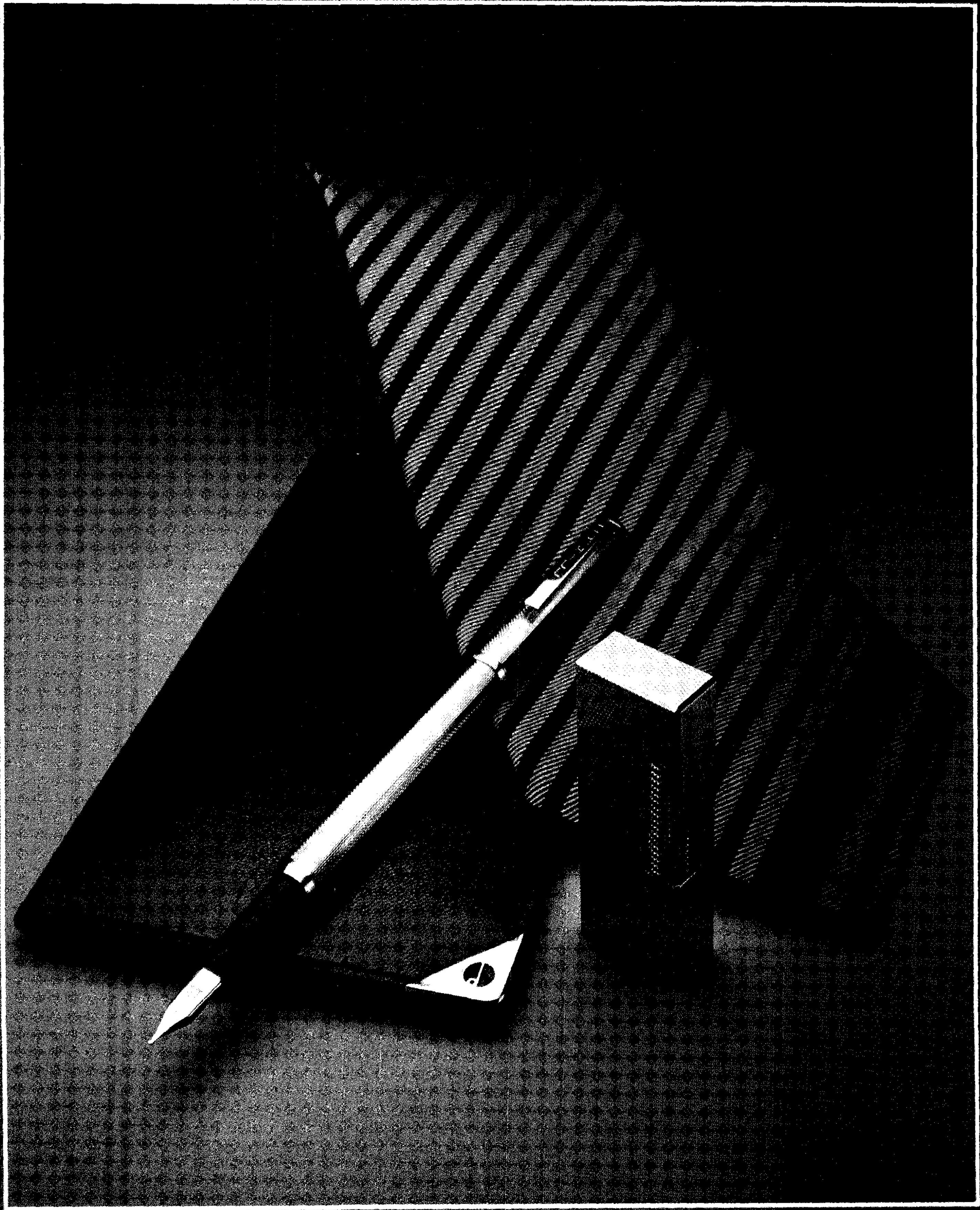

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also felt he had friends at court, and that he was highly nationalistic. He acknowledged the truth of the latter. "I believe that every people has a *national* culture. I do *not* think there is any international culture, any more than Esperanto is a spoken language. If there is an international culture, it is only a bouquet of national cultures." He hotly denied the official-sponsorship charge, however. He cited a *Pravda* review of his Manezh show which criticized him for "leaning toward religious subjects." "I am not avant-garde, but neither am I official," he said. "I paint the truth. The proof is the half-million Russians who came to see my show." —JOSEPH KRAFT

•

THE ROSES OF QUEENS

Among the topless dancers,
warehouses, factories,
disorderly patches of weeds
and rubbish on traffic islands,
behind the endearingly dated
façades on Steinway Street,
bloom in the pocket-sized gardens
the astonishing roses of Queens.

The brick row houses with
their awnings and stoops, as neat
as paintings by Pieter de Hooch,
line up their rival heavens
with Dutch precision, no doubt
echoing earlier settlers
who could not have foretold
the astonishing roses of Queens.

Yet here they are, as lush
as those of Isfahan,
on ramblers or on bowers,
on shrubs or trees or hedges,
as full as cabbage heads,
crimson and gold, their scent
a heady wave on the wind,
the astonishing roses of Queens.

Tied to the difficult land,
the port of immigration,
by the iron umbilical cord
of the borough's rattling bridge,
this modest array of lives
with the Babel of Europe behind
invested its capital in
the astonishing roses of Queens.

A place to grow old in the end
when transplanting has borne its fruit,
where bread has as many shapes
as the languages grandfathers speak,
sitting on stoops in the sun
among all this blossoming wealth . . .
Their hopes have come to rest
in the radiant roses of Queens.

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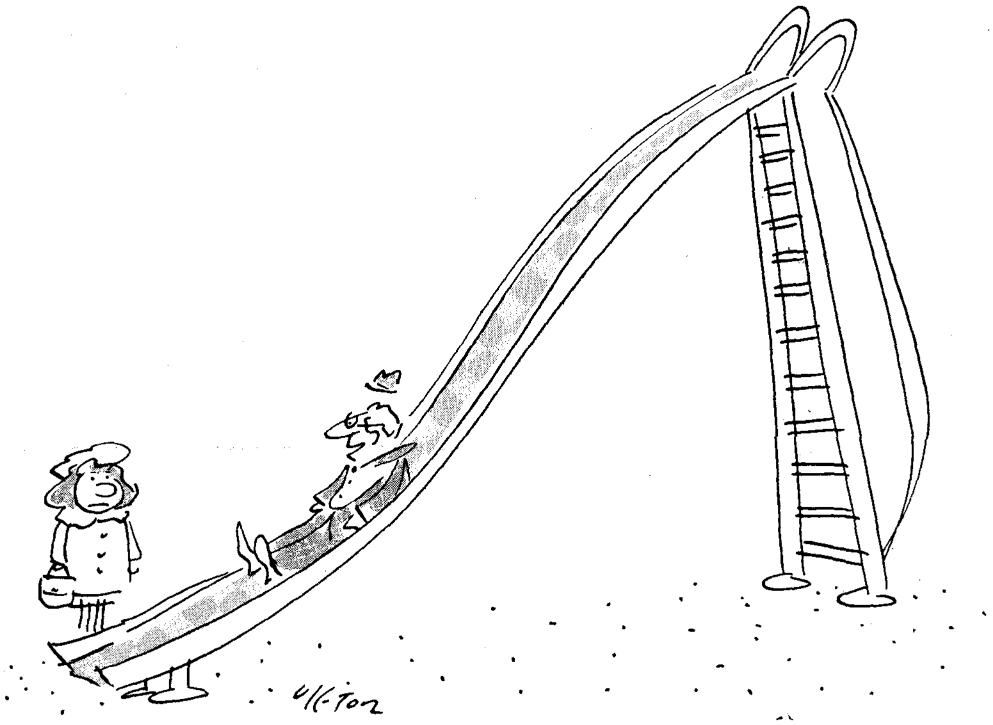
MUSICAL EVENTS

Summer Retrospect

IF Edinburgh's climate were better, its theatres more fully equipped, and its hotels less disagreeable, the Edinburgh Festival might have no rivals. Rudolf Bing's judgment was right when in 1947 he chose the northern capital as the place for a great annual international celebration of music, drama, dance—all the arts. The city—medieval, Adam neoclassical, and grandly Victorian—is so romantically beautiful, substantial, picturesque, and various that simply to be there is a festival in itself. ("I walk about . . . feeling as though I am listening to 'Figaro' from morning till night," Bernard Levin wrote this year.) On a fine day, it can seem the fairest town in the world, and beneath stormy skies the most dramatic. But there are many Edinburgh days when an even, gray, dampy light moves the soul to melancholy; then one is glad to enter the halls, theatres, and galleries. Three weeks are filled daylong and nightlong with the busy Festival program, and round those official offerings is a "fringe" woven by adventurous little troupes from all over the world. This year, there were some four hundred and fifty different fringe productions. The big art shows were of the Armand Hammer collection and of Giambologna's bronzes. The Chicago Symphony and the Dresden Staatskapelle headed a list of eight orchestras; Abbado, Boulez, Giulini, and Solti were among the conductors. The most important (though not the best-attended) event was the British première of Luigi Nono's second opera, "Al Gran Sole Carico d'Amore," brought to Edinburgh by the Frankfurt Opera. "Al Gran Sole," commissioned by La Scala, was first performed in Milan in 1975, and was revived there in a revised edition last February. Abbado conducted it (the score is dedicated to him and to the pianist Maurizio Pollini); the staging was by Yury Lyubimov and David Borovsky, the chief director and designer at Moscow's Taganka Theatre. The Frankfurt production was directed by Jürgen Flimm, designed by Karl-Ernst Herrmann, and conducted by Michael Gielen; in Edinburgh it was done in concert form, in the King's Theatre. The drama of the piece lies chiefly in its musical confrontations and contrasts, not in any conventional plot, and it came across strongly.

The title is a line of a Rimbaud poem, "Les Mains de Jeanne-Marie": "Dark hands that summer tanned . . . they have paled, wondrous, in the great sun charged with love, on the bronze of the machine guns through a Paris in rebellion." A madrigal-like setting of the poem, in French, forms one "scene" of the opera. The libretto, the composer's own, is compiled from many sources, among them Marx, Lenin, Brecht, Cesare Pavese's "Deola" poems, popular revolutionary songs, and sayings of revolutionary leaders. As a prelude, soprano soloist and chorus proclaim first Che Guevara's "La belleza no está reñida con la revolución." It can stand as a motto for the piece and as a summary of the belief in which Nono has been composing some of the most sensuously beautiful and politically fervent scores of our day: "Beauty is not a denial of the revolution." In "Al Gran Sole," he has sought and hymned the beauty of emotions that revolutions have brought forth in women. The basic setting of Act I is the Paris Commune of 1871. (Marx's declaration "The Paris of the workers, with its Commune, will be celebrated through eternity as the glorious herald of a new society" is also sung in the prelude.) The chief character in this act is Louise Michel, schoolmistress turned Communarde, but her spirited statements are intercut with some by the twentieth-century guerrilla Tania Bunke. Favre, Thiers, Bismarck, and the choruses take lines from Brecht's "The Days of the Commune." The act ends with an ensemble setting of Lenin's "In different situations and in other conditions, the Russian revolutions of 1905 and 1917 continued the work of the Commune." Cool historians have questioned the correctness of that view. The 1871 Commune was an unmethodical muddle. But it has also been a continuing source of social and artistic inspiration, and Nono treats it as such here. Act II continues the tale in Russia in 1905: "Day after day, the siren howls in the oily, steamy air above the working-class suburb"—from the Gorky-Brecht "The Mother." The Mother is followed by the prostitute Deola, bravely affirming that "life will be beautiful" so long as clouds keep moving above Turin. To scenes of industrial strife in Russia in 1905 and Turin in the nineteen-forties and nineteen-fifties there is then added the attack on the Moncada Barracks, in Cuba, in 1953 (texts by Haydée Santamaria and Celia Sánchez). In the penultimate scene, the mourning of Vietnamese mothers (lines from actual letters) is followed by words of hope from prison, by Antonio Gramsci, Georgi Dimitrov, and Fidel Castro. The act is punctuated by episodes representing "the massing of the forces of oppression." In the finale, it seems at first that those forces have triumphed, but then the song they have crushed rises again and swells into a couplet from the "Internationale." "No more slaves or masters! Up, let us continue the struggle!"



"Say what you will, the thrill is still there."

This politico-dramatic program, however morally admirable, would not be enough to insure merit for the mu-

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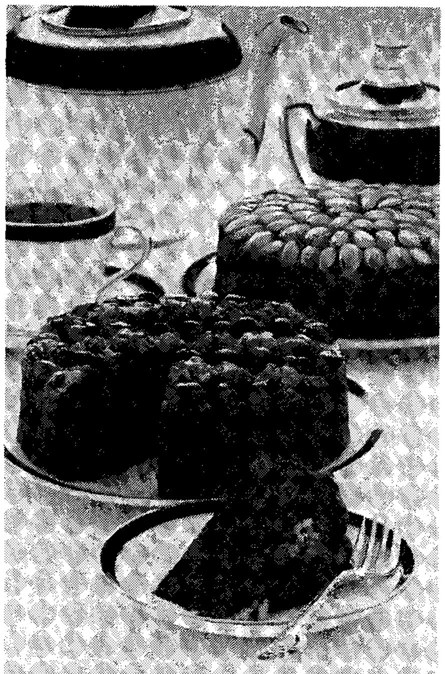
sic. But Nono's score is active and dramatic in itself, not merely illustrative. It does illustrate, as music readily can, such things as the crude massing of brute force, and opposition to it, in the form of snatches of revolutionary song. More subtly, it draws its listeners into a network of feelings about its central theme: the parts women have played in the social struggle, not just in their traditional roles as mothers, mourners, mistresses, helpmeets, and muses but as participants in the history of progressive thought, action, and emotion. In a program note, Nono contrasts his heroines with Violetta, and his opera with "La Traviata." Verdi's opera, he reminds us, is, among other things, a didactic piece: in the conflict of a prostitute with the society that destroys her, she is "on a higher moral plane than the society." But "La Traviata" is "a self-contained story . . . the result of a historical situation," while in "Al Gran Sole" the prostitute "belongs to an enduring developmental process." The Russian Mother of Gorky and Brecht could also be a mother of the Turin strikers, and she sings again in the Cuban struggle. The Mother is an alto role. (The part was movingly sung in Edinburgh by Sona Cervena.) For all the other women, there is no simple voice-to-role identification. The songs of each are assigned to one or more of four high-soprano soloists, joined sometimes by ten women of a semichorus and by the women of the full chorus. The "Deola" poems are at the heart of the work. Pavese "is for me a kind of prism breaking light up into different colors," Nono writes. "And when Pavese's poems are put beside other texts, they take on a completely different light, and themselves cast a totally different light on the others." Pavese's lyricism, so to speak, plays upon the heroines' scenes taken from "The Days of the Commune," from "The Mother," and from history, and they, too, break into lyrical music. The work is tautly and potently constructed. It is composed for very large forces (several small male solo roles besides the major roles for women; semichorus of twenty; big full chorus; big orchestra; four-track electronic tape projected through the theatre) and employs a very wide range of textures and dynamics. Strongly staged, as, by all accounts, it was in Milan and in Frankfurt, it must be overwhelming. In Edinburgh, it made a great impression. The Frankfurt cast was led by two principal sopranos—Deborah Cook and June Card—able to sustain very high lines with uncommon



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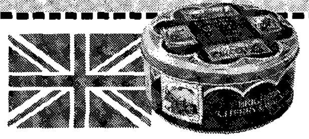

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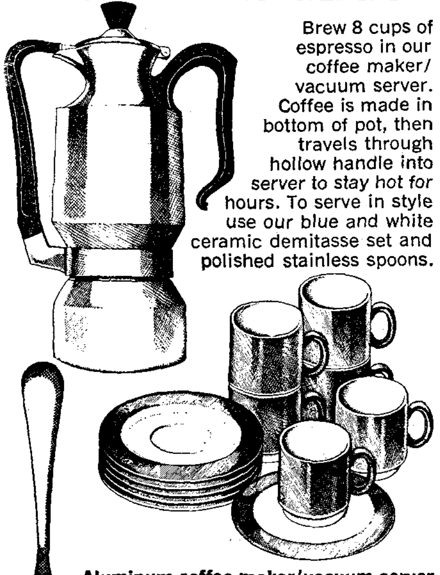

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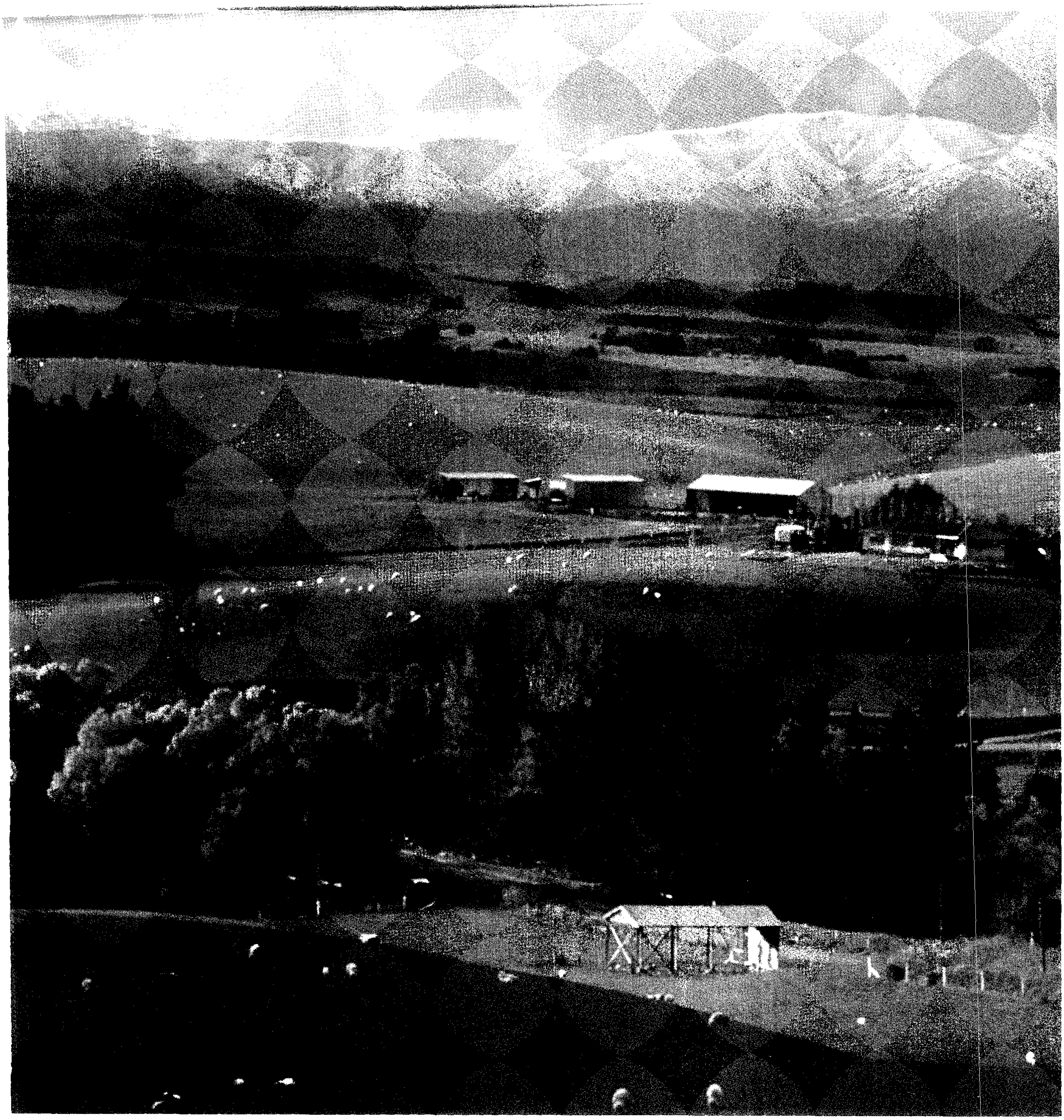

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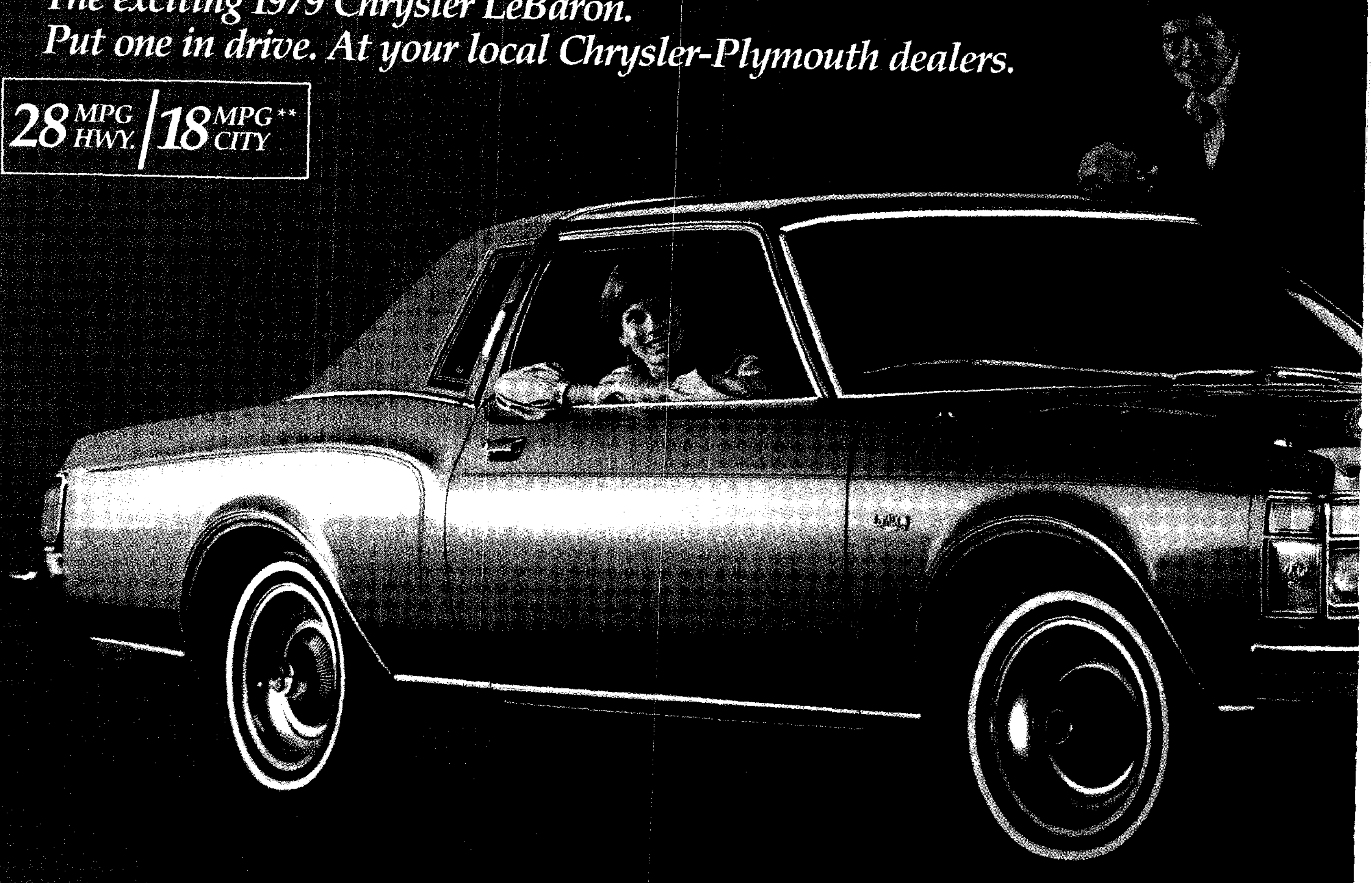

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sweetness and purity of tone. From all his performers, Gielen obtained an amazingly confident and eloquent account of the very difficult music, in which Nono's expressive use of voice against voice, timbre against timbre, and rhythm against rhythm is explored both on larger and on more exquisitely delicate scales than in previous compositions.

THE Zurich Opera's celebrated Monteverdi "cycle," which is making the rounds of Europe (Hamburg, La Scala, etc.), came to Edinburgh. It consists of "Orfeo" (1607), which is a court opera, and "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria" (1641) and "L'Incoronazione di Poppea" (1642), which were composed for public theatres—Monteverdi's three surviving operas—"arranged" and conducted by Nikolaus Harnoncourt; directed and designed, all three in the same basic set, by Jean-Pierre Ponnelle; and accompanied by a band of Baroque instruments. I saw "Ulisse" and "Poppea." The shows did Monteverdi no service and were deplorable in almost every way. Harnoncourt's latest "arrangements," which are even more questionable than those he has recorded, and are disfigured by cruel cuts, throw the focus of musical interest again and again on the orchestra pit. The final duet of "Poppea" emerged as a virtuoso two-recorder concerto with vocal backing. There was just one Italian in the casts—Maria Minetto, the Nurse in both operas. She had no more than a worn thread of a voice, but she was almost alone in declaiming the words as if they meant something. Many of the principal singers were dull and inexpressive (Ortrun Wenkel drooped through the part of Penelope like a pallid marionette); sometimes they had been grossly overdirected, to a point where Monteverdi's apparently surefire music made no effect. In "Ulisse," the stringing-of-the-bow scene brought three pratfalls for Pisander; Irus made such a protracted meal of his big aria—jumping down at last into the pit to weep on Harnoncourt's shoulder—that all the simple fun of it was lost; Penelope and Ulysses celebrated their reunion by singing the final duet lying flat on the stage, heads where the prompter's box would have been had there been one. In "Poppea," the cute little Cupid of the Prologue stayed onstage much of the time, as master of ceremonies; Seneca's disciples played their mourning chorus for laughs; the formidable Octavia became an absurd hennaed hag; and in the final duet Poppea sang "Pur ti

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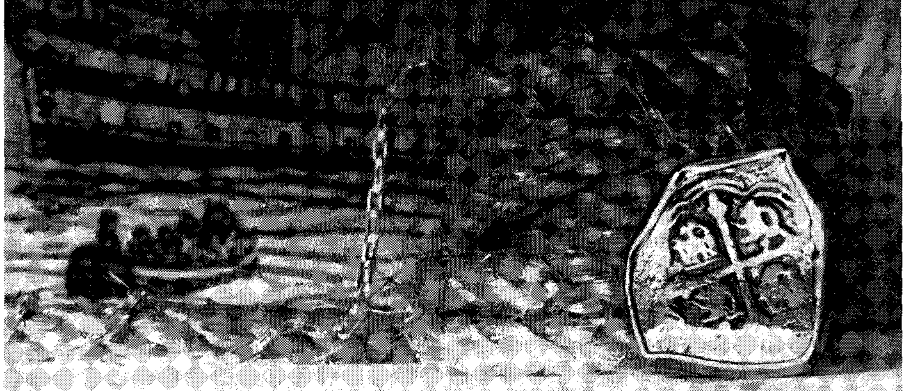

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miro . . . pur ti stringo" gazing at and pressing not Nero but Octavia's discarded crown. Ponnelle has been described as a director for whom too much is never quite enough. Sad that so much effort should have been put into these comic-strip perversions of operatic masterpieces! Monstrous, if the travelling circus should inhibit widespread appreciation of their greatness and persuade audiences that this is what Monteverdi is about!

THIS year is the fiftieth anniversary of Janáček's death. The Frankfurt Opera also brought to Edinburgh its new production of his "Kát'a Kabanová." Once again, a meddling director—this time he was Volker Schlöndorff, better known as a moviemaker—got between a composer and the intended effect of his piece. Janáček's Kát'a is a tragic heroine, destroyed by her own acceptance of the harsh judgment passed on an adulteress by a bourgeois society. Everyone around her has in varying ways come to terms with it, learned to live with or evade it. Kát'a cannot. Schlöndorff imposes a different plot, about an elegant, neurotic Kát'a prey to sick, sexy imaginings. In the final scene, she steps out of her dress to sing the monologue and the duet with Boris in her shift, as a Mad Scene; Boris is reduced to a motionless apparition in a blue spotlight; the veristic dialogue makes little sense. There were other glosses. As Michael Ewans says in his "Janáček's Tragic Operas" (the book has now been published in this country by the University of Indiana Press), there is little doubt that Janáček brings down the first curtain of Act II on "the sadomasochistic prelude to lovemaking." Schlöndorff doesn't leave it as a prelude. To the end—whose extraordinary effect, unprecedented and unparalled in opera, is so vividly described by Mr. Ewans—Schlöndorff adds a drunken Tichon, sloshing his schnapps over Kát'a's corpse, and a hostile crowd advancing upon Kabanicha. Hildegard Behrens's Kát'a was clearly, sometimes lustrously, sung. Kabanicha lay high for Sona Cervena. Gielen's conducting was keen. The other singing was routine German provincial.

SCOTTISH OPERA and the Welsh National Opera have joined forces to produce a Janáček cycle. It began with "Jenůfa." I travelled south from Edinburgh by way of Cardiff to catch the second co-production, "The Makropulos Affair." Elisabeth Söderström was the heroine—intelligent, exact, clever

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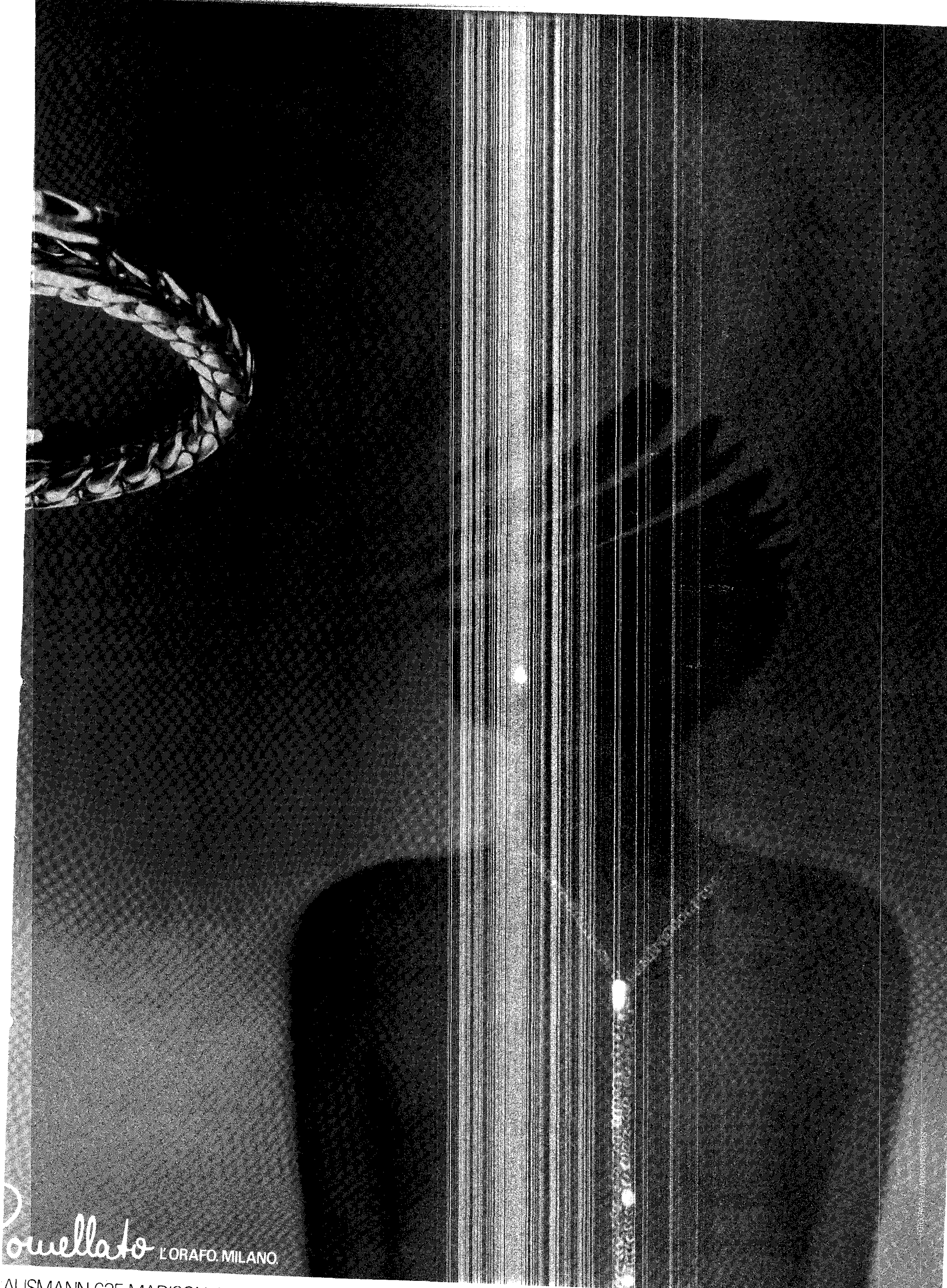

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in her handling of the first and second acts, but not quite ample enough of voice to fill the big utterances of the last. The direction—thoughtful, sensitive, and thoroughly musical—was by David Pountney, who established his Janáček credentials with Wexford's "Kát'a," some years ago, and with the Welsh/Scottish "Jenůfa." The sweet, touching Kristina was misplayed as a pert, featherbrained floozy, but otherwise the numerous smaller parts were accurately and vividly taken. Richard Armstrong's conducting was both delicate and impassioned.

AND so to London, for the last week of the Proms. It began with a highly accomplished and aptly incantatory performance of Stockhausen's "Stimmung"—that "natural" chord on a fundamental B-flat sustained for some seventy-five minutes and enhanced by the chanting of magic names, by the recitation of short poems, by the adoption of rhythmic motifs that spread from member to member of the ensemble, by slow, subtle shifts of vowel color. The vocal sextet was Gregory Rose's Singcircle. Its performances of "Stimmung" are the first not to be based on those of the Collegium Vocale of Cologne, which created the work and recorded it. "Stimmung" is a piece that sounds ridiculous when described and yet proves enthralling in performance. The Singcircle believes in it, and hopes to sing it a hundred times; the Prom performance was its sixth. Stockhausen had his fiftieth birthday in August, and so there were articles and talks, and many of his works were done, four of them at the Proms. Leonard Bernstein was sixty that month, and George Rochberg was sixty in July; BBC concerts marked both anniversaries. There was much tercentenary Vivaldi; some bicentenary Thomas Arne and Fernando Sor; not enough centenary Franz Schreker; and sesquicentennial Schubert everywhere. Every day of this year, Radio 3's broadcasting ends with a Schubert song, and so most of my summer days were ended delightfully, often instructively. There is much to be said for focussing attention on a single Schubert song billed well in advance. If one doesn't know it, one can read the poem in preparation. The performances are culled from all ages of record history and from the BBC's own rich store of previous recitals on tape and disc. Sometimes the song chosen reflected the main musical event of the day—as when the "Lied des Orpheus" provided a late-night pendant to the

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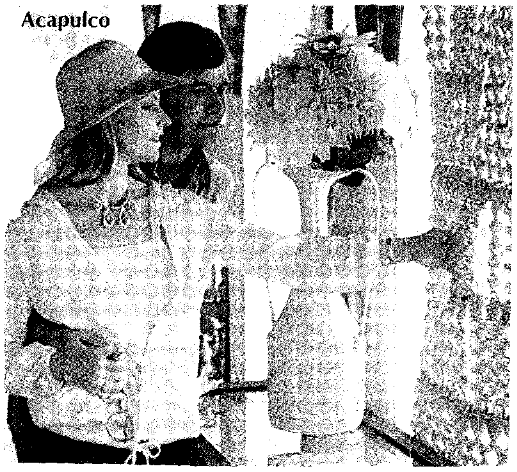

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In summer, London devotes itself to festival. There were festivals everywhere. Festivals of old music, of new music, of British music, of Handel. Festivals in the City, in the Wigmore Hall, in the South Bank halls, and in Riverside Studios, the latest addition to London's arts centers (performing spaces, galleries, a restaurant, beside the Thames at Hammersmith). Festivals in St. John's, Smith Square, a beautiful Baroque church by Thomas Archer; in Christ Church, Spitalfields, a Baroque masterpiece by Hawksmoor; in St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, a Norman priory. Meanwhile, the BBC relayed festivals from the rest of the country and from Europe. The biggest festival of all is the Proms: fifty-five concerts in eight weeks, given by twenty orchestras and eleven choirs—Boulez, Gielen, Haitink, Muti, and Solti among the conductors. Some highlights, apart from Rameau's "Les Boréades," reviewed two weeks ago: the Rachmaninoff Vespers, in Westminster Cathedral, imaginatively interspersed with brass music by Barber, Ives, and Ruggles; Glyndebourne's "Così," losing some stylishness but not its high spirits in the transfer from its home theatre; Liszt's long oratorio "Christus," in what may have been its first complete performance since the composer himself abridged it (rightly, in my view) after he first heard it; Brian Ferneyhough's Missa Brevis (in St. Augustine's, Kilburn), an early and astonishingly beautiful composition by a composer long familiar on the avant-garde international scene but only recently come to general prominence in England—fiendishly difficult to sing, and brilliantly sung by the John Alldis Choir. And perhaps most exciting of all, Peter Maxwell Davies' new Symphony, conducted with passion, precision, and romance by Simon Rattle, the new young hero of the Prom audience. (His Stravinsky, Dvořák, Mozart, and Haydn were marvellously buoyant and musical.) The symphony is being played here by the Philharmonic this week.

—ANDREW PORTER

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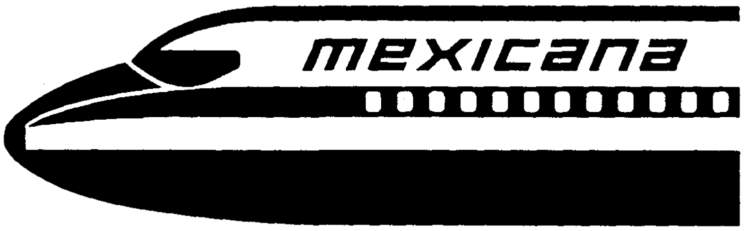

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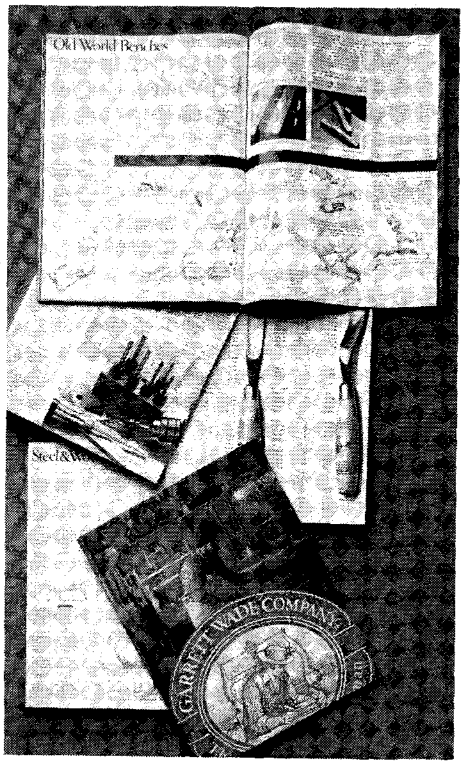

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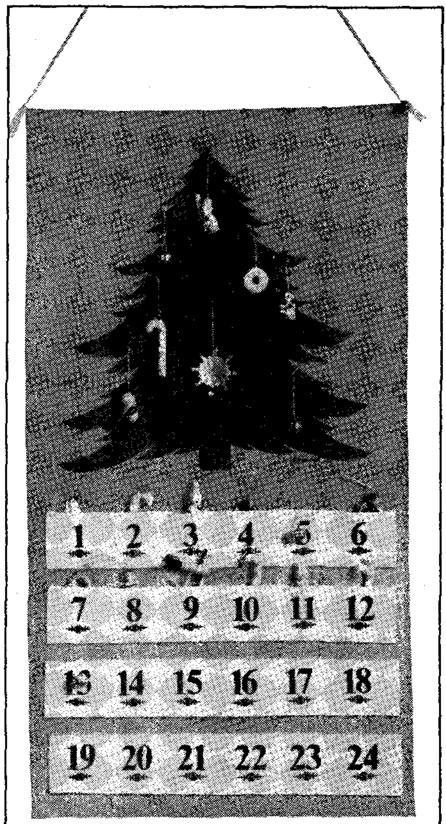

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the band of Broadway's Fats Waller concert, is the sense of urgency sustained through so much trifling material, so that even without the stage devices employed (the gestures, "takes," groupings, dance steps, costuming, setting, and the judicious interplay of these aspects), a joyful noise prevails with scarcely a letup. Of course, it would be difficult for even a routine performer—and there is none in evidence here—to conceal entirely the ebullience of "Honeysuckle Rose," Waller's happiest and most famous number, and of the almost equally indestructible title song. But only freshly fired imagination, controlled and sustained by a pervasive awareness of the talent and irrepressible nature of the subject (Waller recordings and movie clips were studied by all concerned), can account for the charm invested in such flimsy vehicles—many of them presumably reëmerging for the first time—as "When the Nylons Bloom Again" and "Spreadin' Rhythm Around" and "That Ain't Right." (Neither the second nor the third of those tunes is by Waller.) Even the insistent "It's a Sin to Tell a Lie," another extra-Waller composition, whose cautionary message has been striking listeners dumb for almost half a century now, is here bedevilled into a gagged-up sizzler setting the tempo for the whipping "Honeysuckle Rose" finale.

Listening pleasurably to what is, in essence, the evocation of a musical personality and a period, one is almost led to believe (as some unwary soul or other will surely be, now that an apparent pattern has been described) that something of the sort could be built around the œuvre—composed or performed or both—of such as Al Jolson, Hoagy Carmichael, the early Duke Ellington (I'm thinking of the years embracing his most popular songs rather than his lifelong preoccupation with instrumentals, the source of many of those songs), or even, since he exemplified a particular style and era, that Vagabond Lover Rudy Vallée. For there is something here, generated by Waller but reaching beyond him, that can be explained only in terms of direction, organization, and performance. For one thing, Thomas Waller, as songwriter, was involved in the creation of only a few more than half of the compositions in this set. (Incidentally, as far as I know he never turned his hand to lyric writing.) And several found him working with a partner, Harry Brooks (a figure one would like to know more about), who shares the credit for such tunes

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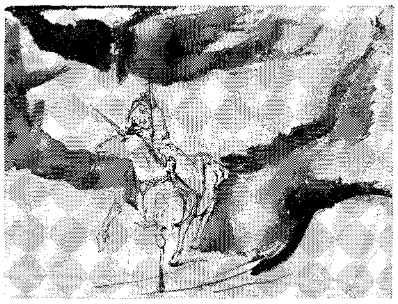

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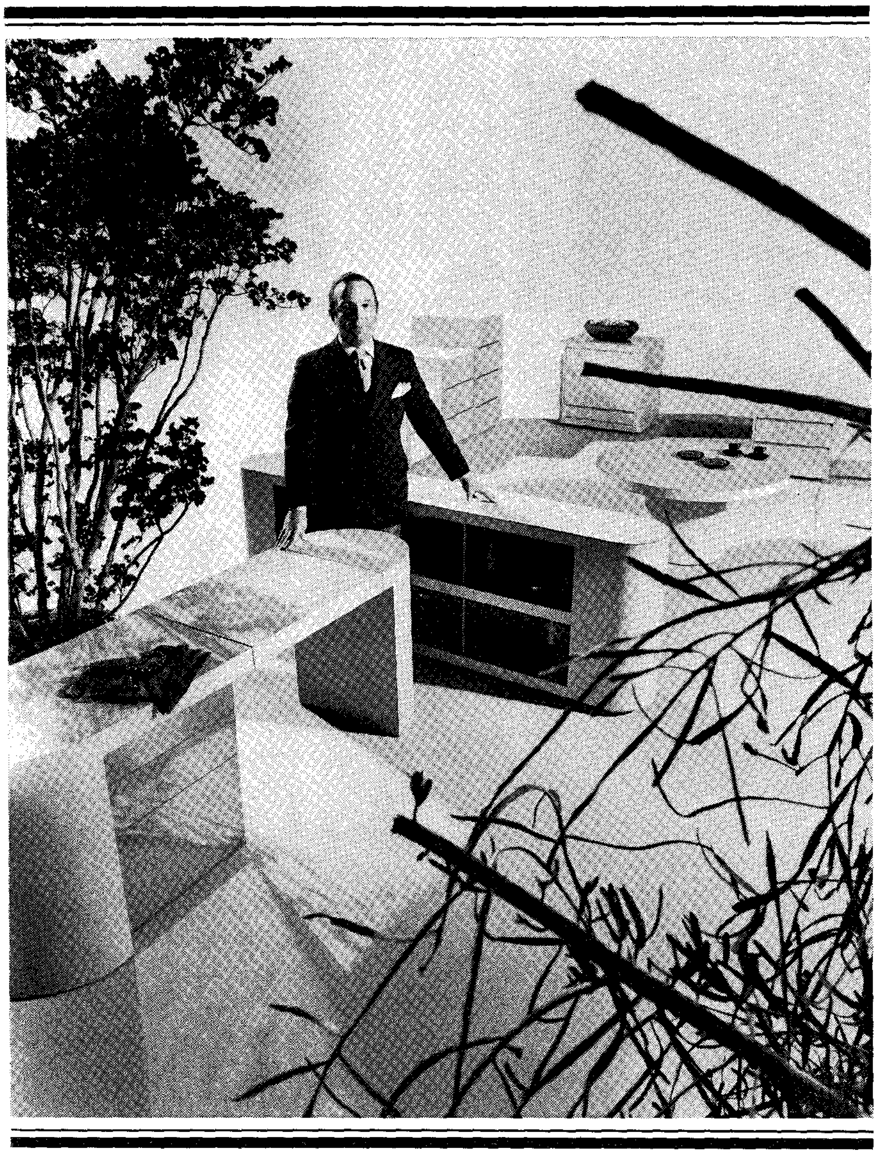

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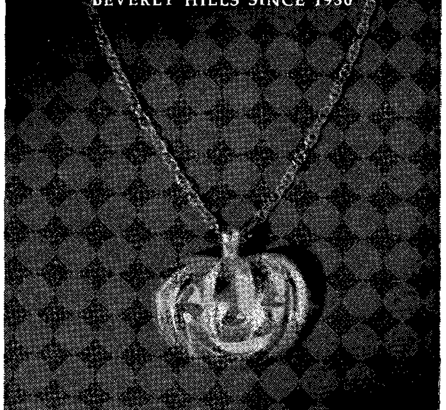
as "Ain't Misbehavin'," the trickily swinging "Off-Time," and the haunting "Black and Blue"—all of which, by the way, along with "Honeysuckle Rose," "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now" (a variant, albeit a delightful one, of "Ain't Misbehavin' "), and others, bear lyrics by the prolific and talented Andy Razaf. There is another facet of these songs worth examining: although a few of the pieces are "black" or "race" numbers (and not always the apparent ones—"Your Feet's Too Big," for example, being a collaboration between Ada Benson and Fred Fisher, the latter an extremely successful white tunesmith of the twenties), the majority of them were written to appeal primarily to the vast white audience. And a good deal of latitude would seem to be taken in the closing section, which consists of "songs by others which Fats Waller made hits"—a group including, as well as "It's a Sin to Tell a Lie" and a couple of other declarations, the Broadway hit "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" and "Two Sleepy People," the last-named standard no more closely identified with Waller than with the countless bands and other singers who grabbed up the homey Hoagy Carmichael-Frank Loesser offering as soon as it appeared. So what we have in this irresistible "original cast" recording is—"Mercy! Mercy!," as Fats was wont to declare, and as Ken Page, one of the performers, repeats here—a sort of 1978 "Hot Chocolates" (the 1929 revue of that name was the source of the song "Ain't Misbehavin' ") or "Blackbirds of 1928." (*That* revue introduced "I Can't Give You Anything But Love.") The significant difference here is that the enormously gifted and versatile black singers and the excellent band are celebrating one of their own musical giants rather than pandering to white tastes.

One of Waller's most engaging pieces, "The Jitterbug Waltz," has been fitted out with graceful words by Richard Maltby, Jr., who directed the show and who is an accomplished lyricist. The result, as the piece is passed around from one singer to another, in William Elliott's caressing vocal arrangement—the orchestrations are by the magisterial Luther Henderson, who, along with the splendid Hank Jones, can be heard on piano—is enchanting, just as a similar device employed by Elliott in "Black and Blue," which turns up late in this mostly rollicking recital, produces a passage of great beauty.

Though there are perhaps three



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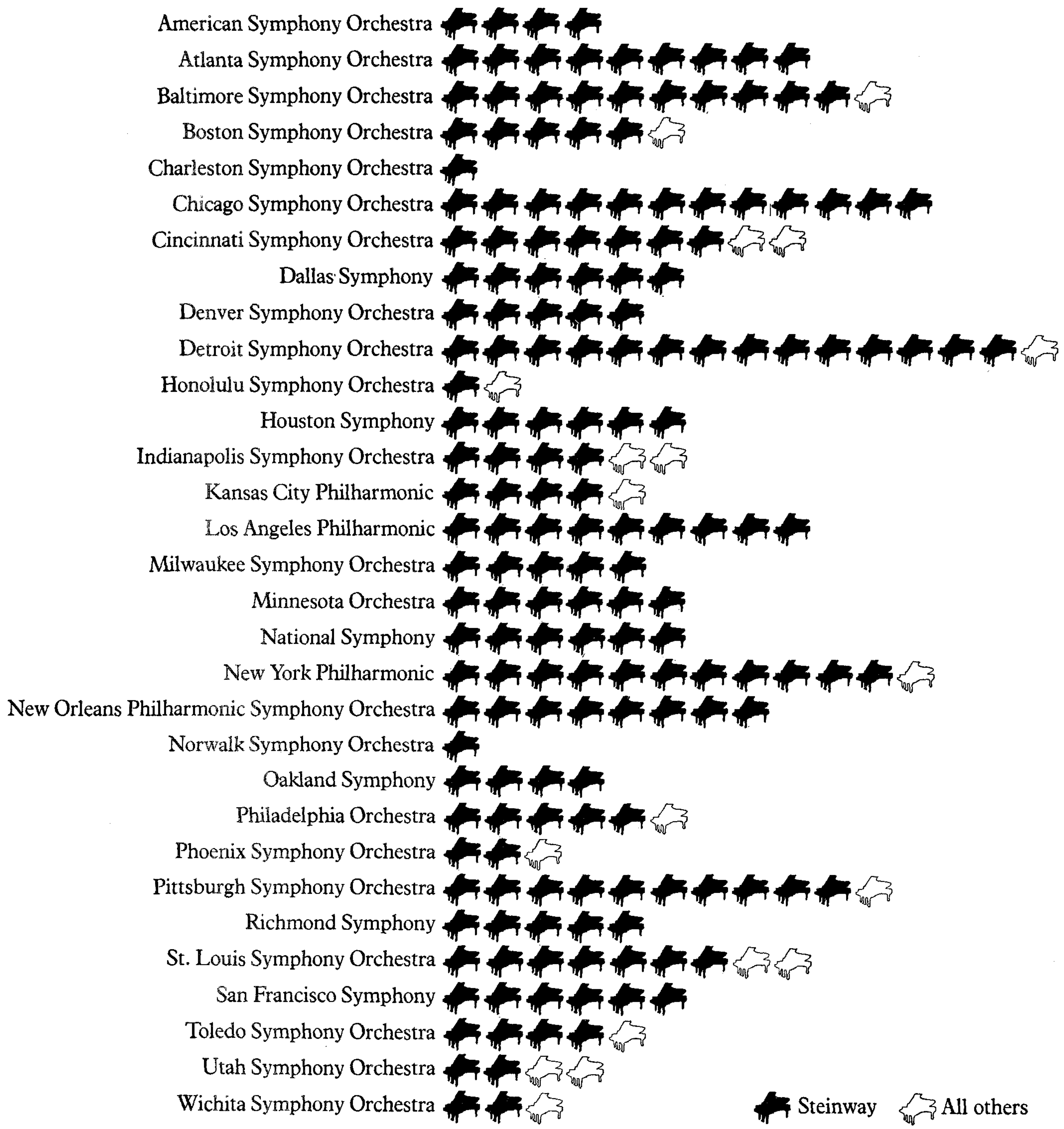

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numbers I could do without, the vitality and finesse of the enterprise are uncommon at all times. Nell Carter, with a voice like an arrow that inexplicably darts around corners, takes Waller's "I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling"—not to be confused with the Gershwins' earlier "Feeling I'm Falling" or the later Nacio Herb Brown-Arthur Freed "I've Got a Feelin' You're Foolin' "—and makes an expression of barely controlled passion and excitement of a song you can easily imagine (and probably hear, on some old recording) being delivered with bland indifference by one band crooner or another. Sweetly, but ever so insinuatingly, Armelia McQueen squeezes out "Squeeze Me" with rapturous anticipation. Page's thunderingly exasperated "Your Feet's Too Big," his "Fat and Greasy" duet with Andre De Shields, Charlaine Woodard's soaring, lighthearted "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now," Miss Carter's poised and gentle "Mean to Me" and imperative "Cash for Your Trash," her and Miss McQueen's daintily assertive "Find Out What They Like," and the entire company's sail through "Handful of Keys"—a Waller piano solo equipped with words by Maltby and Murray Horwitz, the associate director—are just a few of the many sources of merriment, innocent and otherwise.

TWO of the songs from "Ain't Misbehavin' "—"When the Nylons Bloom Again" and "The Ladies Who Sing with the Band"—have lyrics by George Marion, Jr., and were among Waller's last efforts. They are from a mostly undistinguished but characteristically jaunty score he composed for a 1943 musical called "Early to Bed." Two others from that show, "There's a Man in My Life" and "Slightly Less Than Wonderful," have turned up on a recording made in 1976 by the late Teddi King, and issued by Audiophile under the title "Lovers & Losers," after the opening Alec Wilder-William Engvick song (RCA AP 117). "Honeysuckle Rose" is also there. Miss King, who is accompanied by a trio headed by pianist Loonis McGlohon, was a lightly swinging balladeer with a great regard for the words at hand. This collection of fifteen songs includes established hits (besides "Honeysuckle Rose," "Bewitched," "A Ghost of a Chance," and "Fools Rush In"), reasonably familiar standards ("Wait Till You See Her" and "Nobody's Heart"), and somewhat obscure pieces (the pair from "Early to Bed"). There is also "Can't

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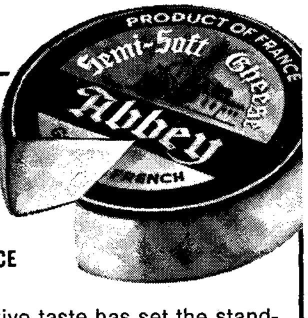

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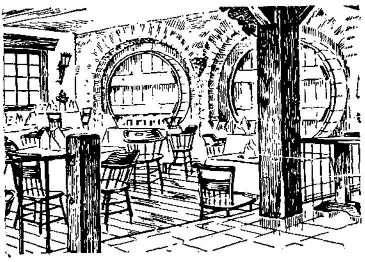

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You Do a Friend a Favor?," one of the last Rodgers-and-Hart efforts, the proselytizing "Ask Yourself Why," by Michel Legrand and Marilyn and Alan Bergman, and the three totally unfamiliar (to me, at any rate) Wilder songs, which include two—"Be a Child" and "Blackberry Winter" (a title whose meaning the full lyric does nothing to enhance)—with words by McGlohon. One song, "The Wine of May," is entirely the work of McGlohon.

Miss King sings them all winningly, if a trifle quaveringly, but listening to them, especially to the well-turned, faintly rueful, and somewhat precious Wilder and McGlohon pieces, I was once again made aware of the need for both the composer and the lyricist of a popular song, especially in those days when writers mostly adhered to the strict thirty-two-bar, AABA or ABAC song form, to give their song a strong "identity"—to make as concise, catchy, and original a statement as possible (if, that is, they are at all interested in anything outside of a cult following). The creation of such statements in "Honeysuckle Rose," "Bewitched," and "A Sunday Kind of Love" (the last, by the way, the late Claude Thornhill band's biggest hit record, thanks in part to Fran Warren's vocal) explains why these songs were out-and-out successes, and their absence in "Nobody's Heart" and "Wait Till You See Her," Rodgers-and-Hart gems though they are, explains why they have never really found wide acceptance, and why other works herein lie largely neglected.

THERE has been a great resurgence of interest in Gershwin on records over the past year or so. A recent Columbia release, "Gershwin on Broadway," has the Buffalo Philharmonic, Michael Tilson Thomas conducting, performing arrangements by Don Rose, for large orchestra, of the overtures to six Gershwin shows. (Musical-comedy pit bands were rather small in the Gershwin era.) They are, in order, "Oh, Kay!," "Funny Face," and "Girl Crazy," on Side One, and, on Side Two, the three Kaufman-Ryskind satires "Strike Up the Band," "Of Thee I Sing," and the sequel to "Of Thee I Sing," a fascinating failure called "Let 'Em Eat Cake." The only song from the last show to gain broad recognition is "Mine," though the score contains many other pleasures, not the least of them the title piece, with its alternating 4/4 and 6/8 phrases. Like all musical-comedy over-

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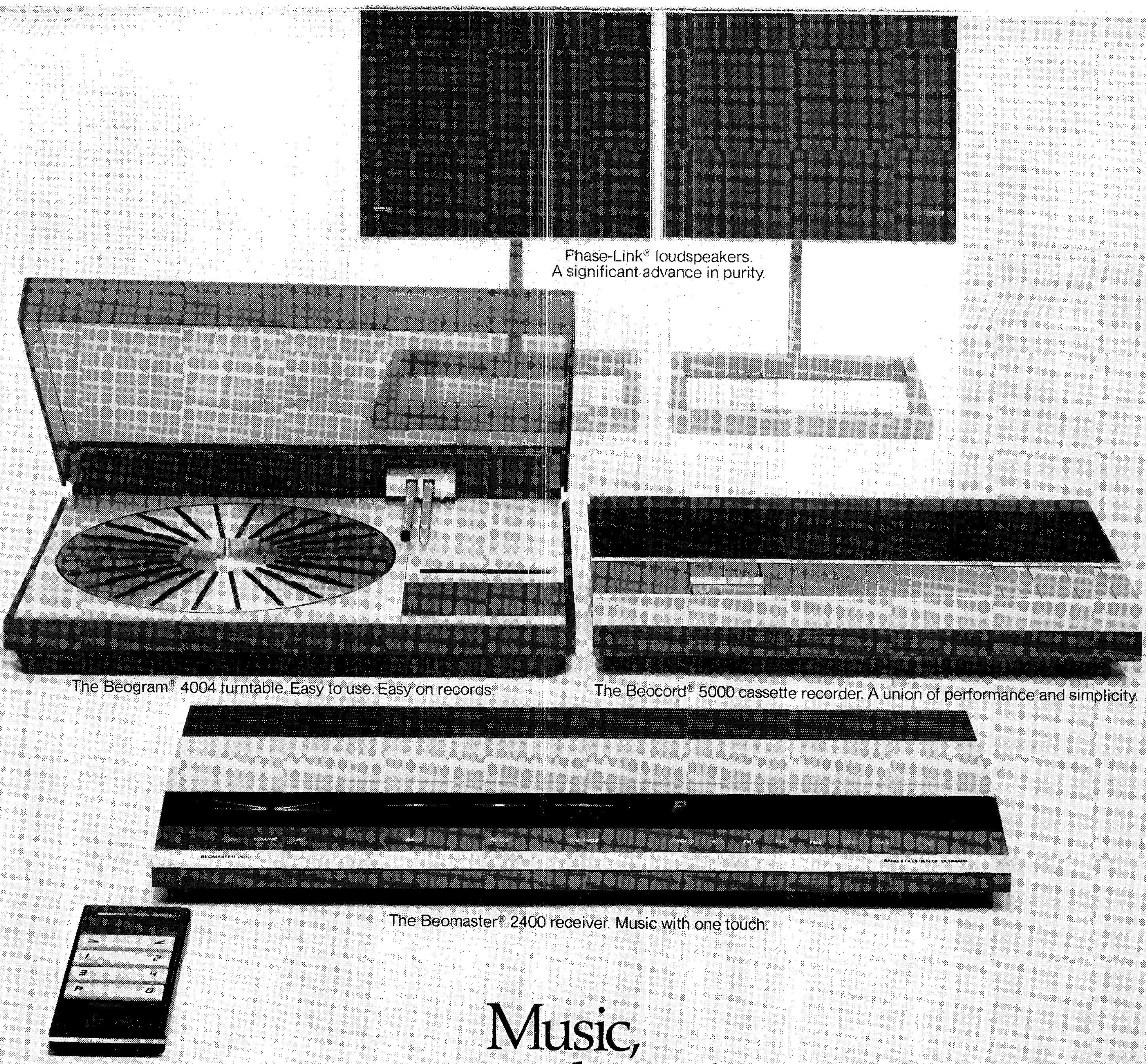

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tures, these string together selections from the show proper, and it was extremely shortsighted of the record producers not to list the individual pieces on the jacket, for you'll find a few tantalizingly unfamiliar beauties along the way. The arrangements quite naturally lack the brassy texture of the conventional musical-comedy pit band of limited size, but at the same time they are free of that heavy, overblown quality familiarly encountered in symphonic arrangements of popular music. Rose deploys his forces in various ways, so that they frequently sound like so many small groups, and they have a way of lending new interest to even the most widely known strains.

"YOU KNOW MY MUSIC" (RCA APL1-2146) brings together once more the songwriting-and-performing team of Gretchen Cryer and Nancy Ford, both of whom sing and play the piano. Those earlier observations about the necessity of strong identities in songs surely apply to the work of this pair, whose compositions, though often attractive and couched in terms that I'm afraid I must refer to as lady-like rock, make no lasting impression. The over-all burden of these songs is of a woman or women seeking or revelling in freedom while at the same time enjoying romantic relationships, with their inevitable ties—an apparent paradox cropping up often in contemporary songs and one probably not open to resolution, a dilemma seemingly arising from, though hardly essential to, the women's movement. In any case, the Misses Cryer and Ford make an appealing pair of performers with a modest though appreciable gift for turning a musical and lyrical phrase (they write both individually and together), and they are supported by expertly arranged small groupings of musicians in numbers bearing such titles as "Natural High," "Another Unhappy Love Song," "Sweet Solitude," "Clingin' Vine (Wonder Woman)," "Last Day at the Job," "I Don't Want to Be Free of You," and "You Can Kill Love." —DOUGLAS WATT

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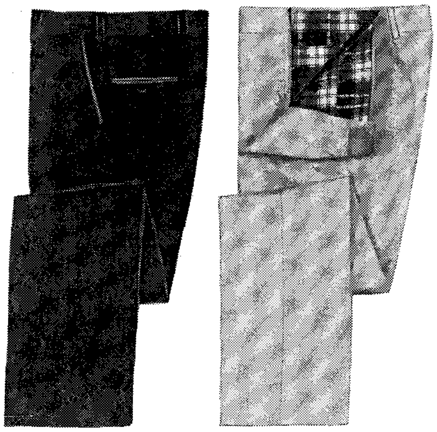

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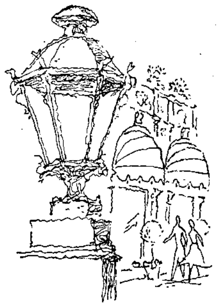

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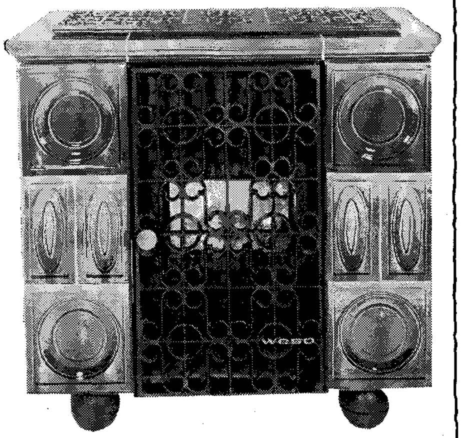

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As early as the first weekend of this month, it was plain to see that it is not just the most famous denizens of Shea Stadium who are suffering from Jet lag. Aside from Rutgers, the closest-at-hand representative of the Box Office League, and Navy, whose bulldozer is again in perfect running order, and Yale, whose bright deeds are almost the sole illumination of this season's Ivy League, there are shadows of doubt nearly everywhere. Rutgers topped Yale by a single point, 28–27, last Saturday, but only because Yale, at practically the last moment, chose to throw a pass after its final touchdown instead of playing it safe by kicking the tying point. The old sporting spirit, what? Rutgers, as it develops its tomorrow-the-world complex into full flow, still has a distance to travel; Yale, barring overconfidence, has now nowhere to go but up. Rarely nowadays do we see Ivy League teams as rich as this in resources, of both offense and defense, and in the ability to make use of them. Navy, overruling Air Force at 37–8, picked up a touchdown or a field goal the first five times it had the ball, and moved it, in all, more than five hundred yards. The third Service team, Army, went down before Tennessee, at 31–13; it was a Tennessee that had not won a match this fall.

The Ivy League's Cornell picked off Bucknell, at 24–0, but picking off Bucknell is not so difficult anymore. Joe Holland, who is a descendant of the mighty Brud Holland, former Cornell end and subsequent Cornell trustee, ran well for his alma mater—ninety-nine yards and two of the three touchdowns—which was good news for the sentimentalist that inhabits all of us. But Dartmouth went down, at 20–17, against Boston University—the first time B.U. has ever overcome Dartmouth—and observers report that the sportive offense that possessed Dartmouth when Blackman was its pilot has been replaced by a more traditional form of activity. Blackman football was at its top a bedazzlement that was infuriating to its foes and a delight to its partisans. Lack of the proper personnel on campus at Han-

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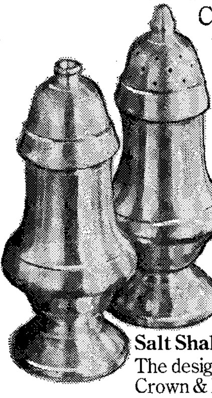

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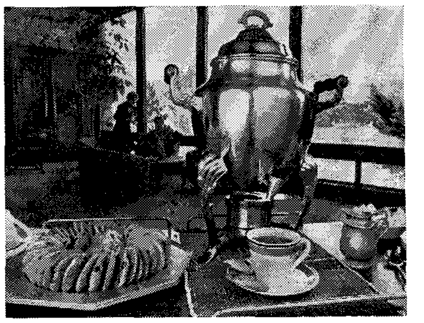

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over must be the reason, as it is in Cambridge, where Harvard last Saturday managed to hold down a subdued outsider, Colgate, until the last two minutes of the match. At that, it came out ahead, at 24–21—hardly a wholly satisfactory triumph, for Colgate has not won a game this fall. Restic, who pilots Harvard, is even more ingenious than Blackman in the black arts of deception and trickery, and Dunlap, who pilots Colgate, is also inventive enough to stand high on my private dean's list. Would that these necromancers had only the finest of material with which to experiment. This fall, Dunlap changes quarterbacks after every play; Marzo and Mancini thus are given equal opportunity to run the show, but so far the show has not had much of a run. And the Restic devices seem to need bigger operatives to make them work: the newest Restic ballet—Brown, at quarter, gives to Polillio, a running back, who gives to Connors, another running back, who passes to Brown—was far too docile in execution.

Internecine warfare in the Ivy League continued over the weekend. Pennsylvania, the first Leaguer to venture into nighttime varsity football, lured Columbia over to Philadelphia for an after-dark session—Columbia's first—and put an end to its modest winning streak (two matches) by the count of 31–19. This brings up a query: Is Pennsylvania a powerhouse—in Ivy League terms, that is—or a mirage? It looked whopping against Columbia, but then it is the very same team that lost to a Dartmouth whose record this fall is without much lustre. Which brings up another query: Are we slipping gradually into night football for the League? It would be pleasing to hear that the answer is no. And, by the bye, does League football belong in Giants Stadium, out in the Jersey Meadows—a marshy terrain once more usefully dedicated to the preservation of wildlife? If Princeton is to go on tackling Rutgers, which these days is far too outsize for it, every fall, cannot it do the deed on its own campus, or on Rutgers'? Which takes us to the remaining weekend match in the League. On Saturday, Brown, which fumbled the ball out of its possession six times and passed it out of its possession five times in the beginning fortnight of the season, shot down Princeton, at 44–16. Princeton has of late been experimenting with a variety of pilots; someday it may get around to supplying one of them with a sufficiency of skilled performers. —J. W. L.

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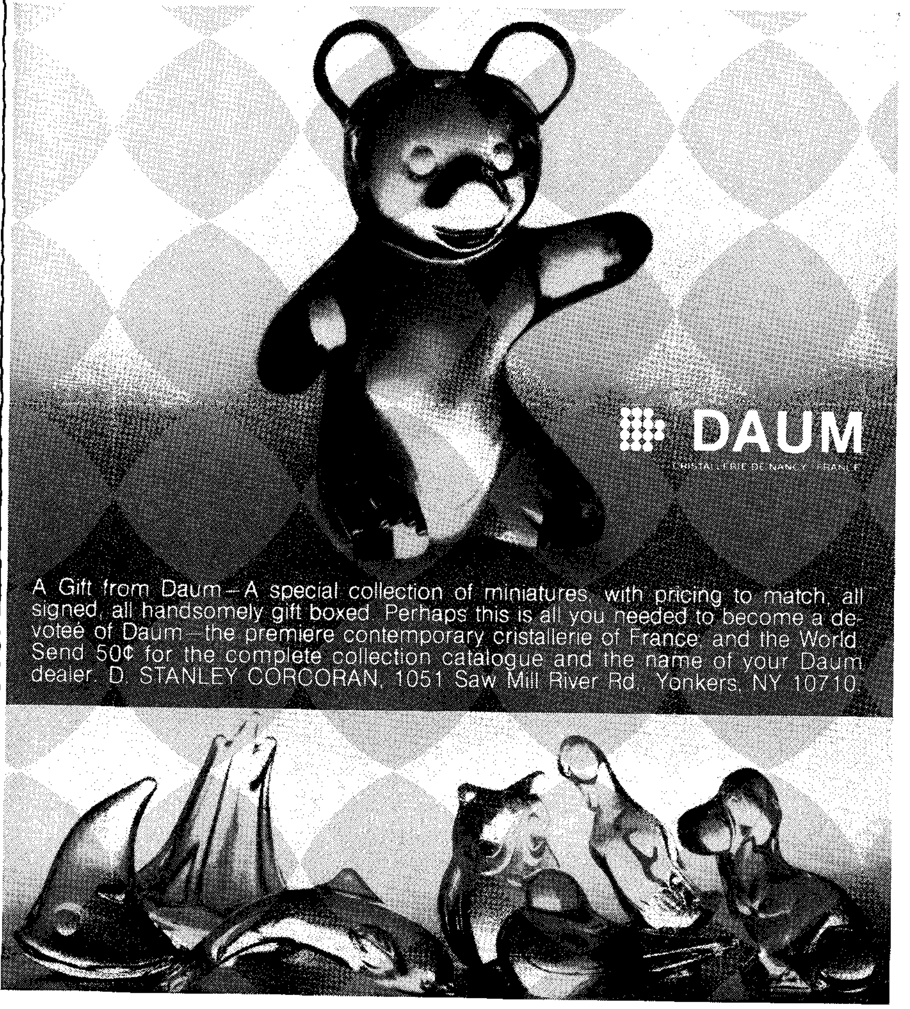
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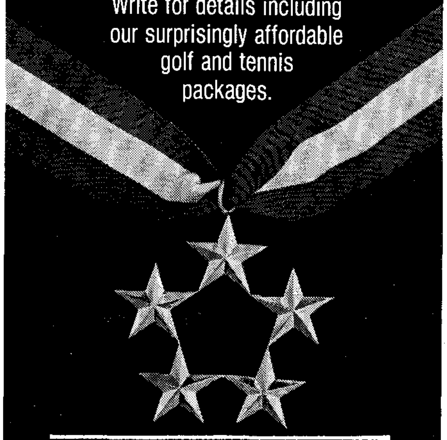
THE RACE TRACK

Mac's Streak Snaps

IN the $132,875 Man o' War Stakes at Belmont Park last Saturday, Dr. Jerome Torsney's Mac Diarmida, a remarkable runner on the grass, tried to stretch his winning streak to eleven. His luck didn't hold, and he finished third, but not before giving the crowd of 26,105 a thriller. Horse-watchers agree that the duel between Mac and Noble Dancer II, a six-year-old who at three was the champion of Norway, was every bit as exciting as that between Affirmed and Alydar in the Laurel Futurity last fall. Noble Dancer went off first at the break, but Mac went right with him. They stepped the first quarter in 0:25, and went head and head to the final turn; however, Waya, the only filly in the race, and Tiller passed them with a great rush of speed in the stretch and took the win and place. Noble Dancer faded to last, behind Proud Arion, in the field of five. The time for the mile and three furlongs was 2:16⅕. Cordero, who rode Waya, told reporters after the race that she ran beautifully. "She had been a tough horse to handle, but I think her race in the recent Flower Bowl made her easier," he said. Waya is not at the moment scheduled to run in the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel on November 4th, but she will probably be invited after her showing in the Man o' War.

BOWIE also had a six-figure event last Saturday. The $108,000 Governor's Cup Handicap was won by Nasty and Bold, ridden by Jean-Luc Samyn, a twenty-two-year-old from France. Samyn took his mount out from the rail at the top of the stretch and passed Dave's Friend to win by two and a half lengths. Star De Naskra was ten lengths farther back, in third, and Sensitive Prince was last in the five-horse field.

THE long shot of the week came at Belmont in the Frizette Stakes for two-year-old fillies the Monday before last, when Golferette led from start to finish and won by five lengths, paying a $131.60 mutuel. Behind her was a collection of stakes-winners, among



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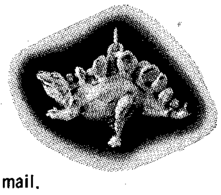

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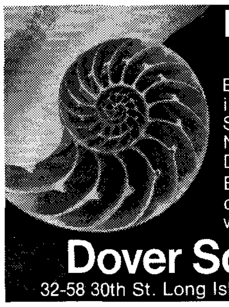

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them Terlingua, the top filly in California, who ran third, seven lengths behind It's in the Air.

BUDDY DELP, a Maryland trainer famous for springing surprises, sprang another in the $133,750 Champagne Stakes at Belmont last Sunday, when his Spectacular Bid surged to the front and won by two and three-quarters lengths from General Assembly, a son of Secretariat. Crest of the Wave, winner of the recent Futurity, was third, a head in front of Tim the Tiger. The time for the mile was 1:34⅘. Breezing On took the early lead, but Velasquez brought Spectacular Bid up along the rails, took the lead three furlongs out, and held it the rest of the way easily. Spectacular Bid, by Bold Bidder out of Spectacular, was bought at the Keeneland Yearling Sale by the Hawksworth Farm for $37,000. Of course, winning the Champagne—and especially beating Tim the Tiger and General Assembly—makes him a contender for the three-year-old classics. Delp said he would indeed want his horse to run in them, and there is speculation that he will be a supplemental entry in the Laurel Futurity on October 28th.

AFFIRMED will get another chance against Seattle Slew next Saturday, when the two Triple Crown winners hook up again in the $300,000 Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont. A win for Slew should make him Horse of the Year for the second year in a row.
—AUDAX MINOR

•

THE HECTIC PACE OF LIFE IN L.A.

[*Jody Jacobs in the Los Angeles Times*]

It's been a while peaking here, but finally L.A. has the disco fever—bad. You know it when suddenly every other invitation includes "disco" somewhere in its wording.

Julie Fine intended to combine disco with cocktails at a party for Jerry Buss and the L.A. Strings at Julie's (his own) Place Tuesday night. But unfortunately Buss couldn't make it and neither could a lot of the Strings, so early Tuesday morning the party was canceled. Still, you have to give Fine credit for jumping on the bandwagon.

•

Sources at the Times and the Daily News both declined comment on the progress of the negotiations with the pressmen and they professed mysticism about Mr. Murdoch's motivation in withdrawing from the current talks while Mr. Kheel retains his present role.—*Stephen Grover in the Wall Street Journal.*

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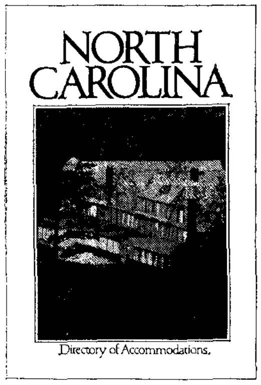

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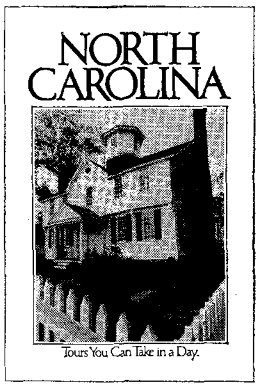

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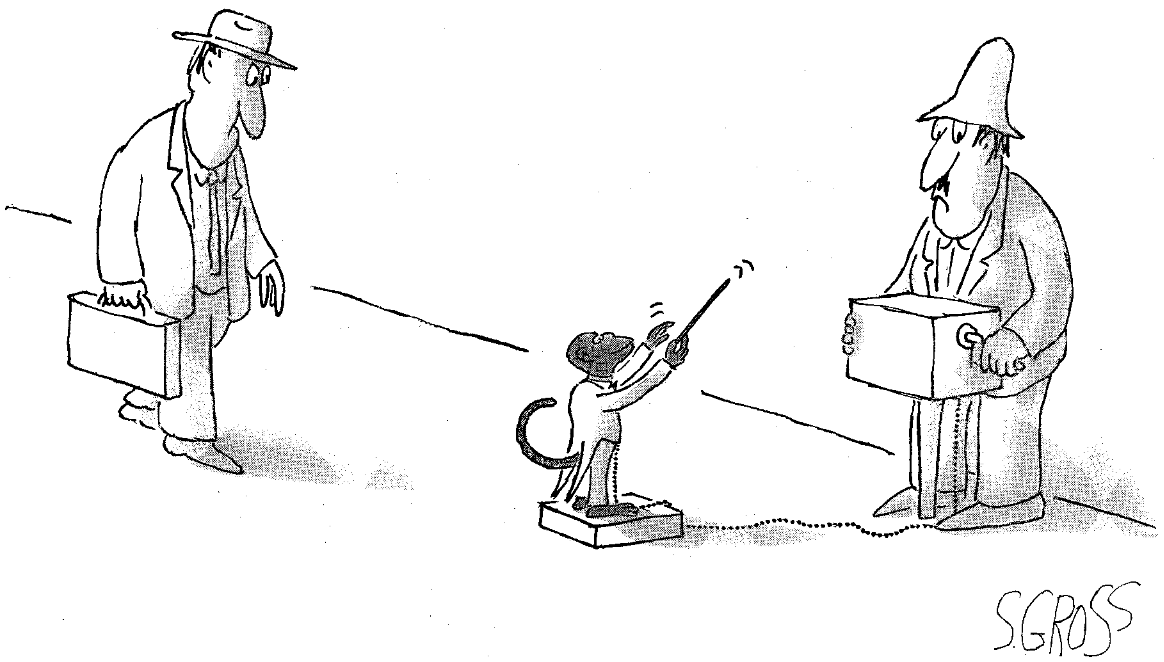
BOOKS

On Marianne Moore

IN 1921, the Egoist Press, in London, published a small volume of twenty-four poems by an American woman named Marianne Moore. She had not submitted the poems to the press. Two of her women friends, both writers—H.D. and Bryher—had taken the poems (all previously published in magazines) and seen them into type. Three years later, enlarged to fifty-four poems (with three of the original twenty-four dropped and others revised), the volume was issued in the United States, under its now famous title "Observations." Like "Prufrock, and Other Observations" (1917) and "Harmonium" (1923), it was a book to be read whole; like them, it has become in literary history an index of the state of American art after the First World War. Pound, Eliot, and Stevens all liked "Observations." In 1923, Eliot had written a flattering review of the 1921 "Poems," and he was later to contribute an introduction to Moore's 1935 "Selected Poems." Pound displayed, as he often did, the most accurate grasp of a new poet. He saw as early as 1918 that Moore's work belonged with the "utterance of clever people in despair . . . a mind cry . . . 'In the midst of this desolation, give me at least one intelligence to converse with.' "

The despair is the arresting part of "Observations." For the first thirty years of her life, Marianne Moore had no literary society to speak of; after 1918, when she and her mother moved to New York, she lost her isolation and, with it (though this can only be conjectured), some measure of her gift for despair, dismissiveness, and denunciation. She was born, in 1887, the younger of two children; her brother, Warner, was seventeen months older. Her father had gone insane; she never knew him. After the father left the family, Mrs. Moore took the children to live in the house of her widowed father, a Presbyterian minister, in Kirkwood, Missouri, a suburb of St. Louis. He died when Marianne was seven. Mrs. Moore then moved to Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where she, Marianne, and Warner lived in an extraordinary and peculiar intimacy of shared reference, which persisted all through their later lives and produced an enormous number of family letters. Warner became a Presbyterian minister, like his grandfather; as soon as he had a parsonage, Mrs. Moore and Marianne moved in with him. When he became, shortly afterward, a Navy chaplain, travelling abroad, Mrs. Moore and Marianne moved to Greenwich Village. Later, when Warner was assigned to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, they moved to Brooklyn. Moore's verse, published in *The Egoist* and *Poetry*, had attracted attention even before she moved to New York. Within a few years after the move, she was writing for *The Dial*. Soon she began serving as its acting editor, and then, for three years, was its editor—until, following Scofield Thayer's nervous breakdown, the magazine (which he had founded with Sibley Watson) was discontinued, in 1929. After the stint with *The Dial*, Moore in effect worked only as a writer. (She had taught for four years in her twenties and was for a while during her thirties a part-time librarian in the branch library across from her house.) Her life became one without public event, lived quietly in Brooklyn, punctuated by various publications and prizes.

The "Selected Poems," published when Moore was forty-eight, added eight new poems. Subsequent volumes show a falling off, in the judgment of many critics. The "Complete Poems," published in 1967, is not complete (an "Author's Note" says tightly, "Omissions are not accidents") and revises several well-known poems—notably the celebrated "Poetry"—out of all recognition. The reader who wants to know Moore's work in any orderly way has to track down the juvenilia in magazines, to find the 1921 "Poems" in a rare-book room, to disentangle the early poems from the later ones in the 1924 "Observations," to separate these from the poems added in the 1935 "Selected Poems," and so on. The state of the prose is no more satisfactory. "Predilections" (1955) is not the "Complete Essays and Reviews" that we need. The early prose has to be found in the review pages of *Poetry* and *The Dial*. As things now stand, anthologists have tended to print the later, easier, more explicit poems, and have thereby—to my mind, at least—done Moore a disservice. ("The New Oxford Book of American Verse" offers one poem from 1921; most are from the later volumes.) As for Moore's letters, they are not yet published. Some are in private hands, some are in restricted library collections, and some, along with a mass of Moore papers, can be read in the Rosenbach Foundation collection in Philadelphia. In short, no complete view of Moore will be easy to acquire for some years to come. A biography is scheduled to be written by Clive Driver, Moore's literary executor.



In the meantime, the poems stand, to the public eye, relatively alone. Few readers today can remember when "Observations"

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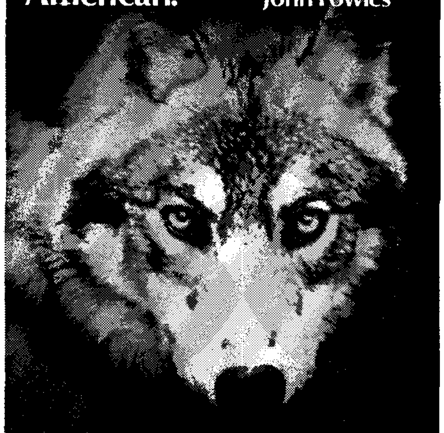

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appeared. Most readers, unluckily, are likely to have known Moore first and last through the favorite anthology pieces—a scanty selection, insufficient to give a steady sense of her odd but instinctive rhythm ("a kind of pleasing jerky progress," as she called it) and her biting wit. The biographical fact of first importance to recall in reading Moore is that she spent her college years at Bryn Mawr as a biology major. She had failed Italian and German (though she subsequently passed them) and for a time did not have the grades necessary to take English electives. "I thought, in fact, of studying medicine," she said in an interview with Donald Hall, adding that "precision, economy of statement, logic employed to ends that are disinterested, drawing and identifying, liberate . . . the imagination." In this assertion, Moore set herself firmly against one sort of American writing—the breezy rhetoric of native oratory, the afflatus of romantic sentiment, the optimism of self-help—and just as firmly placed herself in alliance with another American attitude toward words: our pragmatic, taxonomic, realistic conviction that words are useful, practical, and exact; that they can convey the specifications for a bridge, the identifying marks of an animal, the geographical directions for an explorer, and even, in our earliest literature, the path to salvation. To write so that no single word can be misunderstood is a mark of the American pride in accuracy, punctual speech, and laconic completeness; the abstractions of metaphysical dispute are as foreign to this sort of American as are the pleasures of mystification in the service of sentiment.

Moore disliked enigmas and disliked being thought enigmatic; she wanted to be lucid without sacrificing implication. The deliberate (as it seemed) hermeticism of some modern verse repelled her. "Enigmas are not poetry" was the final line, in the truncated version printed in the second edition of "Observations" (1925), of her most famous single poem—the one called "Poetry," which begins, "I, too, dislike it." Moore's balance between lucidity and implication always remained precarious, as she herself knew. Pressed into an unwise explicitness by her horror of the Second World War, she wrote a bad poem called "In Distrust of Merits," which was monotonously anthologized because of its concurrence with popular sentiment. In commenting on it later, she said, "I do like it; it is sincere, but I wouldn't call it a poem . . . [It is]

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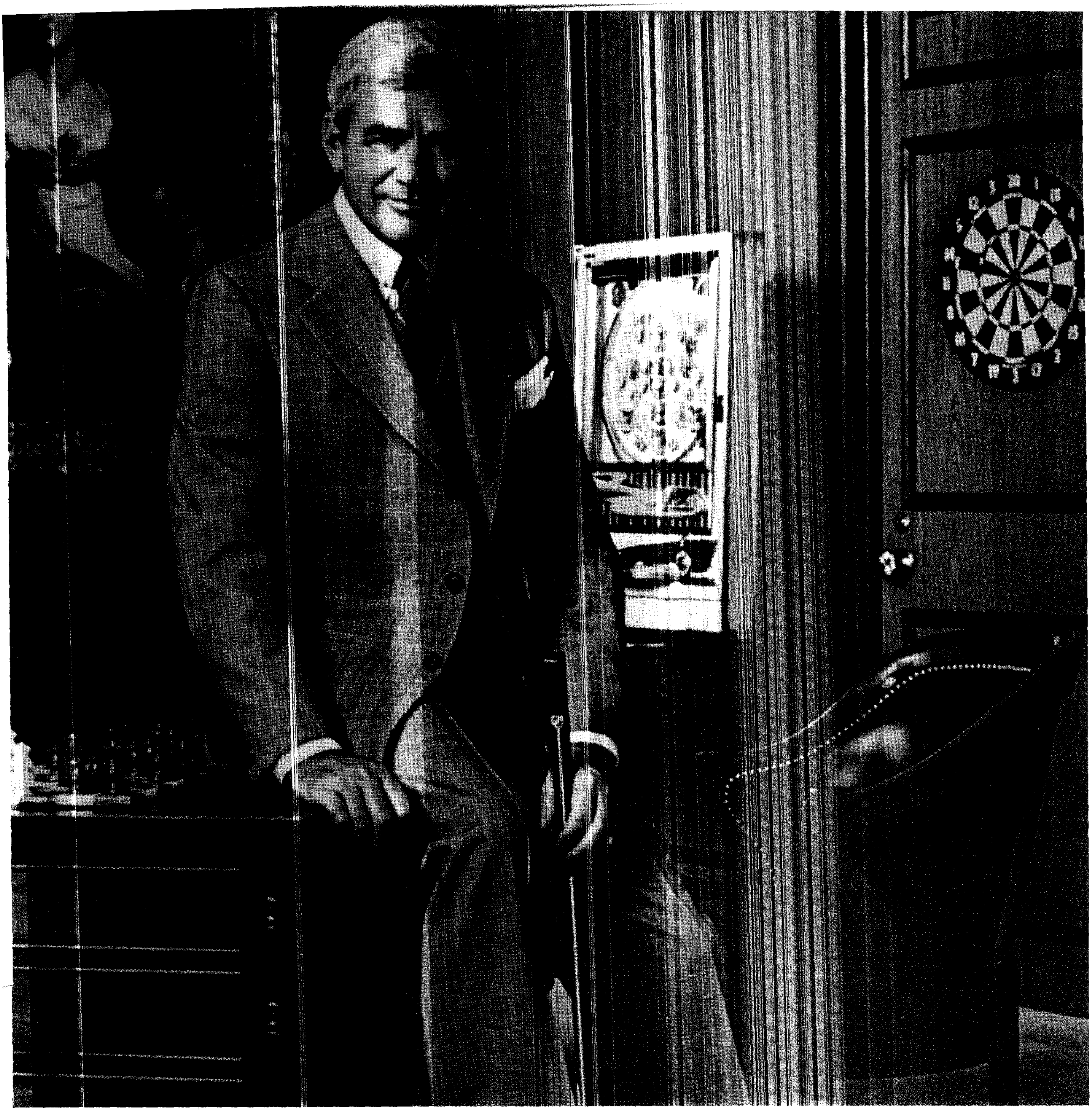

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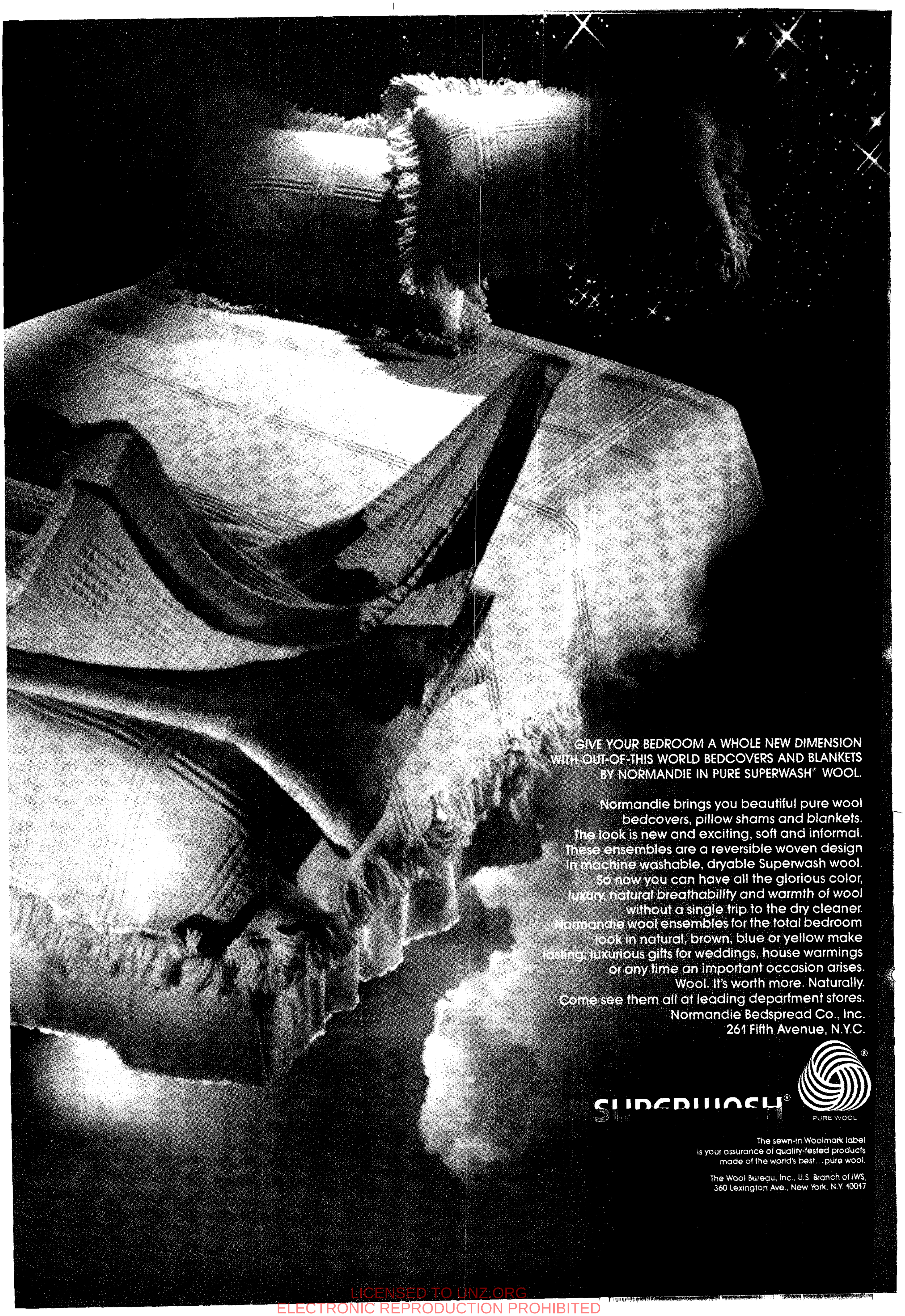

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haphazard; as form, what has it? It is just a protest—disjointed, exclamatory. Emotion overpowered me. First this thought and then that." If in that instance emotion overpowered Moore so that implication was sacrificed to banality of outcry, in other instances the factual overwhelmed her so that feeling was sacrificed to baldness of transcription. The early poems visibly skirt both dangers but are miraculously preserved from both by their brio and their scornful energy. They are the work of a girl who knows what she likes, and knows even more what she dislikes.

MOORE must from childhood have had edge, sharpness, watchfulness, and wit. Bryn Mawr gave her the habit of scientific observation and, perhaps in conjunction with her mother, a sense of justice wronged. She remembered and later quoted a speech given by M. Carey Thomas, the president of Bryn Mawr:

> Men practically reserve for themselves stately funerals, splendid monuments, memorial statues, membership in academies, medals, titles, honorary degrees, stars, garters, ribbons, buttons and other shining baubles, so valueless in themselves and yet so infinitely desirable because they are symbols of recognition.

Not only did men form a self-perpetuating élite, not only did they ignore women, they also categorized and patronized them:

> [You] have heard men say: "There
> is a feminine
> temperament in direct contrast to
>
> ours which makes her do these things.
> Circumscribed by a
> heritage of blindness and native
> incompetence, she will become
> wise and will be forced
> to give
> in. Compelled by experience, she
>
> will turn back; water seeks its own level."

Supercilious male writers "write the sort of thing that would in their judgment interest a lady;/ curious to know if we do not adore each letter of the alphabet that goes to make a word of it." The lady in this instance bites her tongue (or so we imagine, reading these lines), only to have her revenge later in immortalizing the fool who writes for "ladies."

Moore's asperity in the poems written in her twenties and early thirties shows the revengeful impatience of one not suffering fools gladly. The poems display a whole gallery of self-incriminating fools—self-important, illiterate, unimaginative, sentimental, defensive,

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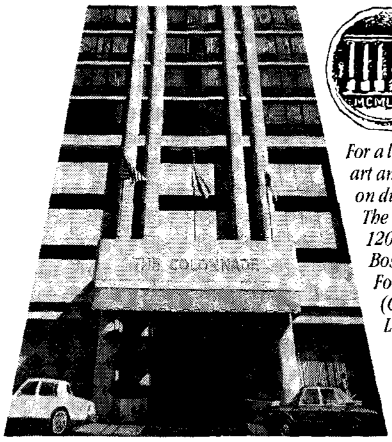

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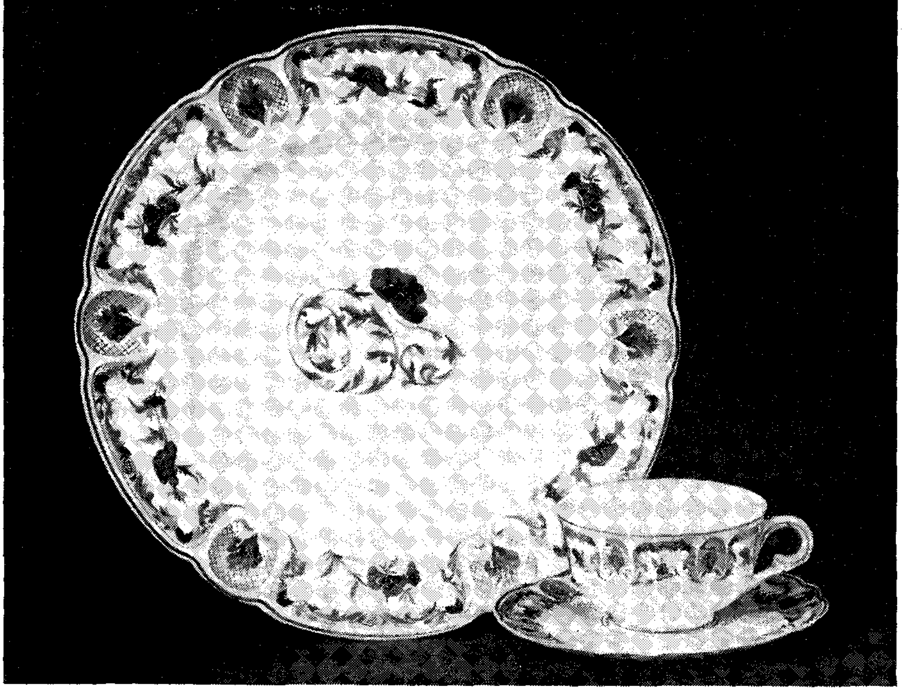

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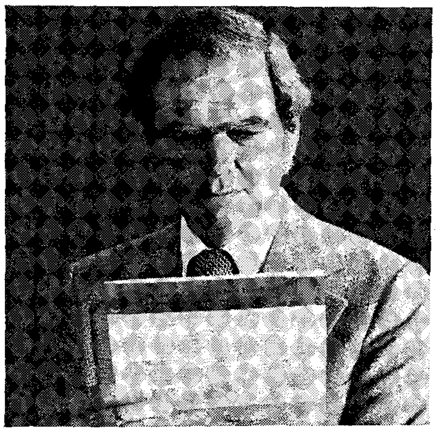

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pompous, cruel. For each of the fools, a portrait. There is the opinionated and conclusive Steam Roller: "You crush all the particles down/ into close conformity, and then walk back and forth on them." There is the critic who did not understand that Hebrew poetry had its own compositional rules, and asserted that "Hebrew poetry is/ prose with a sort of heightened consciousness." There is the military man of "warped wit": "You use your mind/ Like a millstone to grind/ Chaff." There is the terrifyingly ornamented woman who speaks only to wound, her scalpels "whetted/ to/ brilliance by the hard majesty of . . . sophistication." There are the snobbish "high priests of caste . . . kissing the feet of the man above,/ kicking the face of the man below;" the conventional poet, "the Coliseum/ meet-me-alone-by-moonlight maudlin troubadour;" the humbug who thinks that "*summa diligentia*" means that "Caesar crossed the Alps on the 'top of a/ *diligence*;' " the pedants of criticism, "saying it is not for us to understand art; finding it/ all so difficult;" the "pedantic literalist" in whom everything once alive and erect has drooped and withered; the "embalmed" statesman who stalks about "with moribund talk,/ Half limping and half ladified." The interesting thing about Moore's poems of fools or knaves is that most of them are addressed very coolly to their victims. To the lady of the scalpels, Moore, the former biologist, will say, "Why dissect destiny with instruments which/ are more highly specialized than the tissues of destiny itself?" To the pedantic literalist, "You are like the meditative man/ With the perfunctory heart." To the moribund politician, "We find/ No/ Virtue in you—alive and yet so dumb." To the Steam Roller, "As for butterflies, I can hardly conceive/ of one's attending upon you." These deadly anatomies, so impossible in well-bred life, are unsparingly uttered in print: Moore tells all her fools to their faces exactly what she thinks of them, finding her own annihilating metaphor for each one. Hers is the aggression of the silent, well-brought-up girl who thinks up mute rejoinders during every parlor conversation. Because Moore showed her work to her mother, and sought her mother's approval before publishing, it seems probable that Mrs. Moore shared her daughter's astringent judgment as well as her intelligence and her gift for a sharp phrase. In a note to the "Selected Poems," in lieu of a dedication to her mother Moore wrote, "In my immedi-

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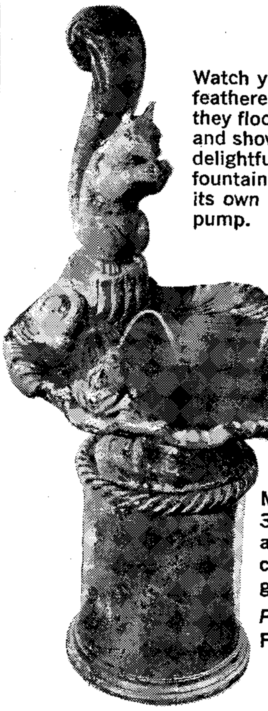

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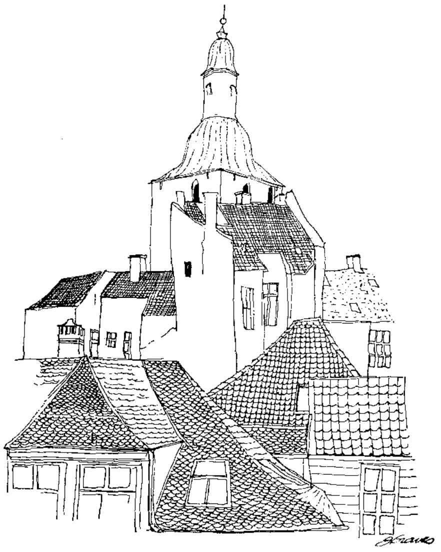
ate family there is one 'who thinks in a particular way;' and I should like to add that where there is an effect of thought or pith in these pages, the thinking and often the actual phrases are hers."

In these early years, Moore showed no inclination to mince matters or to spare the hapless. Her early reviews in *The Dial* display the same short way with fools exercised in the early poems. "Criticism," Moore was to say in 1965, "should stimulate an improved understanding of the subject discussed—'with a truce to politeness' as Montaigne says." She was severe, in the early twenties, on Vachel Lindsay, affronted as much by his improper use of tenses as by his carelessness of phrase. "To speak of 'Christ, the beggar,' is inexact," she wrote in a characteristic sentence, "since it has never been said of Christ that he begged; he did without." Reading her now, we may feel that under her penetrating glance none of us would 'scape whipping, but her moral fervor with respect to language came from her tremor at its every nuance, her princesslike apprehension of every pea-size solecism. Clumsy language was a torture to her: beautiful language was for her a physical experience. Delighted by phrases of others, she copied them down and inserted them, sometimes in quotation marks, in her poems. In the company of someone who used language crudely or unfeelingly she experienced a helpless rage:

I can but put my weapon up, and
  Bow you out . . .
Since in your hearing words are mute, which to my senses
  Are a shout.

That poem—suppressed after "Observations"—is called "To Be Liked by You Would Be a Calamity." It must often have seemed to Moore, to whom



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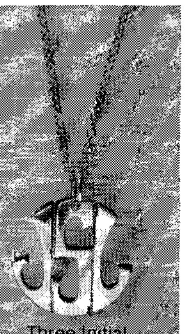

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understatement was the figure of predilection, that most people around her were shouting, and that a brief or dry phrase from her would be "mute" to them. It may be that she gave up hope in later years of reaching a general audience with her fine ellipses; if Eliot and Stevens understood her, they were not instances easily multiplied. Eliot was more forbidding than hospitable in his 1935 introduction:

> To the moderately intellectual the poems may appear to be intellectual exercises; only to those whose intellection moves more easily will they immediately appear to have emotional value.

If the "moderately intellectual" were not intellectual enough to grasp her intent—and by "moderately intellectual" Eliot meant a group well educated by American standards—Moore might well have despaired of company and broadened her effects.

But the early poems, one senses, were written entirely to please herself, an odd girl in her twenties, turning from her dissections to her verses. Speaking of her early influences, in an interview with Howard Nemerov, she recalled "feeling over-solitary occasionally (say in 1912)—in reflecting no 'influences;' to not be able to be called an 'imagist.' " Her repudiation of that label is just, as is her repudiation of the label "syllabic verse": "I do not know what syllabic verse is. I find no appropriate application for it"—and yet she has so often been described as a poet deriving from Imagism who writes in syllabic verse that the discrepancy between the common view and her own begs some explanation. The prosodic knot is the easier to untie: though she sometimes counted syllables in composing her *lines*, the stanza, and not the line, was for her the poetic unit. Stanzas, she said, came to her first, unplanned: the words clustered "like chromosomes," and she fixed stanzas until the tune sounded right. She was "governed by the pull of the sentence as the pull of a fabric is governed by gravity" (and the pull of the sentence on her mind is as evident in the most commonplace letter of thanks from her—but her letters were never commonplace—as in the densest poem). The rhythm of the stanza and the rhythm of the sentence impelled the poem; the syllabic count imposed some strictness on her procedure, but even in the non-syllabic poems, written in a species of free verse, her rhythms are instantly recognizable. Whatever small formalities she employed—her internal rhymes, her "light" rhymes, her syllable counts—did not define her prac-

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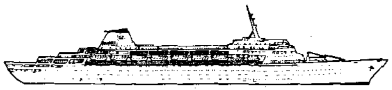

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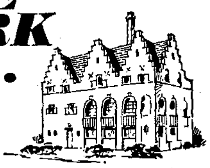

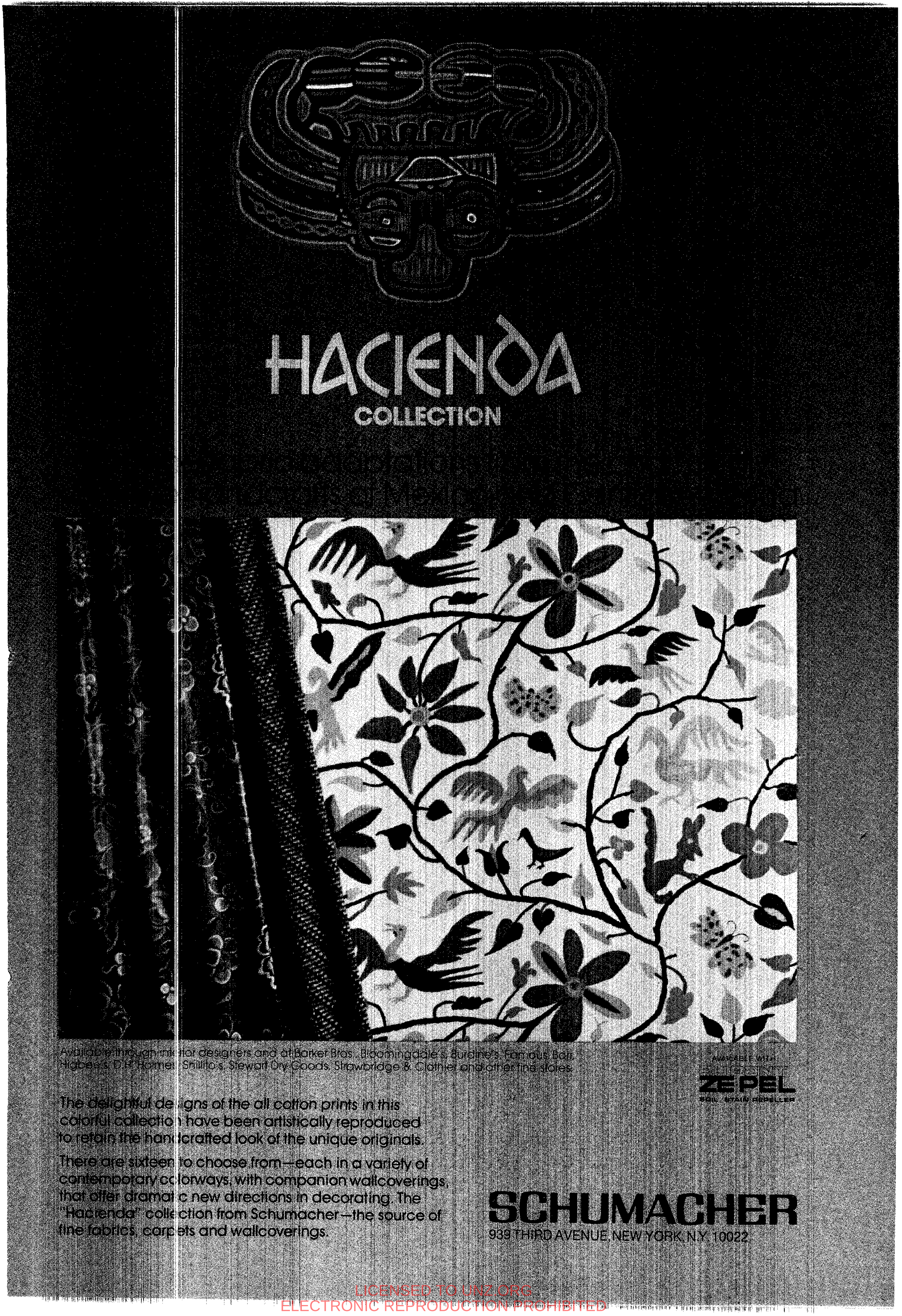

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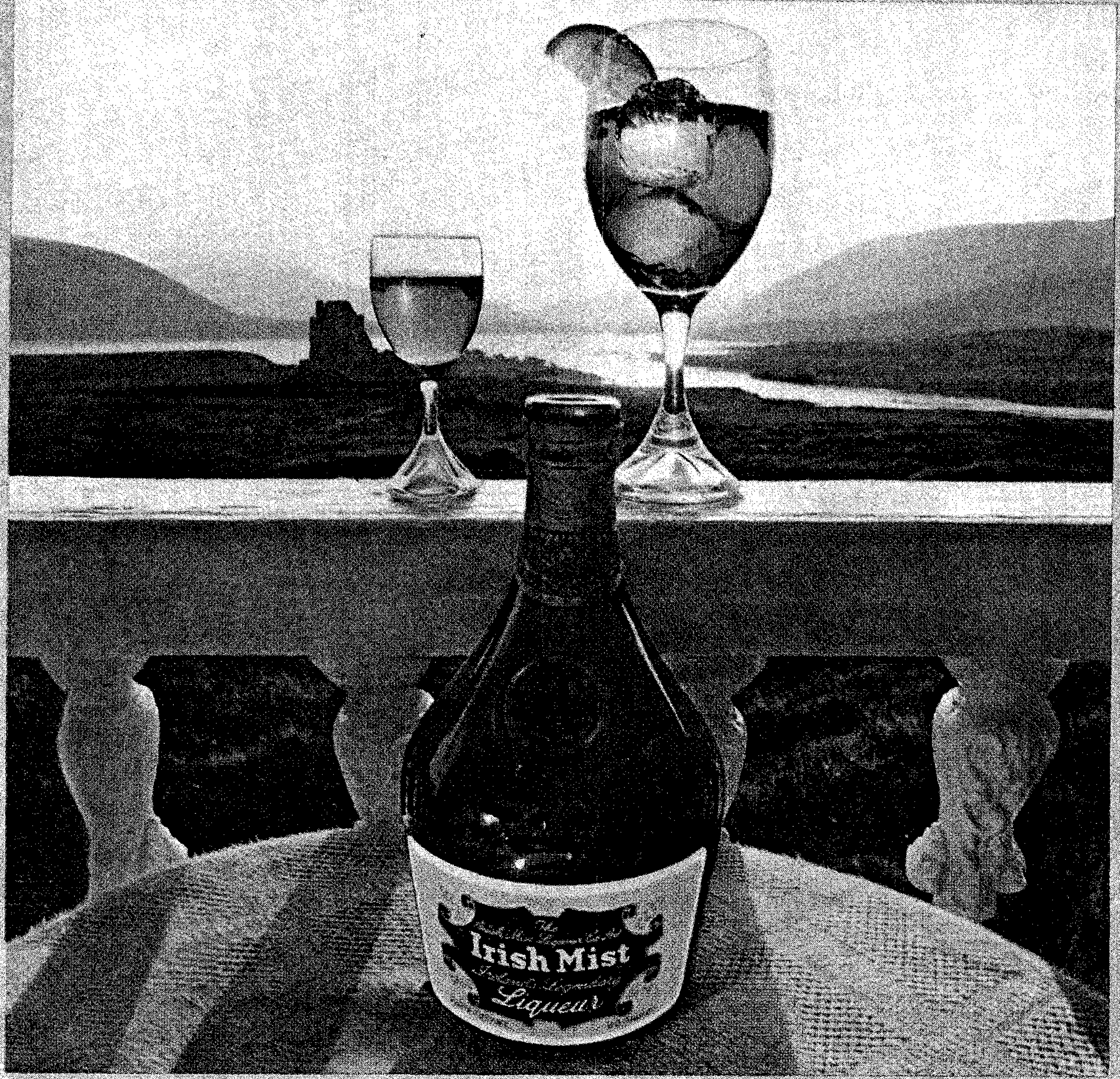

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tice or her originality. Jean Garrigue, so far Moore's best critic, wrote, "Of *Observations* one might say: it is first and last a voice. The voice of sparkling talk and sometimes very lofty talk, glittering with authority." Moore's rightful insistence that the syllabic label did not define her can be ratified by viewing the unpleasant results of the syllabic experimentation of poets lacking her independent and bristly grace.

In his 1923 review of "Poems," Eliot praised her rhythm without being able to define it:

> Rhythm, of course, is a highly personal matter; it is not a verse-form. It is always the real pattern in the carpet, the scheme of organization of thought, feeling, and vocabulary, the way in which everything comes together. It is very uncommon. What is certain is that Miss Moore's poems always read very well aloud. That quality is something which no system of scansion can define.

Since Eliot's truths do not make for easy textbook summary, the syllabic label, being a simple one, persists. The ready coupling of Moore's work to the Imagist movement is even more limiting. She had been brought up, she told Pound, on the minor prophets, on Blake, on Hardy; they, not the Imagists, were her true antecedents. Eliot saw that her use of images was too rapid to be called Imagism: "The second image is superposed before the first has quite faded." But, more important, the Imagist power, such as it was—and it now can be seen to have been, in itself, weak—was photographic, mimetic, perceptual. Moore's early poetry, by contrast, takes as its chief subject states of the soul, not external "reality." Geoffrey Hartman rightly remarks that many of her poems are really "poems of Spiritual Combat, and show in Miss Moore that clear identifying mark of the Puritan: an extreme reverence for created things coupled with an extreme distrust of the self." If in attempting to describe the souls of people who are oppressive like steamrollers, or modestly contractile like snails, or patient and enduring like elephants she needed metaphor, she was not in that need unusual. If Disraeli seemed to her like a chameleon, with his "parti-colored mind;" if Shaw resembled a "colossal bird . . . [with] brazen claws;" if Kenneth Burke was "a psychologist—of acute, raccoon-like curiosity;" if a conventional diplomat seemed a mummified ibis; if Molière might be thought a peacock unfurling his broad tail for spontaneous delight: surely, though these images may be drawn from a private or restricted code book, they are not the issue of an

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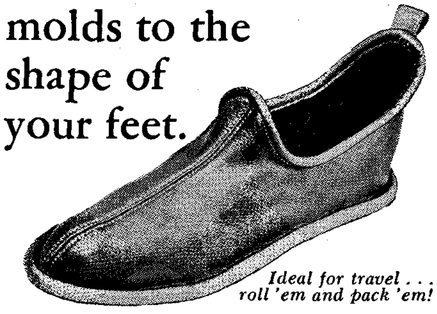

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Imagist creed. They come, rather, from religious usage, as in illustrations of the deadly sins the lustful man sits on a goat and the glutton on a pig. The difference between Moore and the emblem writers is that she has a much more lively interest than they in real pigs and peacocks; she takes, so to speak, the two sides of the emblem equally seriously.

And this is the other side of her early work, balancing her ridiculings and her repudiations: satirist that she was, she was also, by temperament, affectionate. Her affections went first of all (after her family) to people who were in some way both beautiful—conventionally or unconventionally—and strong. There is no doubt that some of the early poems on animals or objects are also, even principally, about human beings. The one on the elephant is, or ought to be taken as, a poem about Moore herself—her most personal and "lyric" poem, one that she suppressed when compiling the "Complete Poems." That it could have been dropped on grounds of taste is inconceivable; it surely ranks among her most natural and beautiful pieces. It was called "Black Earth" in "Poems," in "Observations," and in "Selected Poems." The name was changed in 1951, in the "Collected Poems," to the more obscure "Melancthon"—a title drawn from the Greek translation of the surname of the sixteenth-century German reformer Schwarzerd (meaning "Black Earth"). Moore may have intended a side-glance at the doctrine of predestination, which she took up in her own way in the poem called "The Monkey Puzzle": "But we prove, we do not explain our birth."

All possible touching things are said in "Black Earth." It belongs with another poem that was published in her first volume but suppressed in the "Complete Poems"—the poem entitled, in an arithmetical proportion, "Diligence Is to Magic as Progress Is to Flight." Flying carpets, says the poem, are the recommended means of travel in the realm of romance, and magic flights are, of course, all very well in their way; but some people progress, if oddly, by simple diligence. "With rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes, elephants to ride upon"—the song made an impression on Moore, and she made a poem about a woman who rides not on flying carpets, those "scarecrows/ of aesthetic procedure," but, rather, on the laborious elephant, one of those "tough-grained animals as have outstripped man's whim to suppose/ them ephem-

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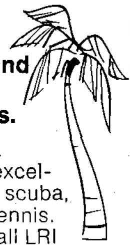

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era." "Black Earth" pursues the analogy of "Diligence," but more inwardly. The elephant here speaks wonderfully for itself: "I do these/ things which I do, which please/ no one but myself." In spite of this leisured mastery, the elephant has not had an easy past: its skin is "cut/ into checkers by rut/ upon rut of unpreventable experience." The poem dwells on the need to preserve "spiritual poise" in the midst of all this scarring; the elephant has looked "at electricity and at the earth-/quake and is still here." The poem is agitated by all of Moore's central concerns: the nature of power, the nature of identity, the impassivity of selfhood, the wounds of circumstance, the failures of human perception. "I see and I hear," muses the poet-elephant, who accuses man, seen through his eyes, of self-delusion, of having eyes and seeing not, of having ears and hearing not: that "wandlike body . . . which was made/ to see and not to see; to hear and not to hear;/ that tree trunk without/ roots, accustomed to shout/ its own thoughts to itself." Moore was perfectly and inhumanly removed, at such a moment, from her fellow human beings. The removal—her superior amusement and denigration—was the source of her virgin strength.

When the local librarian suggested to Mrs. Moore that Marianne might like to work in the library, since she was so often there, Mrs. Moore said no—that if Marianne joined the staff she would probably feel she had no time to read. In the interview with Donald Hall, Moore continued the anecdote: "When I came home she told me, and I said, 'Why, certainly. Ideal. I'll tell her. Only I couldn't work more than half a day.' If I had worked all day and maybe evenings or overtime, like the mechanics, why, it would *not* have been ideal." The "ideal" has strange ways, however. Moore's intense inner life had been fed by her obsessive family relations, by her schooling at Bryn Mawr, and by her first literary engagements; but the permanent arrest of her life—with her mother, without employment, in the Brooklyn apartment—may ultimately seem a cause for regret. She was protected from vicissitude, but she was also shielded from those irregularities and abasements of life which open new, if darker, chambers of thought. Her life gave less opportunity than some for the worst dilemmas of passion or conflicting loyalties. She took a dim view, even very early, of human attempts at what we would nowadays call "communica-

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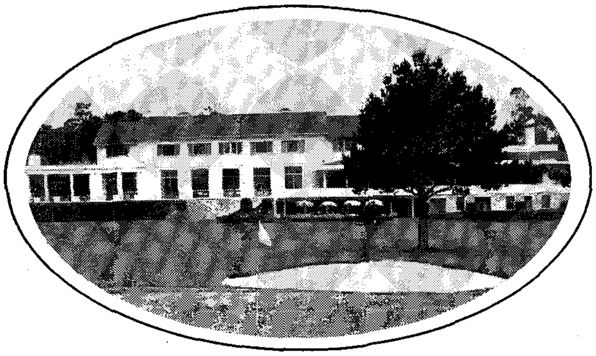

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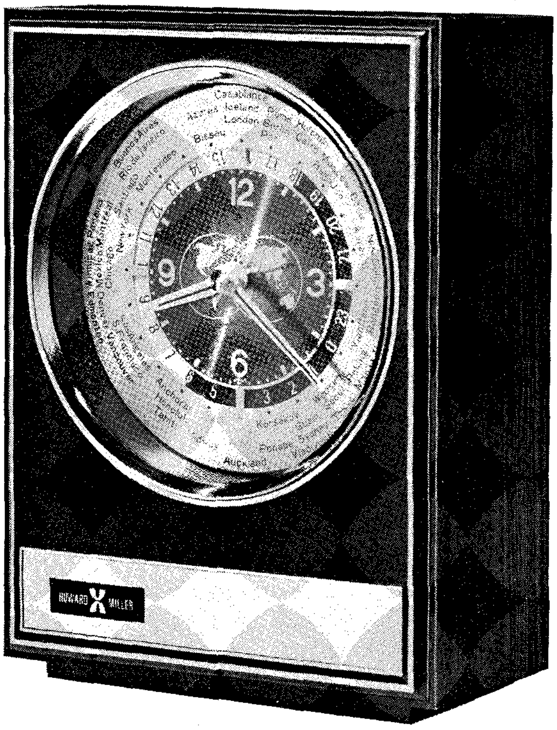

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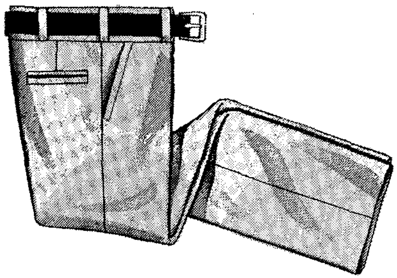

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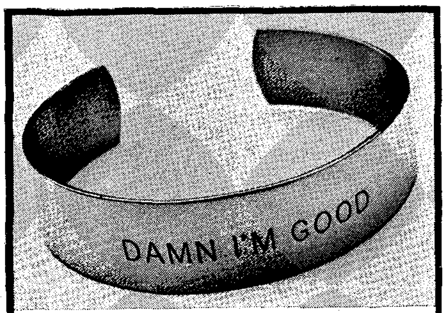

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by Dionne Cole

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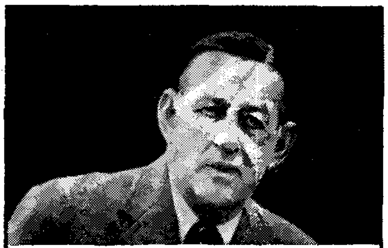
tion": "The I of each is to/ the I of each,/ a kind of fretful speech/ which sets a limit on itself." Between the 1921 and 1924 volumes, she wrote her great poem "Marriage," in which she examined, satirized, envied, and dismissed—as a possibility for herself—that institution in which two "I"s attempt a real speech.

I will return to "Marriage," but I must stop for a moment longer on the 1921 "Poems," in which we can see, besides the satiric impalings, beyond the tenderness of "Black Earth," a prompt and inquisitive lyric gift in poems of a startling independence of thought. I have in mind poems like "England" (stemming from an early two-month trip with her mother; it makes one wish she had travelled more in her first youth), "When I Buy Pictures," "Dock Rats," and "In the Days of Prismatic Color." These unsentimental poems have always at least one abyss hiding in their neat parterres, some crevasse down which the unwary reader could slip. Moore's most characteristic gesture is a throwaway remark revealing whole horizons explored and rejected. If she calls Greece "the nest of modified illusions," she is asking us to have had illusions and to have—stunning word—"modified" them. It is almost the word of a seamstress. To tailor an illusion is already a cataclysmic fall from innocence, but the notion is so innocently slipped in that the careless eye skids over it. It has been said that America is barren because it has no ruins; for Moore it is deficient because it has "no proof readers, no silkworms, no digressions." What is this discontented patriotism that longs for a literate page, a natural fabric, an idiosyncratic learning, and sickens and dies for the lack of them? Can it be the same patriotism that turns on itself and insists that fineness must exist in America? ("It has never been confined to one locality.") Moore's crevasses are for herself, not her audience; like George Herbert, whom she resembles in her self-incrimination, she might say, "My God, I mean my self." When she buys pictures, she wishes to avoid (not surprisingly, given her severity) her own besetting sins:

> Too stern an intellectual emphasis . . . detracts from one's enjoyment;
> it must not wish to disarm anything.

"Poetry" is an indirect self-reproach for her painstaking absorption in "all this fiddle." Other early poems utter suspicions about "the passion for setting people right" ("in itself an af-



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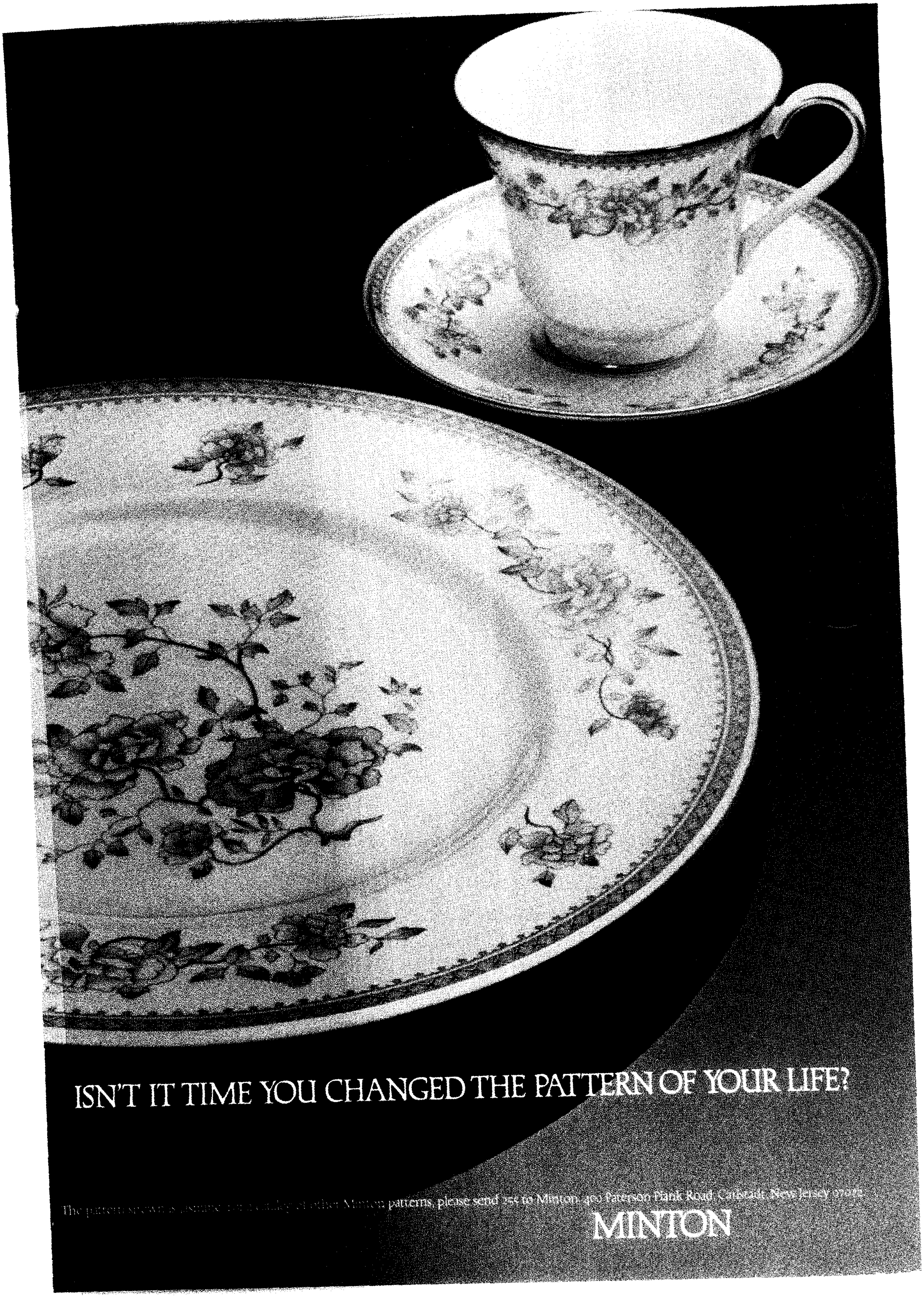

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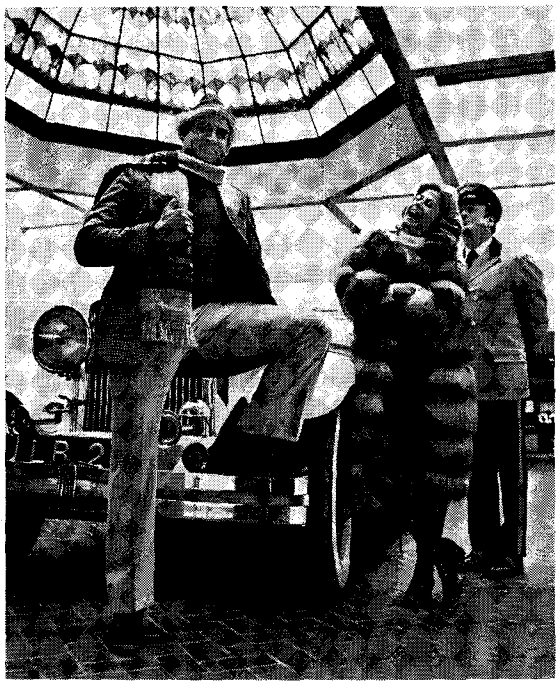
flictive disease"); about the wish of human nature to dominate, to "stand in the middle of a thing;" about being diverted by the "mystery of construction" from "what was originally one's/ object—substance at the core." Certain excuses for sins are offered: for a cat, it is natural to have "the disposition invariably to affront," since "an animal with claws wants to have to use/ them." A poet with an affronting or diverting tongue may want to have to use it, too, and Moore's rebellious outspokenness about herself and others, no matter how disciplined by the angular geometry of her verse, is the chief ornament of the early volumes. It is no accident that when she wrote about the poet, in an essay bearing the name of her two polarities, "Feeling and Precision," she compared the writer to a clawed lion: "The lion's leap would be mitigated almost to harmlessness if the lion were clawless, so precision is both impact and exactitude, as with surgery."

Moore's first ethical impulse was, we might say, an Aristotelian one, interested in the taxonomy of the virtues and vices. The early poems served to set her mind in order about what was virtue, what vice—a question that was for her almost indistinguishable from what was art, what ugliness. She conceded later that Shakespeare's villains were not illiterate, but she added that rectitude "*has* a ring that is implicative." The long process of deciding what she liked, what she disapproved of, whom she admired, whom she found foolish or wicked, how her mind worked, what sort of literary form she should write in, occupied Moore for the classic two decades—from fifteen to thirty-five—of such human search. The poems that resulted ("Observations" came out when she was thirty-seven) represent one of the most individual, private, and conclusive inquiries into identity ever brought into print by an American woman. Her young eye was willing to look even at death (in "A Grave"), but she drew back from dramatizing it; her invariable diffidence of rhythm avoided grand climax. Pound wanted her to rearrange the last line of "A Grave" to gain emphasis, and she did it to please him, but she did not forbear to tell him she preferred the original phrasing. She was right, and later she changed the poem back to suit herself.

One oddity of literary history is that Moore became known, with a peculiar disregard for the brilliant human character sketches in "Observations," as an animal poet, a writer of texts to go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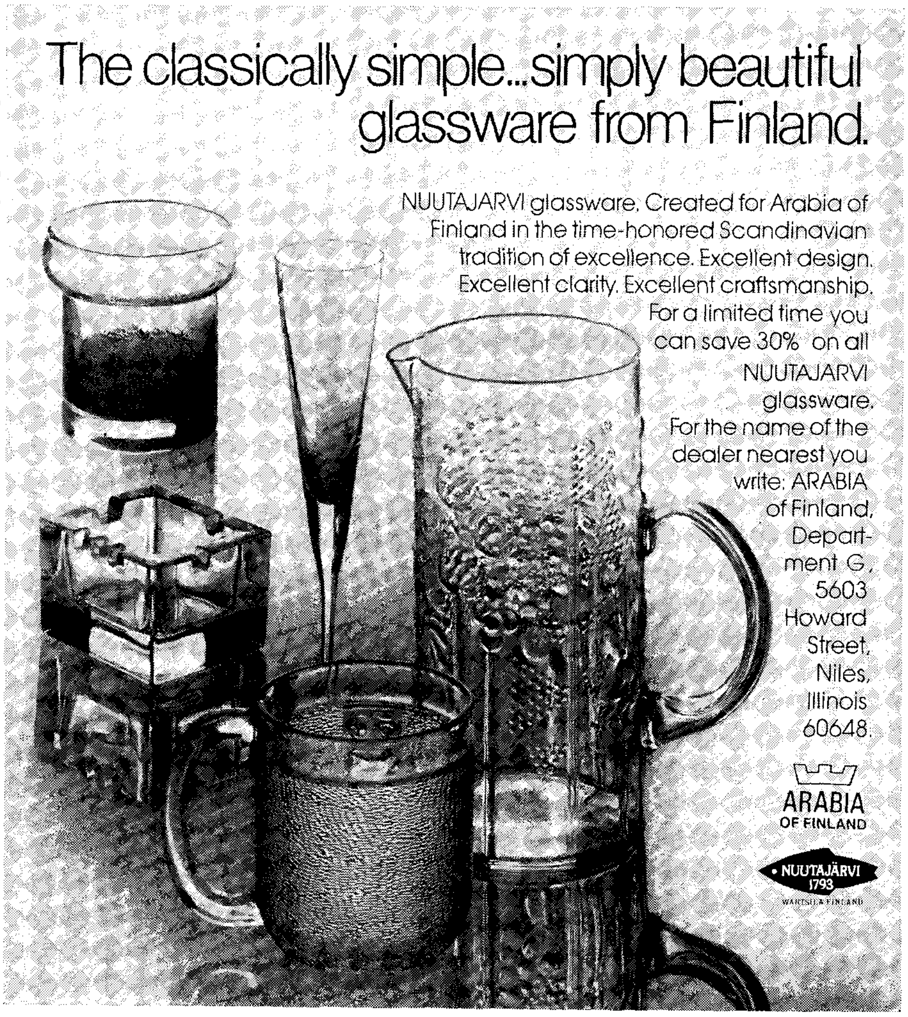
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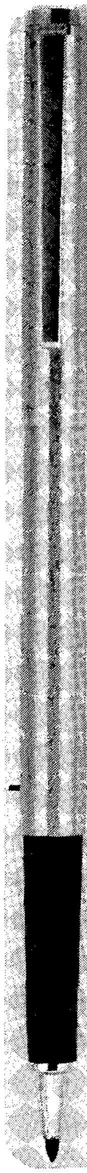

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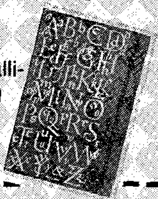

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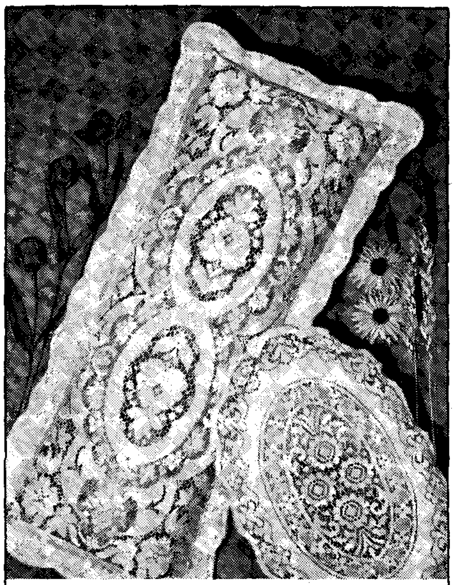

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beside a *National Geographic* photograph of an ostrich or a pangolin. (*Life*, in 1953, featured her in a story headed "*Life* Goes on a Zoo Tour with a Famous Poet: Marianne Moore Calls on Some Animals She Often Writes About.") In part, Moore was herself to blame for this absurdity: her distrust of emotions made her increasingly submissive to fact; her isolation made her more dependent on books; and the war caused her flexible ethical meditations to rigidify into moral outcries. Animals became an end in themselves as human beings became more remote or more repellent. The disjunction between her mind and her heart is reflected in two statements made in the same interview (she was then approaching eighty): *the first was that now, as always, the* "forces which result in poetry" are "irrepressible emotion, joy, grief, desperation, triumph;" the second was that "every day it is borne in on us that we need rigor—better governance of the emotions." To govern the irrepressible is the paradoxical aim of all art, but her governance seems to have become an almost habitual censorship. When the pain of the irrepressible emotion and the pain of governance remain intertwined in the poems, the poetry weighs on us as it did on her. Conversely, when the emotion is a wholly innocent one—usually, in her case, a visual emotion (her religious upbringing seems not to have repressed sight and hearing)—her pure joy brings her closer than any other American poet to the Whitman of Manhattan and the sea. The exhilaration of port activity passes, transfused, unchanged, into "Dock Rats," and even Whitman could not better the description of the fishing boats and the waves in "A Grave":

> the blades of the oars
> moving together like the feet of water-
> spiders as if there
> were no such thing as death.
> The wrinkles progress upon themselves
> in a phalanx—beautiful under
> networks of foam,
> and fade breathlessly while the sea
> rustles in and out of the
> seaweed.

That limpid delight appears in all her contemplations of the variety of the natural world. In her pursuit of its stranger forms, she is like the Herbert of the "outlandish proverbs" and natural curiosities:

> Most things move th'under-jaw; the
> Crocodile not.
> Most things sleep lying; th'Elephant
> leans or stands.

No one is likely to forget Moore's ostrich who digests hard iron, or that

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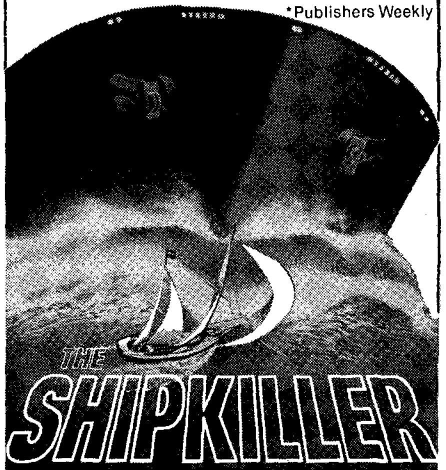

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human frigate bird compared to Handel, "never . . . known to have fallen in love," or the swan "with swart blind look askance/ and gondoliering legs." But the shield of the animal metaphor eventually became almost impenetrable. It was true of Moore, as of her "student" (in the poem of that name), that she was too reclusive for some things to touch her not because she had no feeling but because she had so much.

It is not sentimental, I hope, to see her great, if confined, poem "Marriage" as her most nearly perfect union of the pain of feeling and the pain of governance. The Marvellian theme that Paradise was Paradise only when Adam was there alone is touched on in the early poem "In the Days of Prismatic Color," which, after beginning in an airy, happy, rainbow-hued atmosphere, quickly darkens into a miserable debate with itself about the value of complexity, darkness, and sophistication. By the time of "Marriage," complexity has inexorably entered, as prelapsarian radiance is intruded on by the worldly cynicism of Bacon and then by Moore's own expostulating humor:

I wonder what Adam and Eve
think of it by this time,
this firegilt steel
alive with goldenness;
how bright it shows—
"of circular traditions and impostures,
committing many spoils,"
requiring all one's criminal ingenuity
to avoid!

When, at the age of eighty, Moore published "Marriage" in the "Complete Poems," she added a prefatory sentence to the "Notes" to the poem, saying that it consisted of "statements that took my fancy which I tried to arrange plausibly." It was a dignified way to rebuke overbiographical readings of the poem; but nothing else she wrote contains nearly so many quotations and references. She had been squirrelling away others' remarks on marriage with intense attention: more statements "took her fancy" on this subject than on any other on which she composed a poem. A "plausible arrangement," to a poet, means an arrangement that feels faithful to the emotional force that has given off the poem: in "Marriage," an unmistakable satiric comedy exists in tension with an equally unmistakable longing and admiration. The poem vacillates between thinking that marriage should be the most natural, easy, and companionable of arrangements and thinking it a dangerous enterprise: "men have power/ and sometimes one is made to feel it." Both the sweetnesses

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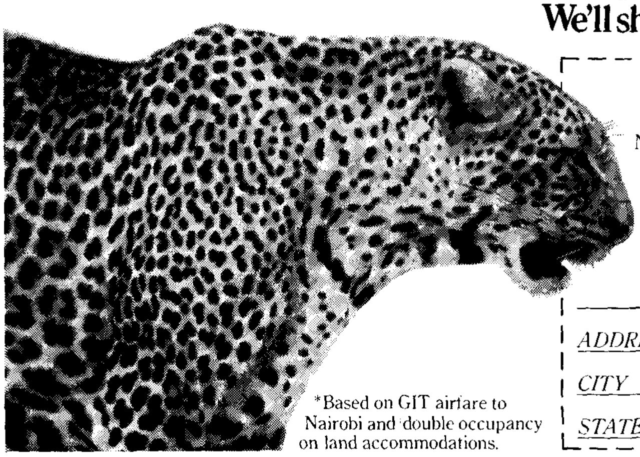

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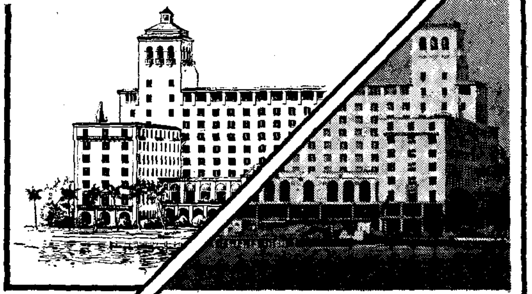

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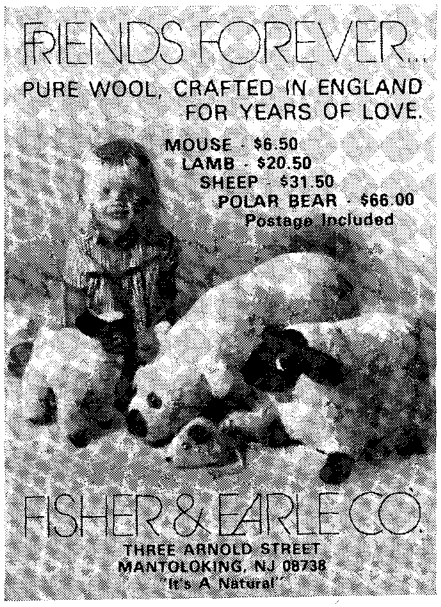
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and the hatreds of marriage enter the poem, which sees both the propriety of human union and its competing narcissistic destructions:

> He loves himself so much,
> he can permit himself
> no rival in that love.
> She loves herself so much,
> she cannot see herself enough.

In herself she clearly did not find that simplicity of temper, as she calls it, which sees in homely rules a natural order of things that it easily obeys. People with that simplicity repeat phrases and attitudes in marriage which Moore compares to "the statesmanship/ of an archaic Daniel Webster," saying—as though marital government were blissfully easy—"Liberty and union/ now and forever," as they pose for their stolid daguerreotypes: "the book on the writing-table;/ the hand in the breast-pocket." If that ending seems to a reader affecting, he will like Moore.

Many of the early poems, all brilliant, remain relatively unpossessed by readers in part because of their peculiar titles, which have nothing to do with their subjects. "An Octopus" is improbably about a glacier and a mountain, "The Fish" is about a scarred cliff and the ocean that batters it—though, of course, neither is really "about" its putative topic. Intellectually speaking, "An Octopus" is about multiplicity, and how it appears from different angles of vision, and "The Fish" is about the interfaces, as we might now call them, between the ocean, its creatures, and the adjacent land. Emotionally speaking, the glacier poem—written about Mount Rainier, and full of compressed detail—may be taken as a poem about America and its nature and its unclassical art, and as a poem about a life journey; while the fish poem reproduces the sliding motions of the sea creatures, the brutal pressure of the water, and the stolid endurance of the cliff, all intermixed in what one might feel to be a transcription of conflicting motions of the nervous system transliterated into earthly symbols.

In the last major poetic effort of her life, Moore spent a decade translating the fables of La Fontaine. Perhaps a flagging of her own inner energies made such a work proper, but *the constraints of sense* invaded her elegant rhythms and made the translations, in spite of many felicities of phrase, finally unsatisfying as poems by Moore. When they first appeared, Howard Nemerov called them "very jittery as to the meter." Not a great deal should be claimed for them, not

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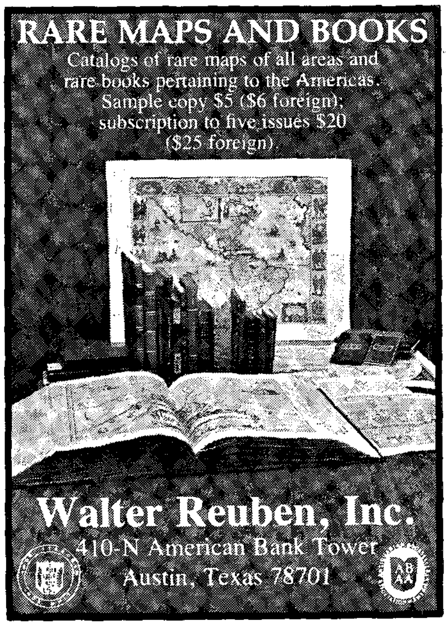
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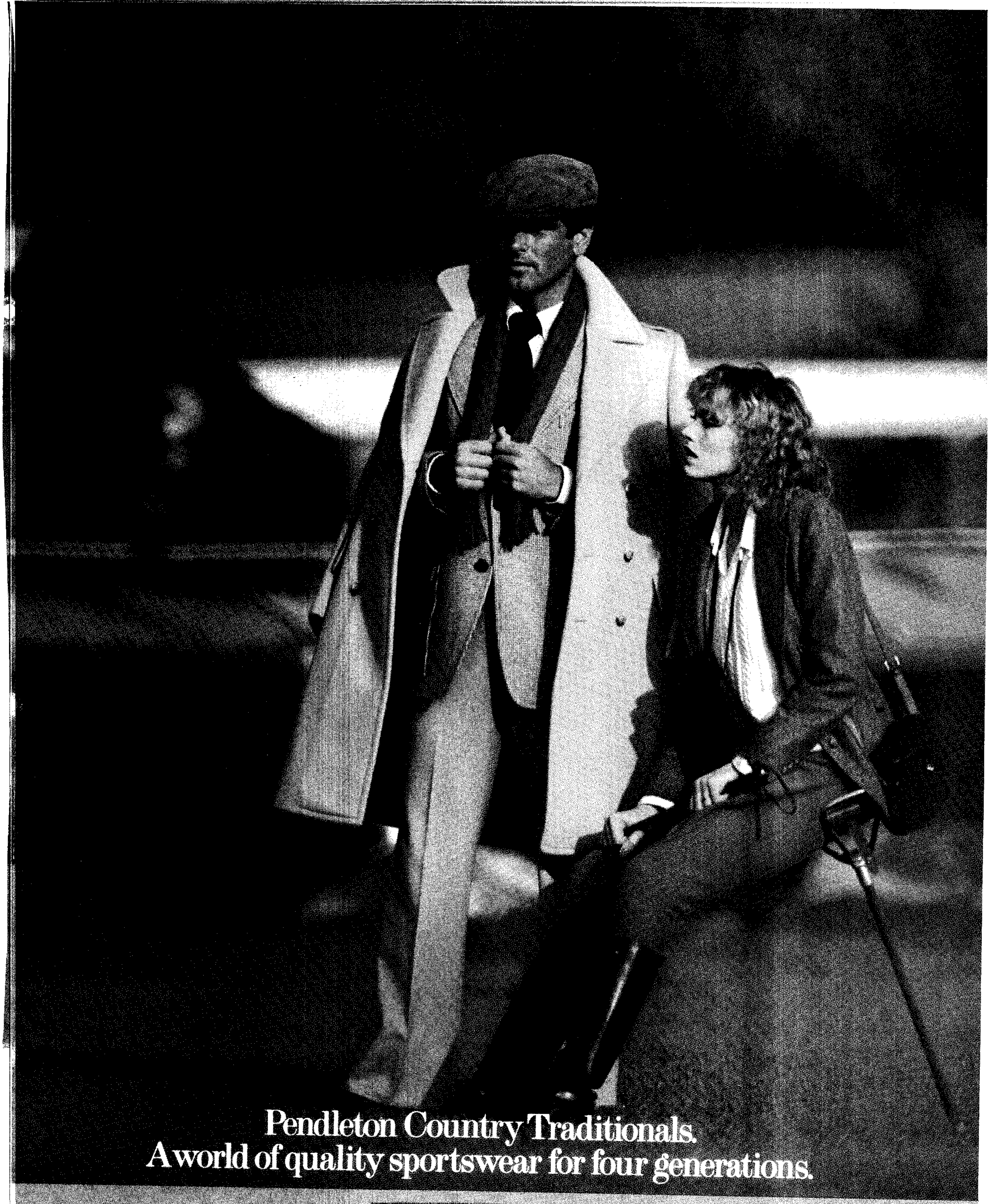
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even for Moore's affinities with La Fontaine: he was less soulful than she, and his animals have an existence not so much biological or visual as fabular. He was not a naturalist; Moore was.

MOORE's poetry has so far not been especially well served by commentary, with the exception of Jean Garrigue's brief pamphlet "Marianne Moore" (1965). The most intimate and attractive short essay on her work was done, under the title "Her Shield," by Randall Jarrell; yet even Jarrell did not quite seem to grasp that her poems are not about "nature" but about herself. His witty remark "She sent postcards to only the nicer animals" falls slightly awry, like the gibes about what Wordsworth would have done if he had grown up among scorpions instead of sheep. It is a tribute to Moore's accuracy of drawing that Jarrell should allow her metaphors the veracity of photographs. He found her early poems too oblique and mannered; now that we are perhaps more accustomed to them, they seem not the "dry glittering expanse, i.e., a desert" that he found them but, rather, descriptions of self full of candor as well as of reticence. (Even the critiques of knaves and fools are indirections for finding her own direction out.)

Most of her commentators have been men; with the exception of Geoffrey Hartman (who did the notes on the sleeve of the Yale Series recording of Moore reading her work), they have on the whole made Moore more shrinking and squeamish than she is. They bring up Dickinson. Eliot brought up Christina Rossetti. Pound, after his early sponsorship, said in a letter, "Marianne is scarce an exuberance, rather protagonist for the rights of vitrification and petrifaxis." William Carlos Williams, who once called her "our saint," compared her work to a "brittle, highly set-off porcelain garden." Jarrell said that some of her poems "have the manners or manner of ladies who learned a little before birth not to mention money, who neither point nor touch, and who scrupulously abstain from the mixed, live vulgarity of life." Words like "tidy," "fussy," "finicking," and "ingenious" turn up. Denis Donoghue thinks her poems resemble "things like ice-skating, which are hard play." David Perkins says, "She was untouched by existential angst, and the delighted reading of her work among so many highly sophisticated writers resembles Werther's love for Charlotte." There is no doubt something in Moore that elicits this un-

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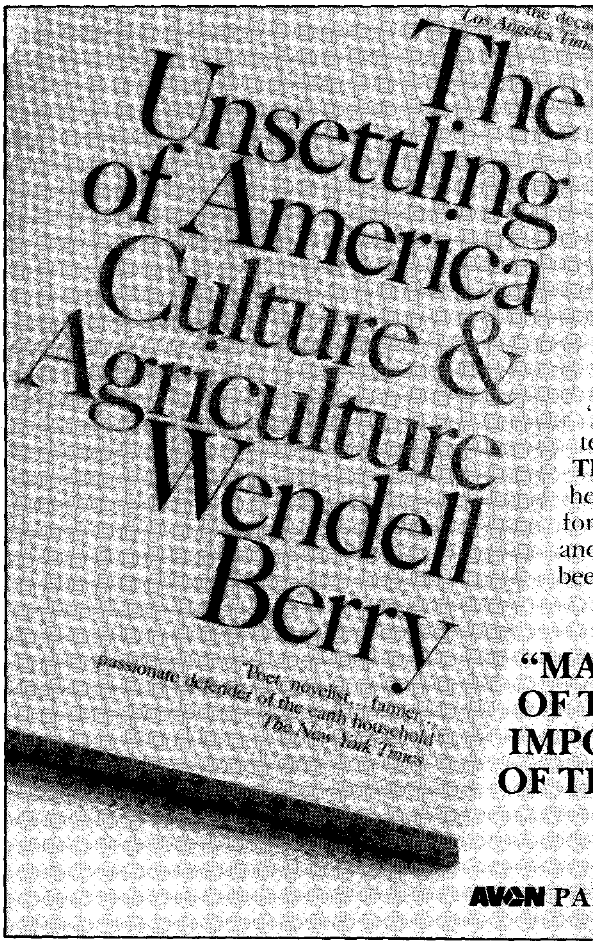
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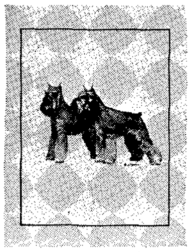

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easiness in male commentators, no matter how strongly they extoll her virtues. Perhaps her work is in fact more "feminine" than it may appear to a woman reader, to whom Moore's angle of vision may seem more congenial. Or perhaps Moore's occasional contempt for the world of male power provokes a counterattack on what may seem to some her miniature version of life.

The book-length studies of her work by male admirers have not in themselves been notable works of literary criticism. A full-length book by a sympathetic reader who is also a woman is consequently a good addition to the available criticism. Laurence Stapleton, a professor of English at Bryn Mawr, is the first critic to write at length about the formidable assemblage of Moore materials in the Rosenbach collection, and her book—"Marianne Moore" (Princeton; $15)—is most interesting in its revelation of Moore's habit of incessant work, and in its description of the reading and conversation notebooks from which poems were quarried. Stapleton writes always as an advocate, and is loath to grant any falling-off in Moore's work, tranquilly defending even the later poems and the translations. (She is admirably informative about the original fables and about the virtues of Moore's solutions to problems of expressive difference between English and French.) Younger readers looking for a reader's companion for their first tackling of Moore could do no better than to have Stapleton's book at hand. She paraphrases concisely, dissolves Gordian knots, and offers unobtrusive factual help. She knew Moore; she has evidently spent years with the poems and feels wholly at home with them. Although her emphasis veers a little stiffly between the strictly thematic and the strictly technical, she is consistently reliable on both—though she does not, I think, find a more comprehensive ground, subsuming the two. Her argument is embodied in her subtitle, "The Poet's Advance." It is useful to have a lengthy, reasoned case made for the view that Moore got better after "Observations." (Jarrell and others would agree; still others, like Hugh Kenner, would dissent.) Stapleton's quotations from early drafts (especially revealing in the case of "Marriage") and from letters and family papers enrich the instructive running commentary on the poems.

The fragments of biographical fact which appear now and then equally please and horrify. We might have been happier not knowing that "on a

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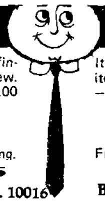

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visit to the circus or the zoo [Moore] collected [elephant hairs], seizing an opportune moment to snip some from the tail or the trunk, using a small scissors that she carried with her for this purpose." We may wince at the familiar style she affected in letters, as in one to her brother on a bracelet of elephant charms which he had sent her:

> I can't make out what they are standing on.... I gotta determine this. Well Bible [her brother] as I said to Cub, Badger [her brother] has imagination. ...This here bracelet is not "cold"... so I figure I am gonna wear it pretty much all the time.

Stapleton's commentary always derives from pleasure, and from a conviction of Moore's worth. If Moore would be better served by a book that discriminated more severely between her poetry and her verses, this well-stocked volume, full of hitherto unpublished fact and quotation, nonetheless cannot fail to make Moore's work much better known and more widely appreciated. Even the footnotes are full of interest. We learn from one of them that Bryher offered Moore five thousand dollars "so that she and her mother might spend some time in England" but "the offer was refused." Another note reveals that in 1943 Moore's "combined income from royalties . . . and for reading manuscripts for the Macmillan Co. totaled $310, supplemented by less than a thousand dollars from other sources." It is no wonder the Moores sometimes referred to themselves as field mice. Donald Hall, in his readable book on Moore, quotes a pen portrait by Robert McAlmon in the roman à clef "Post Adolescence" (though the character is called Martha Wullus, she is recognizably the young Marianne Moore): "A Dresden doll thing with those great contemplative Chinese eyes of hers, and that wisplike body with its thatch of carrot-colored hair, so picturesque too in her half-boyish clothes." That this young girl grew up to tell herself, "It is better to be lonely than unhappy," that she took herself in hand and decided to go her solitary way in her delicate but unconventional rhythms, is itself remarkable, since her need to steady herself into satire, security, and peace hints at undertows of fear, anger, and discouragement. Stapleton speaks of Moore's insubordination; it was a quality from which Moore profited but of which she could scarcely entirely approve. Marguerite Young told, in a festschrift for Moore's seventy-seventh birthday, how the

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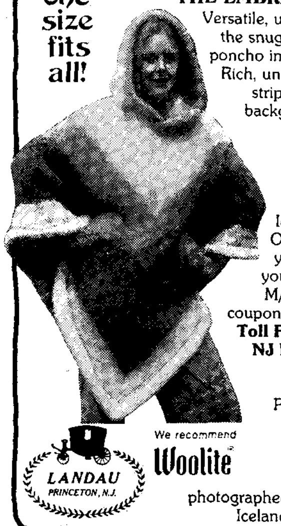

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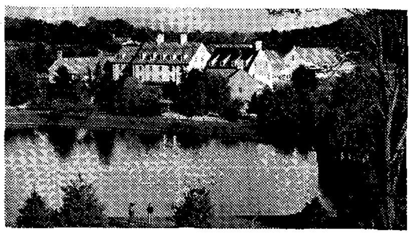

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poem "Nevertheless" arose: Moore, seeing in a box of strawberries a misshapen green one, almost all seeds, said, "Here's a strawberry that's had quite a struggle," and found thereby a first line. It is a pity that Moore's own struggle culminated in things like the weaker poems and the preposterous exchange with the Ford Motor Company over the naming of the Edsel, but it may be true, as Yeats said, that "all great men are owls, scarecrows, by the time their fame has come."

—HELEN VENDLER

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HAPPY ALL THE TIME, by Laurie Colwin (Knopf; $7.95). It is a pleasure to make the acquaintance of Laurie Colwin's two delightfully witty, madly-in-love young couples. In the opening pages, two distant cousins—wealthy, dashing, and the best of friends—lose their hearts, almost simultaneously, to two exceptional women, who are easily their match in grace and wit, and whose reactions to courtship and marriage generate endless surprises and, ultimately, boundless joy. This is the stuff of Shakespearean comedy, transferred to modern New York; all but one of the four (who is content to be unemployed) are comfortably ensconced in the happy kingdom of well-endowed foundations and research projects. The endless banter of these intelligent and romantic friends and spouses is a little too clever to believe, but their good humor and optimism are infectious, and it would be difficult not to enjoy it all.

DEEP RIVERS, by José María Arguedas, translated from the Spanish by Frances Hornung Barraclough (University of Texas Press; $10). The most important novel of this Peruvian writer, an anthropologist who committed suicide in 1969. The story, more or less autobiographical, is told by the son of an itinerant country lawyer, who has been brought up by Indian servants to whom he is greatly attached. When he is fourteen, his father puts him in a Catholic boarding school, an authoritarian institution that tries to stifle the boy's deep love for Indian folkways. He escapes from school when he can, looking for the Indian world and its myths and its closeness to nature; he belongs to both societies, and to neither. The book movingly dramatizes the difference between the worlds of the Indian and

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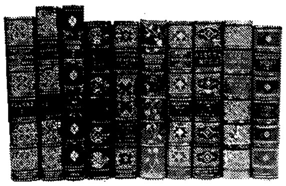

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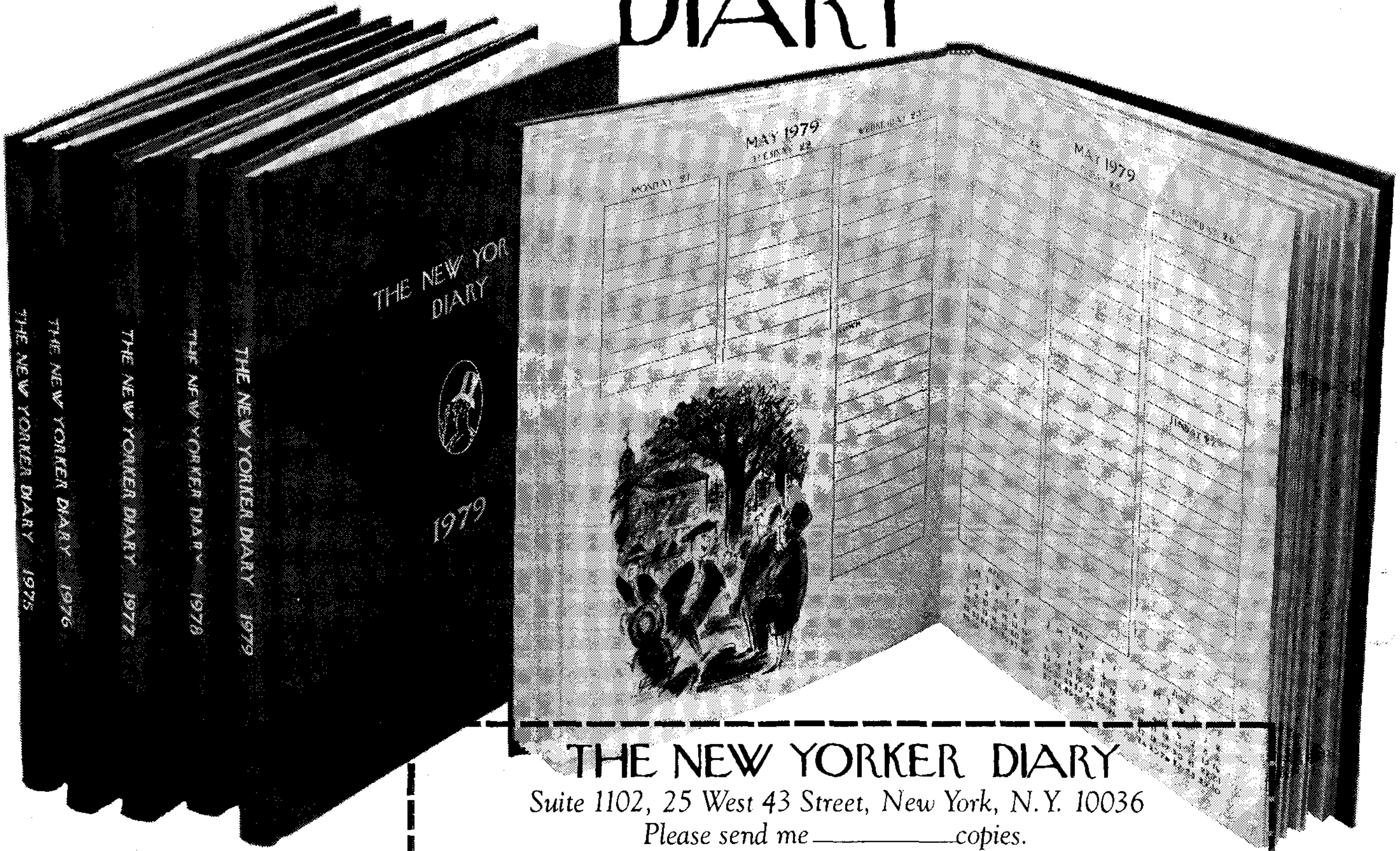
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the Spaniard, and so is an essential part of the canon of the new Latin-American literature. The violation of the Indians' dignity by the harsh imposition of Spanish order is made both tangible and inevitable. Arguedas himself, having been raised by Indian servants, had Quechua as his first language. He further embodies the conflict of the two worlds by writing a Spanish that is founded on Quechuan syntax—thus creating enormous problems for the translator, which are admirably solved in this fine book.

Love Among the Mashed Potatoes, by Gregory Mcdonald (Dutton; $8.95). Selected letters of Mark Edwards, advice columnist, husband, divorcé, and father: letters from his readers (delighted or enraged by his insolent opinions), answers in two versions (private and published), and letters to and from his loathsome children, his nervous publisher, his encouraging editor, and his amused self. There is a woman who sends directions on how to shrink a head, and a man who laments the disappearance of pockets from men's clothing, and many other people, from the teen-aged to the geriatric, who disclose a variety of sexual predilections. Most of this is wittier and less sadistic than the routines of a standup comedian, but Mr. Mcdonald muddles it by tacking on a romantic subplot with an implausible happy ending.

GENERAL

This House of Sky: Landscapes of a Western Mind, by Ivan Doig (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $9.95). Mr. Doig was born in 1939 in the high valley country of southwestern Montana, and he was raised there—on a stark succession of hardscrabble sheep-and-cattle ranches and in little, lost, one-street towns, with a post office, a store, a filling station, and three saloons—by his father (his mother died when he was six) and, at times, his maternal grandmother. This book is a memoir that is also a tribute to the two unusual people who brought him up and gave his life its shape. It is a stirring experience—joyous, poignant, and loving. The central figure is Charles Campbell Doig, son of Scottish immigrant parents and an extraordinary father, whose instincts were exactly right: he made his little son a partner and took him everywhere—out on the range, into the lambing shed, into the docking cor-

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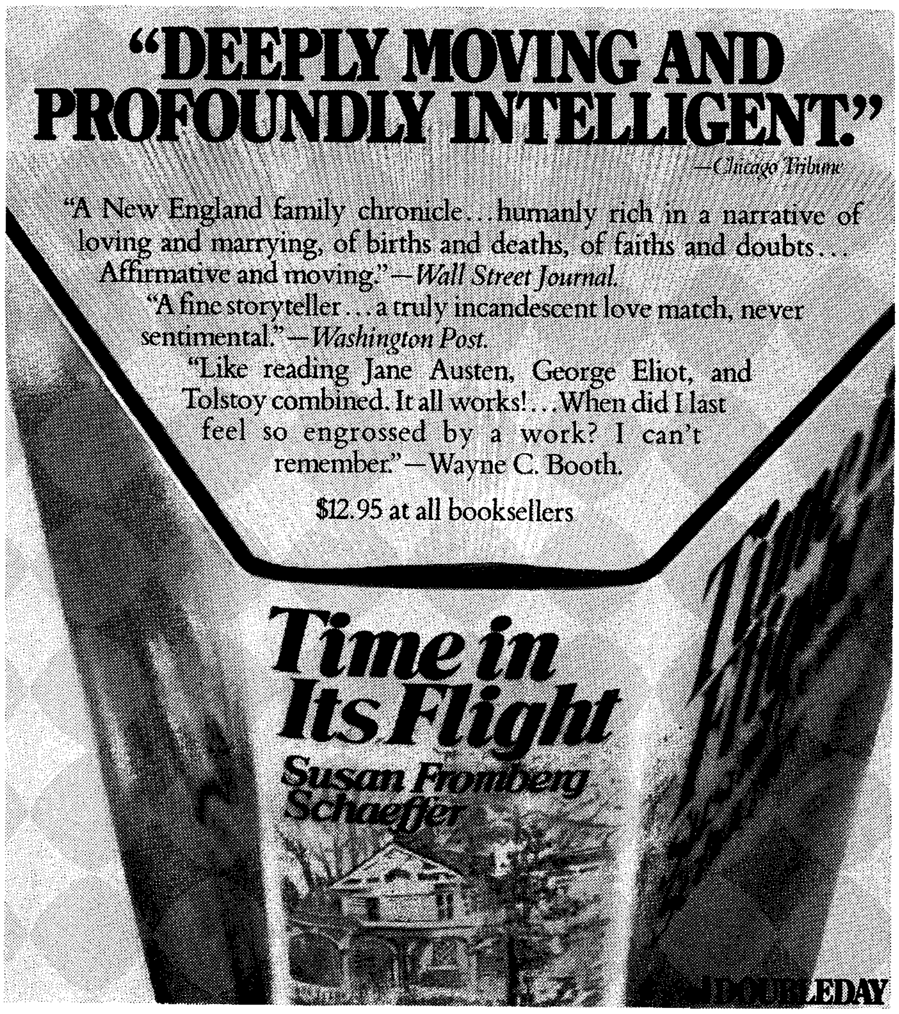

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ral, into town for an evening at the Stockman Bar. Mr. Doig brings him alive with anecdotes of courage and endurance and drive and adversity and gruff affection. Highly recommended.

ON TO BERLIN: BATTLES OF AN AIRBORNE COMMANDER, 1943-46, by James M. Gavin (Viking; $14.95). During the Second World War, the author always jumped with his troops, whether he commanded a single regiment or the entire 82nd Airborne Division, and he recalls small-unit actions in such detail that he sometimes sounds as if he were writing up commendations for individual soldiers. This is very good writing about combat. For readers who have had enough of that subject, the book has other notable virtues, among them intelligent candor about everything from the inferiority of American matériel to the abrasive relations between British and American military leaders. General Gavin offers his own assessments of these mutually resentful warriors, and throughout the book he reflects upon the contrasting British and American styles of managing war. He thinks that the British allow their commanders too little discretion; he prefers the American style of giving a general both an order and a free hand. Yet he thinks that the British tolerance of generals who fail is more realistic than the American policy of relieving generals who merely falter.

THE MYSTERY OF AGATHA CHRISTIE, by Gwen Robyns (Doubleday; $8.95). A discreet but thoroughly objective biography of the First Lady of Crime, from her carefree days as a wealthy and flirtatious young lady in Torquay to her famous days as the pigeon-breasted Dame (and wife of Max Mallowan), too shy to give a speech after her play "The Mousetrap" achieved the longest run in British theatre history, in 1958, but ready to correct her financial managers over a matter of shillings. In between, in 1926, was the famous eleven-day disappearance of the already celebrated author of "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd"—the act of either a master plotmaker or a hysterical jilted wife. Gwen Robyns' book—stocked with anecdotes, statistics, and interviews—is something of a feat, considering that the Mallowans did not coöperate with curious inquirers. Dame Agatha was often snappish or unbending, and when Sir Max, after his wife's death in 1976, granted Miss Robyns

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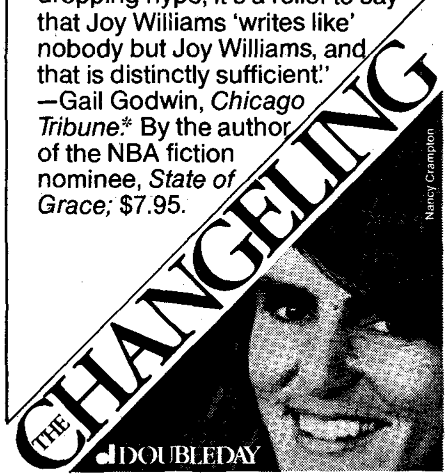

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a brief interview, his dog, Treacle, "made several abortive attempts to close in on my ankles, which made the introductions somewhat chaotic." Photographs.

The Thirties and After: Poetry, Politics, People, by Stephen Spender (Random House; $10). An autobiographical scan of nearly half a century of literary-political history. The book, made up mainly of extracts from journals and transient articles from newspapers and magazines, divides into sections, each covering a decade. Spender recounts the beginnings of the English literary movement headed by W. H. Auden, in which young Communist or Socialist writers and poets like Christopher Isherwood, C. Day Lewis, Louis MacNeice, and (notably) Spender himself first made their marks. He goes over their old quarrels with their "reactionary" elders—Yeats, Eliot, Pound, Wyndham Lewis—and tells us what he saw of the civil war in Spain, and of the Second World War. He describes his about-face in the nineteen-fifties, when he became a militant anti-Communist, and he writes of his experiences in this country, which he has visited annually since 1949. This is a fragmented portrayal of a past, but there is substance to it. One comes away from it, though, with a sense of a certain distortion in the picture. Is not Spender assuming too much when he writes of the days of the Depression and the rise of the dictators, "One had the sense of belonging to a small group who could see terrible things which no one else saw"?

The Romantic Prison: The French Tradition, by Victor Brombert (Princeton; $15). In the eighteenth century, the Bastille was a symbol of everything that enlightened spirits detested about the *ancien regime*, but when it fell to the Revolution it contained only seven prisoners. The Revolution immediately began crowding prisons in a way that would never have occurred to French monarchs. This irony aroused argument; it also affected French literature, and Mr. Brombert traces a tradition of attraction and repulsion to confinement which extends to the present. The Romantic imagination dwelt upon an unusual individual in solitary confinement who might, paradoxically, feel freer in solitude than he did in society. Some contemporary writers—Sartre, for example—have seen con-

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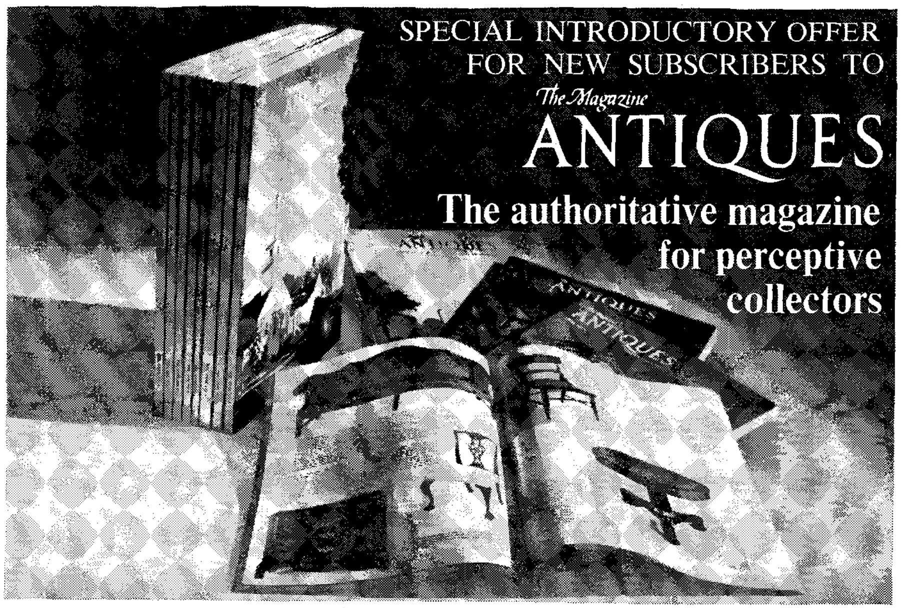

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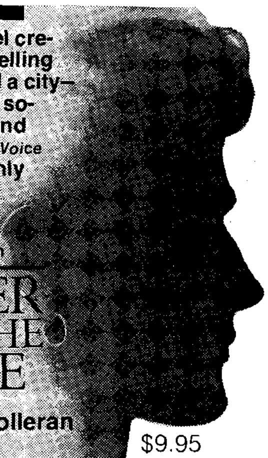

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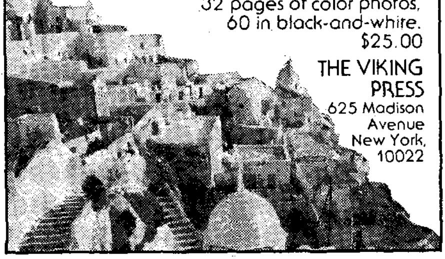

finement as a metaphor for any kind of limitation they find undesirable.

THE WIZARD WAR: BRITISH SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, 1939-45, by R. V. Jones (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan; $12.95). The most interesting, and certainly the most diverting—so far, at any rate—of the British now-it-can-be-told books on the Second World War. The author, a physicist, was the son of a Guards sergeant. Proud of his father's record in the First World War, he did not share the pacifism common in English universities in the nineteen-thirties; he felt sure that Germany would start another war, and abandoned his own theoretical work for defense-related applications of physics well before most scientists—let alone most politicians—could see the need for them. He wound up knowing so much about so many different projects that although he was not yet twenty-eight when war came he was appointed head of Scientific Intelligence on the Air Staff and Scientific Adviser to MI-6. His job was to find out what the enemy could do in every field from radar to rockets to the atom bomb, and his book is a marvellous collection of scientific detective stories. Mr. Jones has an impish sense of humor (which he applied to hoaxing the Germans), and he gives plenty of credit to his staff, to British cryptographers, and, above all, to the European Resistance.

ALEXANDER POPE AND THE ARTS OF GEORGIAN ENGLAND, by Morris R. Brownell (Oxford; $38.50). One of Pope's uncles was a painter, and the poet himself studied painting in his youth. The author follows Pope's lifelong active involvement in the fine arts—as a connoisseur, an adviser to rich patrons, and a critic—to show how influential he was in forming the art styles of his time. Still more interesting in our age of specialization is Mr. Brownell's demonstration that not only did Pope's poetry profit from his experiences and passionate efforts as an art amateur but so did the English poetic tradition: "Wordsworth's point of departure, both as a poet and gardener, was Pope's aesthetic of landscape."

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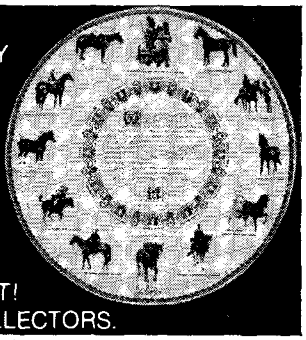

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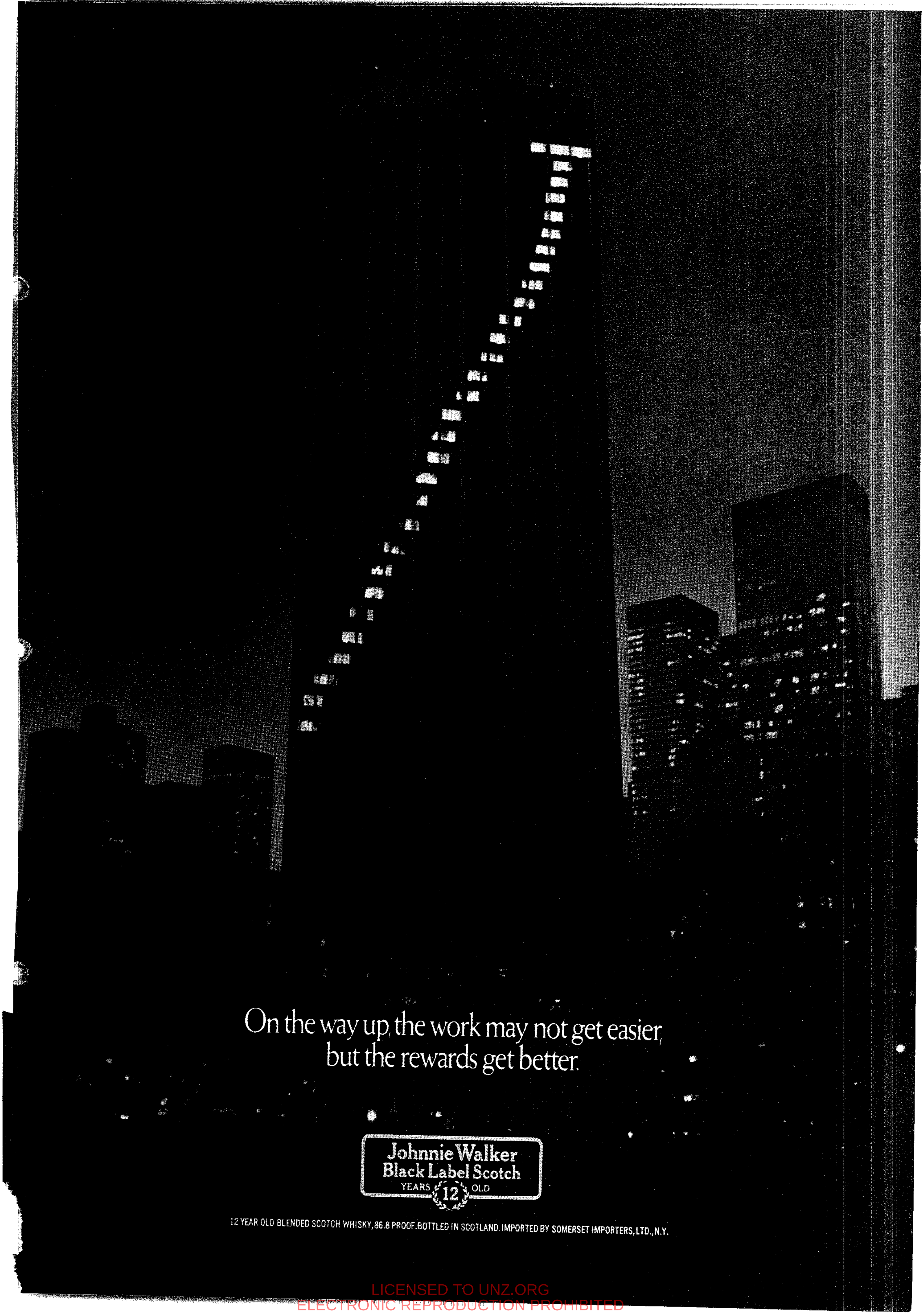

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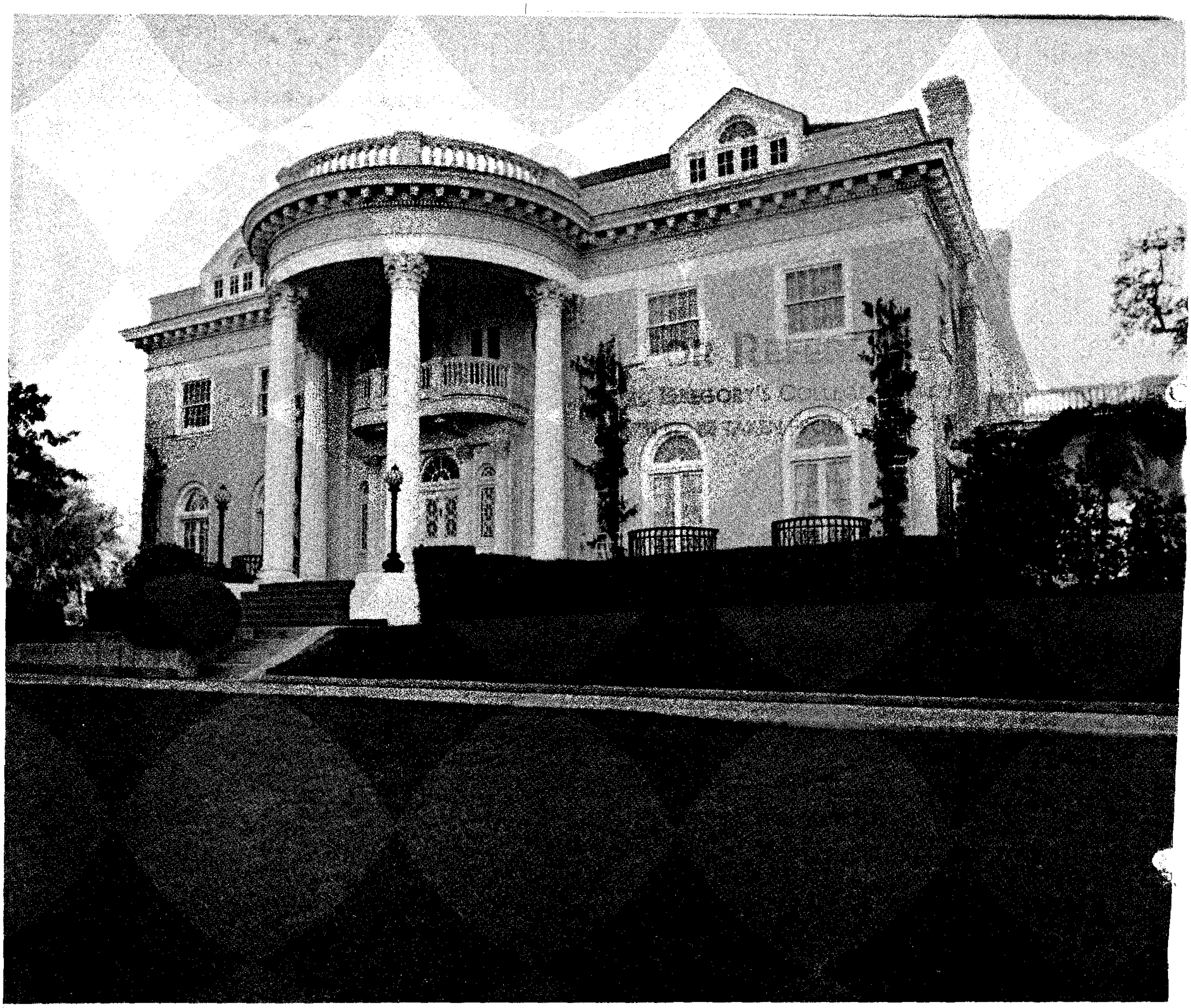

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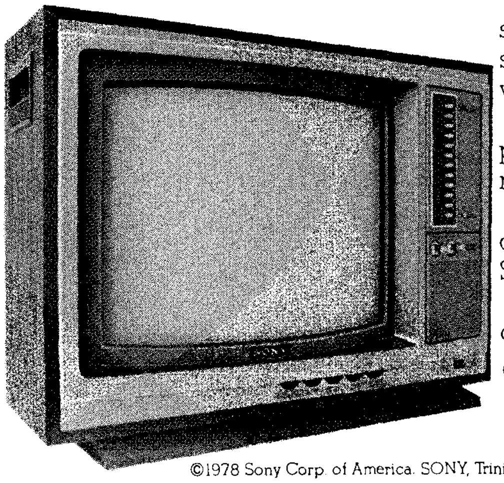

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